25 CENTS

OCTOBER

The RING

IN THIS ISSUE

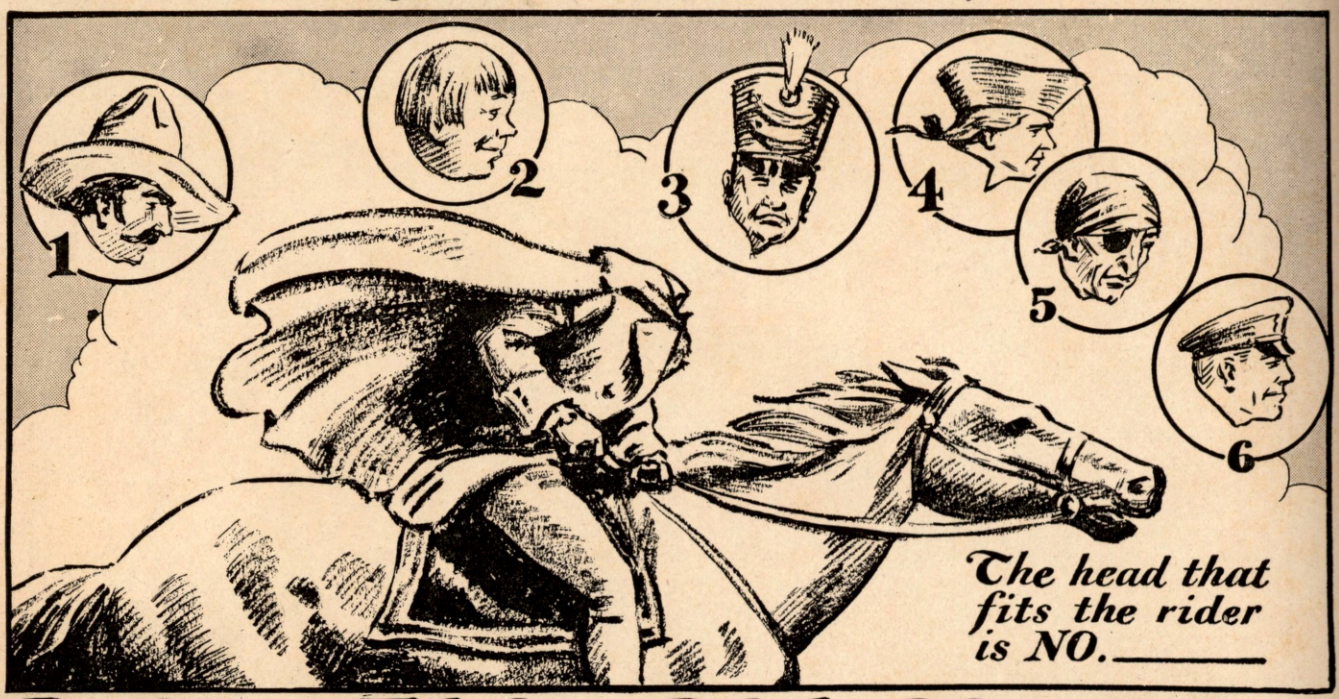
THE MIDDLEWEIGHT SITUATION

VITTORIO CAMPOLO

South American Heavyweight Champion

Qualify for an opportunity to Win $3,700.00

or Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and $2,500.00 Cash



Solve This Old Mystery

Find the Head of the Mysterious Headless Horseman. Six heads are shown. Only one of them belongs to the Mysterious Headless Horseman who for years struck terror to the heart of a peaceful village. No one ever saw his head. Can you now solve this age-old mystery? Here is your chance to qualify to win $3,700.00 cash or Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and $2,500 cash besides. You must look carefully. See that the head you pick fits the collar of the mysterious night rider. Rush your answer at once to qualify in this gigantic distribution of $12,960 or 4 Buick Sedans and $8,160.00 in Cash Prizes.

$12,960.00 Cash Prizes

4 BUICK SEDANS

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This sensational, easy money making opportunity is just our way of advertising. Someone who solves our puzzle is going to win $3,700.00. Many other big cash prizes. *Anyone may win—why not you?* This big fortune in cash and automobiles must be given away. Find the Headless Horseman's Head. Get your share of this easy money.

EASY TO WIN

Everyone who takes an active part will be paid in cash. Nothing for you to lose—everything to win. Already we have $12,960 waiting in the bank to be paid to the winners. Just think how wonderful to get $3,700 all at one time! And so easily, too! 103 Grand Prizes. The winner of the grand second prize may win $2,200, and winner of the grand third prize may win $1,700. Four other $500 Prizes. *You are absolutely sure of being rewarded in cash* if you take an active part.

Rev. Dr. S. T. Willis, Pastor of First Christian Church, Columbus, S. Carolina.

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The money must be given. Thousands are going to profit in cash. Someone is going to win the choice of $3,700 Cash or Buick 8 Sedan and $2,500. Many have won big Cash Prizes from us before. Now is YOUR chance. Solve the Mystery of the Headless Horseman. Rush your answer.

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Indiana Farmer Wins $3,500.00 Cash

C. H. Essig, Indiana, won $3,500.00. He wrote "I wish to thank you 3,500 times for it! Oh boy! This is the biggest sum of money I ever had in my life. When you think of people working a whole lifetime and never realizing such a sum, it is indeed a fortune."

E. C. Tillman, Berwyn, Illinois. Won $525.00

Carolina Preacher Wins

Dr. S. T. Willis, Pastor of the First Christian Church, S. Carolina, won a cash prize from us. E. C. Tillman, Ill., wrote "Your check for $525.00 came when I was out of work—it looked like a million dollars."

☞Mrs. Kate Needham, of Oregon, won $4,705.00. Miss Serene, Burbach, of Wisconsin, won $1,125. ☜

M. D. Reidman of Minnesota, won $2,560. Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls have been rewarded in our past advertising campaign.

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Don't delay! Rush answer at once. We give $1,000 EXTRA prize for promptness if you win First Grand Prize. Take no chance of losing this Extra $1,000 in addition to First Prize. Need not cost you a penny of your money now or ever to win. Send no money!

Just find the Headless Horseman's head—mail the coupon or write letter for full particulars. You may win $3,700 if you act quickly. Send your answer today. Now!

$1,000.00 EXTRA PRIZE For Promptness

Roger Scott, Mgr.

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ROGER SCOTT, MGR.,
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Chicago, Illinois

The head that fits the rider is No._____ I am anxious to win $3,700. Please tell me how I stand.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. X OCTOBER, 1931 No. 9

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CONTENTS

BEHIND HIM (A cartoon) ..... "Lank" Leonard 2
WELCOME BACK, BENNY! 3
HOW FAR WILL HE GO? ..... A. D. Phillips 4
THE BALLYHOO KING ..... Nat Fleischer 6
McLARNIN'S REVENGE ..... *The Ring* Editor 8
THE PASSING SHOW ..... Daniel M. Daniel 9
VITTORIO CAMPOLO, THE BEANPOLE OF THE ARGENTINE ..... Paul Keats 10
LET'S END THIS CONFUSION ..... *The Ring* Editor 12
CLAIMENTS TO THE HEAVYWEIGHT WRESTLING TITLE.. 13
CLAQUER ..... Ed. W. Smith 14
FOREIGN STARS WHO ARE MAKING THE GRADE 16
VACATION TIME FOR BOXERS ..... A. C. Buck 17
IT'S HARVEST TIME IN THE WRESTLNG FIELD. "Tex" Austin 18
FAMOUS FIGHTS RECALLED, No. 22 20
ON THE ROAD TO RECOGNITION 21
SEEN AT THE SHARKEY-WALKER BATTLE 22
HOW WALKER TOOK THE PLAY AWAY FROM SHARKEY.. 23
SOME OF THE MIDDLE WEST BOYS WHO ARE MAKING RAPID STRIDES 24
THE TRAP THAT FAILED ..... John Knight 25
YOUTHFUL GLADIATORS WHO ARE MAKING GOOD 26
SEVERAL WAYS OF KEEPING IN TRIM 27
CURRENT FIGHTS REVIEWED 28
FIGHTS AND FIGHTERS ..... A. D. Phillips 29
THE MYSTERY OF THE STOLEN PICTURE.. Daniel M. Daniel 30
THE MISSING PART ..... Wilbur Wood 32
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS: (Editorial Comment) 34
MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER (Part 18) ..... Jack Curley
As told to Frank Graham 36
CRADLES OF BOXING ..... Doc Almy 38
"MATCH WELL MADE IS HALF WON" ..... Clarence Reardon 40
IN OUR QUESTION BOX ..... Charles F. Mathison 46
Rings around the world
A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET ..... Eddie Borden 47
ALONG THE GREAT FITE WAY ..... Eddie Borden 48
IN AND NEAR CHICAGO ..... Frank Mastro 50
TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN ... Ted Broadribb 52
GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS ..... "Sparrow" Robertson 53
NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON ..... Doc Almy 54
CANADIAN TOPICS ..... Lawson Bampton and Jack Jarvis 60

In Our Next Issue

How the indoor season shapes up.—A technical analysis by THE RING Editor.

Partnerships in fistiana. The story of famous boxing firms by Wilbur Wood.

Scale trickery and how it was practiced in the old days. A. D. Phillips, veteran sportsman, tells of the famous Flaherty-Dixon battle of long ago.

Many stories have been told of the reason for Willard's annihilation by Jack Dempsey at Toledo, but the only authentic one is told by Jack Curley, pal of the Pottowatomie giant, in his "Memoirs."

These, in addition to many other interesting items, including another splendid contribution in boxing fiction by Daniel M. Daniel, and contributions by America's foremost sports critics.

And two pages of photographs, action pictures taken at the ringside of the Canzoneri-Berg lightweight championship fight.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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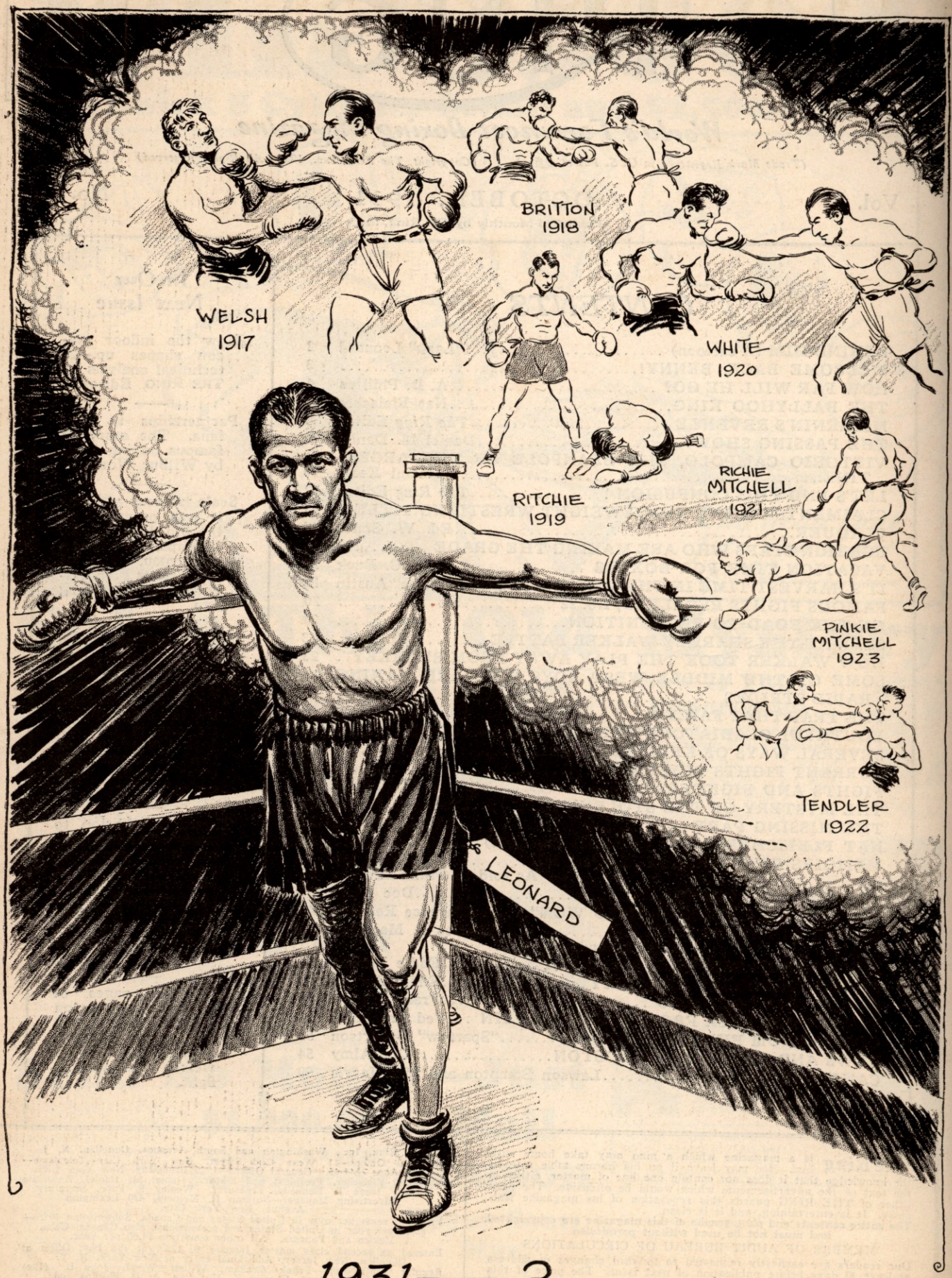
Regular contributors—Frank Graham, Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Hype Igoe, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips and Joe Humphreys.

Behind Him

"Lank" Leonard



Welcome Back, Benny!

AFTER seven years of retirement, Benny Leonard has come back to the wars, threatening to become a world champion again, and injecting into the boxing situation an alluring flavor which it had needed badly.

I do not know just how good or how bad Leonard will be after so long a layoff from competition—and from training. But he was a great champion when he was active, and he certainly can do the game no harm in this comeback effort.

Leonard is a wise head out of the ring, a crafty general inside the ropes. He is not fooling himself. He is fully aware of the difficulties which beset a man who has been out of the game so long, and he is on his guard against the troubles which beat other fighters of note who tried to start all over again.

In other words, Benny realizes that he is up against that age-old maxim, "They never come back."

Jim Jeffries tried it, and we all know what happened. The once great fighting machine was nothing but a hulk drifting in the storm when Jack Johnson rained blows on Jeffries at Reno, and Jim had to confess that it just could not be done.

Kid Williams, among the little fellows, tried it and found the task beyond him. Jim Corbett attempted a comeback, and he was the closest to success of them all. After having been inactive for four years, in which he conducted a cafe on Broadway in New York, Corbett was induced to fight Jeffries, who had taken the title from Fitzsimmons, who in turn had knocked out Corbett.

They met at Coney Island and for twenty-three rounds Corbett beat Jeffries with ease, piling up enough points to assure the return of the championship to Gentleman Jim if he could last the limit of twenty-five rounds. But suddenly Corbett found his legs going. Jeffries cut loose, Corbett's footwork left him, and the Boilermaker scored a knockout.

Time and again it has been tried, and time and again it has been demonstrated— "They never come back." Jack Dempsey knows that and he has been fighting off the temptation to rebuild his financial structure at the expense of his record in the ring.

It's strange, this hold which the game gets on its leaders. When Leonard quit seven years ago it was believed that he, of all the champions and former title holders who had retired, would resist the temptation to come back.

* * *

SEVEN years ago Leonard went from the ring to a life of ease and plenty. He had plenty of money then. Perhaps he hasn't all of that now.

Seven years ago it was believed that it was 1,000 to 1 against Benny's ever going into a fight again. His mother had demanded his retirement. At that time he could have cleaned up at least $300,000 in a fight with Mickey Walker. For years the game had clamored for that match and for years Leonard had kept it filed away for future reference—his financial anchor to the windward. And just when the plum grew to its most opulent size, Leonard yielded to the wishes of his family and quit the game.

Now it looks as if Leonard has come back to get the $300,000 which he disdained when he passed up Walker, and quit the title.

Leonard says there is no financial thought in his comeback. The lure of the fight game was too great, he says. However, it is strange that for seven years Leonard never felt that pull back into the roped arena—that for seven years Benny grew fat and soft, and older. Perhaps money has something to do with it, after all.

Before Leonard quit, Jack McAuliffe had the distinction of being the only fighter who had retired as lightweight champion, and remained retired. When Leonard passed up the title McAuliffe said:

"He'll try it again. The call will prove too strong. I know how it feels. I fought it for years."

Leonard has done exactly as McAuliffe predicted he would. Anyway, Benny is back. How is he likely to fare?

There is no getting away from the fact that returning from retirement Leonard finds the field somewhat subnormal. It is futile for Benny to talk of fighting again as a lightweight. He just cannot make it. As a matter of fact, in the closing years of his reign as king of the lightweights there was a feeling that Benny no longer could make the weight. You will recall there were charges that there had been tampering with the scales at Leonard weighing-ins, and that the New Yorker was one of those old "Philadelphia lightweights."

Fighting as a welterweight, Leonard would project himself into a situation which involves mainly Young Jack Thompson, the negro who holds the title, Jackie Fields, Jimmy McLarnin, Young Corbett, 3rd, and Tommy Freeman.

Fighting as a middleweight, Leonard would be thrown against a background featuring Vince Dundee, Ben Jeby, Marcel Thil, Dave Shade, Len Harvey and Harry Smith.

Both divisions look tough enough for a young man in competition, and they look especially difficult for a fighter who has been on the shelf so long, and is trying to battle Youth at the age of thirty-five.

With all due respect to Joe Gans, Benny Leonard of his prime was the greatest lightweight of all time.

* * *

BUT I am very sceptical of Leonard's ability to come back. I do not think that an old man of thirty-five has a chance in the circumstances.

But I welcome the return of the old warrior. I like to see him in the ring and get those rich memories which his presence inside the ropes bring back. The Ritchie Mitchell fight in the old Garden, the battle in which he took the title from Freddy Welsh, the Dundee contests, the two fights with Lew Tendler—they contributed bright pages to the history of the sport, and lustrous chapters to the career of Leonard and the annals of the lightweight class.

To see Leonard beaten by men whom, in his prime, he would have chased out of the ring, no doubt will tend to dim some of the pleasant memories. To see Benny, who never took the full count after he had won the title, lying on the canvas, being given "ten and out" would not be very pleasant.

But Leonard has returned, and whatever the reason, whatever his chances, we say, "Welcome back, and good luck."

It's a grand trick if you can do it, Benny!

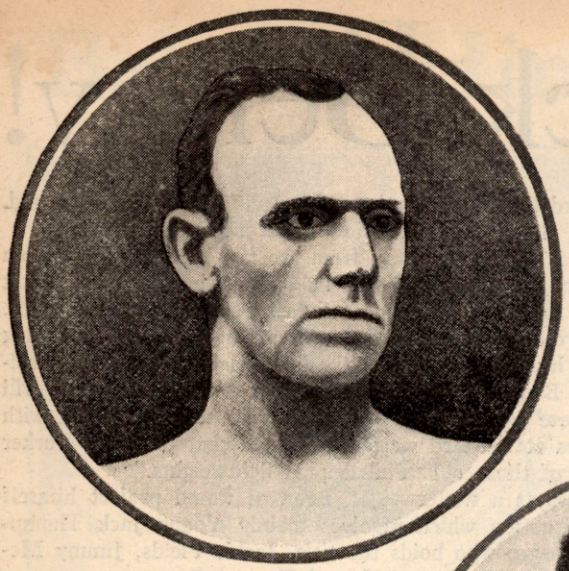
If Leonard is nursed along for half a dozen fights against ordinary talent, he may come through with victories and land a titular shot with Jackie Thompson. It is obvious that Jack Kearns will not permit Benny to clash with any first-rate fighter in his comeback debut nor in his second fight, and it is safe to predict that despite the love the average fight fan has in his heart for Leonard, he will not turn out to see him fight unless he has the right sort of opposition.

It is for that reason that the Illinois Boxing Board refuses to permit Leonard to fight in Illinois and its chairman, who is also president of the National Boxing Association, has asked that body to refuse to grant him a license. The N. B. A. head fears that Benny will meet setups and then obtain a fight for the championship when he will be undeserving of such a contest. As for me, I think it is a good thing for the sport to let Leonard attempt his comeback.

Max Fleischer

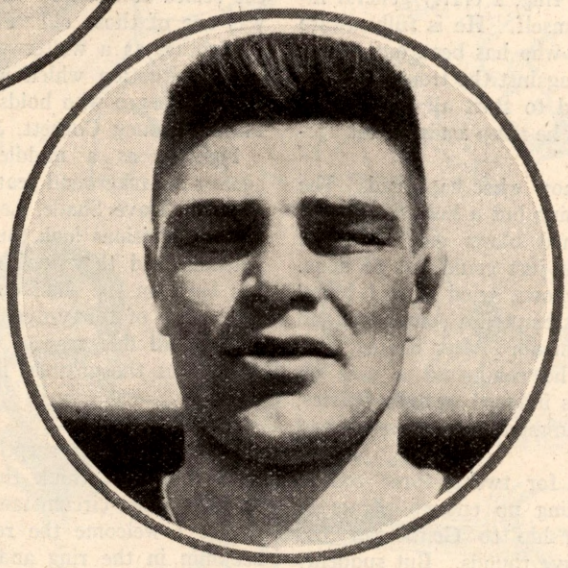
How Far

Mickey Walker Looms Up as Next Opponent of Schmeling in Heavyweight Championship Fight



Bob Fitzsimmons

THE remarkable performance of Mickey Walker in battling big Jack Sharkey fifteen rounds to a draw, will continue to be the chief topic of conversation among the adherents of ring contests for many a month. The fact of Sharkey standing six feet 1 inch tall, and weighing 198 pounds, while the Rumson Bulldog stands but 5 feet 7 inches and weighs only 169 pounds, makes the feat of the little Jerseyman stand out with startling impressiveness. True, the smaller man in breadth of chest, size of biceps, circumference of calf, and general physical development was fully the equal of the bigger man, although in the important matter of reach, Sharkey had the advantage of four inches.



Jack Dillon

In one particular, known as fighting heart, which cannot be measured by the tape line, Walker proved to be so far superior to the big fellow as to make the latter a very poor second. It was this bulldog determination, or rather terrier insistence, that enabled Walker to exchange thumps with the big Sailor and remain in a perpendicular position during one of the most exciting combats staged in this neighborhood for many a year.

Walker's defense was one of the high spots in the encounter. The smaller man not only forestalled Sharkey repeatedly by way of landing a punch before Sharkey could get his blow into action, but in addition, Walker on numerous occasions ducked, slipped and sidestepped vicious swipes aimed at him by the Sailor. It was one of the brainiest exhibitions of the art of self-defense ever seen in a boxing ring, and in each instance was followed by a flurry of stinging shots that took the Sailor completely by surprise.

* * *

IN only one respect was Sharkey the superior and that was in staying ability. He was the stronger at the finish, and doubtless could have gone ten rounds more without taking a long breath. Had Walker the good physical condition of Sharkey there is small doubt the little chap would have been declared the winner at the close of the fifteenth round. In fact had Walker been able to weather the fifteenth and last round, or made it even, he would have received the decision. This is evident from the score sheet of Charles F. Mathison, the judge whose decision made the contest a drawn battle.

From the first round down to the fifteenth the boxers see-sawed, first one and then the other winning a round, but when the fifteenth round was called, Mathison's card showed that Walker had won seven rounds and that Sharkey had the advantage in 6 rounds. Had Walker been able to win the fifteenth round, or to make it an even round, his score at the end of the 15th round would have read "won 8 rounds, lost six rounds. Sharkey's record for the 15 rounds would have been "won 6 rounds, lost 8."

But Walker failed to take the 15th round, by a wide margin. In fact, Sharkey battered him all about the ring in the last session and for a time it appeared that the Bulldog would be stopped. However, Walker managed to survive a heavy bombardment in the last round, and the final score showed that each had won seven rounds, but the little fellow took a harder punching in the last round than in all the 14 rounds preceding the fifteenth.

It follows as a matter of course that Walker, in his next essay against a heavyweight will be required to rate himself in training so as not to crumple in the final round of a contest. The scoring of Mathison and Kelly, two of the leading judges of the Commission, was particularly close and intelligent. Kelly's decision went to Sharkey on the basis of 8 rounds won and 7 rounds lost, while Mathison called it a draw on the basis of 7 winning rounds by each contestant.

In view of the wild, and lopsided scoring by many of those who witnessed the bout, the work of Kelly and Mathison was quite illuminating.

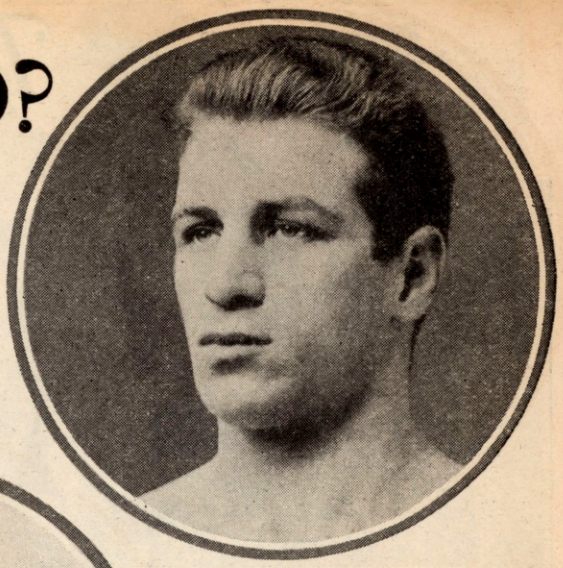
Joe Walcott

* * *

QUITE naturally the problem as to what will be Walker's fate in future matches with heavyweights comes up for considera-

WILL HE GO?

By A. D. PHILLIPS



Joe Choynski

tion. The outstanding opponent for Walker is beyond all doubt the German, Max Schmeling, and with small question the German will prove a stubborn obstacle in the championship path of the Rumson Terrier.

Judged by the way in which Schmeling handled Stribling, Walker will receive a plenitude of smacks to head and body. Also, judging by the failure of Stribling to land with effectiveness on the German, Walker will have his troubles getting over with right or left.

But one thing is certain, Walker will need to fortify himself with first-class physical condition before entering the ring with the German champion. The Jerseyman will need to be in form to fight 15 rounds without a letup.

While Walker would unquestionably be credited with a chance to defeat the German, the battle would be the hardest he yet has taken against a heavyweight and Schmeling would go into the ring a favorite. Schmeling, in his bout with Stribling, showed endurance, boxing skill and hitting powers of the first order, and only a man of superlative powers will be able to divest him of his honors.

Stanley Ketchel

Loughran would give Walker a hard contest, due to the boxing skill of the former light-heavy champion. Yet Loughran would be apt to win only on points as his hitting is not sufficiently powerful to bring down the "good little man" from Rumson.

There are several promising recruits to the heavyweight force, with Retzlaff and Hamas, in the lead, and in another year there may be enough heavies of good attainments to make the championship fights very interesting.

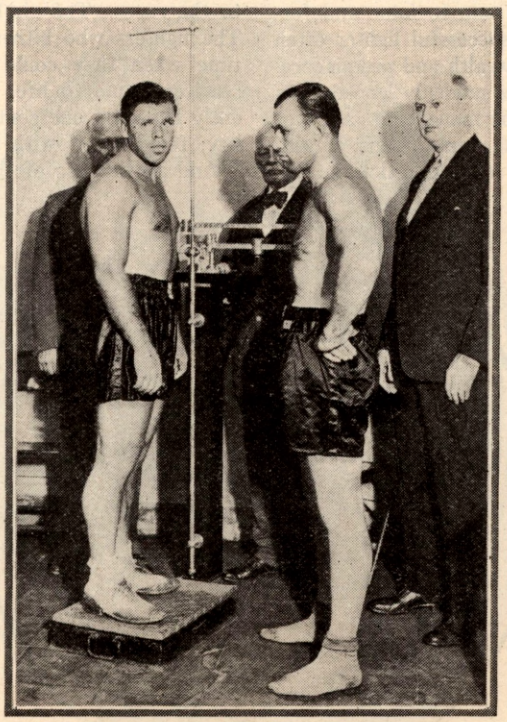
* * *

ONE feature of Walker's disposition is the good humor he displays during the most hectic periods of his encounters. No matter how badly the battle may be going against him, Walker finds time to exploit a good-natured grin, and this not only disconcerts an opponent but has a worrying effect on the opposing boxer. Several times when Sharkey managed to land heavy punches on Walker, the latter merely grinned, and the Sailor's facial expression seemed to say: "What is the matter with that guy? What is holding him up?"

It is declared that Walker is trying to emulate the example of the mighty Fitzsimmons, who won three titles during his ring career, the middleweight, heavyweight and light-heavyweight. It is erroneous to class Fitz with the little fellows. Only in the matter of weight did he correspond to the small men who have battled with heavyweights.

Fitz was a tall chap, standing 5 feet 11¾ inches, and his shoulders, arms and chest were equal in size and power to any heavyweights in history. His legs tapered down to spindle shanks, but they were powerful and serviceable to an amazing degree.

It is true that when Fitz first landed in America, he was merely a middleweight and he readily consented to make 154 pounds ringside for a match with Nonpariel Jack Dempsey for the world's middleweight title, Fitz having won the class title in Australia before leaving that country. In those days the middleweight limit was set by the boxers at 154 pounds ringside, and as there were no boxing commissions to regulate matters, the little chaps among the middleweights had things just as they wanted.



Mickey Walker and Jack Sharkey (right) as they weighed in before the New York State Boxing Commission, General Phelan, partially hidden by Walker's head; William Muldoon, center, and James A. Farley

Dempsey and his managers, after getting a look at Fitz' height, jumped to the conclusion that he would be very weak at 154 pounds, and congratulated themselves on having made a match so well that it was half won before ring time. But when Fitz got on the scales and weighed 150½ pounds, the Dempseyites were aghast with fright. It did not take Fitz long to batter Dempsey to a fare-ye-well, the 14th round being the final one.

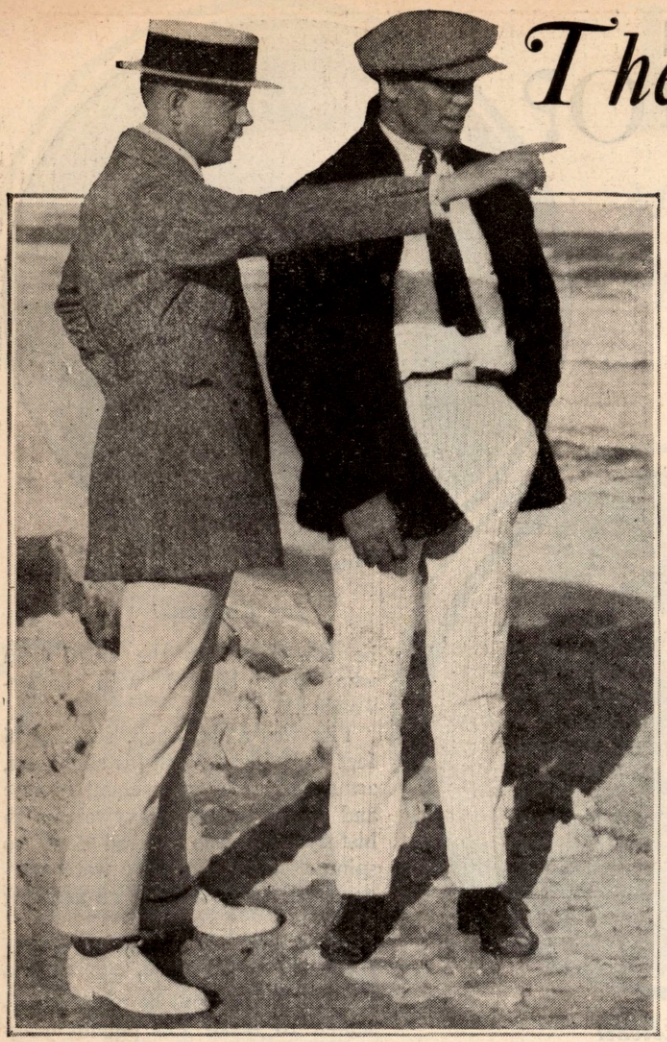
Dempsey weighed but 147½ pounds for the battle. One thing that can be said for Dempsey is that he possessed bulldog courage. Fitz begged the smaller man to quit, but Dempsey hung on till he was knocked senseless.

* * *

DESPITE his great height, Fitz never weighed more than 172 pounds for any of his many encounters. He scaled 172 in his bout (*Continued on page* 44)

The Ballyhoo King

By Nat Fleischer



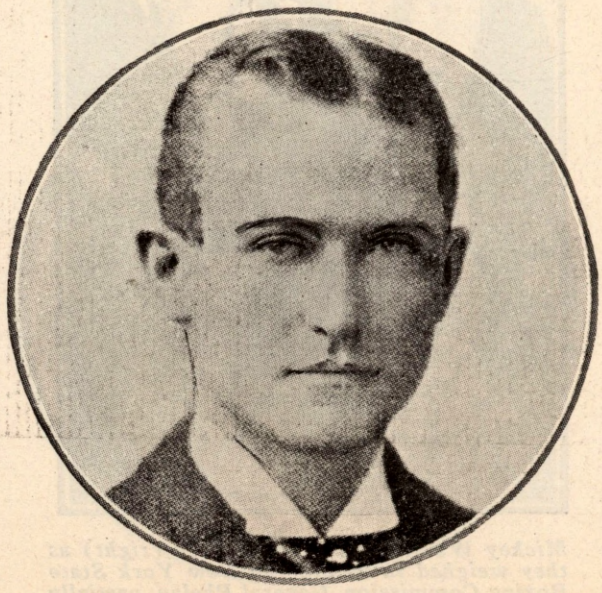
When they were pals—Jack Kearns (left) and Jack Dempsey when the Manassa Mauler was training for the fight with Carpentier

A GOOD, clever, hustling manager of a star boxer often leads his man to fame and fortune. A skillful and successful fighter often helps his manager to wealth and prominence. Many an unknown has suddenly leaped from obscurity to popularity and wealth as the manager of a clever fighter of championship calibre and visa versa, many an unknown fighter has gained the pinnacle of fame through the ballyhoo of his manager.

The case of Mickey Walker, who recently fought a fifteen round draw with Jack Sharkey, is an example. Mickey, the middleweight champion, was finding it most difficult to obtain any remunerative bouts in his class because of the lack of prominent fighters in his division. But he had a shrewd manager, one of the greatest of all time, Jack Kearns, the man who enabled Tex Rickard to become the world's greatest promoter.

Kearns had his own notions about the value of Walker to boxing and he set out to prove to the world that his estimate was correct. He started a ballyhoo that soon took Walker from out of the depths where he had begun to sink, into the limelight, and within six months' time he brought him forth to the position of leading contender for the world's heavyweight crown. Without Jack Kearns to handle the reins, Walker to this day would have been just an idle middleweight champion.

In bringing Walker along, Kearns adopted the same methods that he used so successfully in the rise of Jack Dempsey from the mines of Colorado to the world's heavyweight title and from a penniless lad to the rôle of millionaire. Kearns possesses the knack to force the public to talk about the boxer whom he is trying to bring into the spotlight. That is the secret of his success.



Bill Brady, one of the first managers to use the modern system of ballyhoo

* * *

WILLIAM A. BRADY, the theatrical producer, is another of the famous fight managers who succeeded in bringing his charges up from an ordinary position in the field of fistiana to world prominence and wealth. The Kearns-Brady type are most difficult to find among the fistic managers, but when one does come forth, one sees in the rise of such a manager the start of a new era. The boxing game has been floundering since the death of Tex Rickard. With his passing and the general business depression, the sport tumbled to its lowest depths in years.

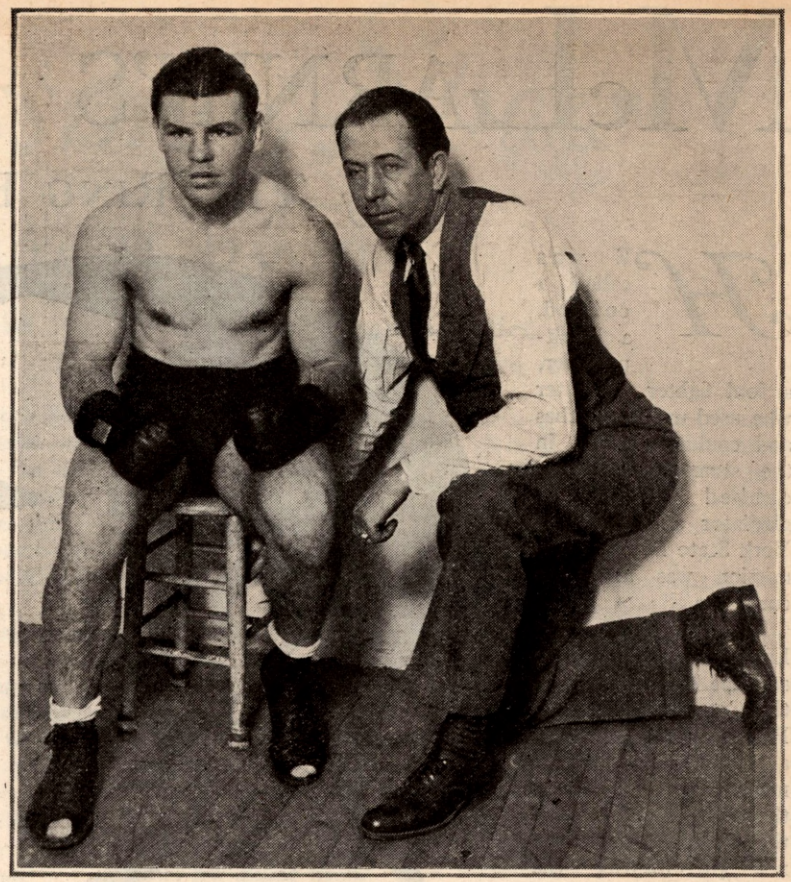
But almost overnight, we find Kid Depression hanging on to the ropes. The air has suddenly become full of fight talk. The fighters who hitherto had been hibernating, awaiting the time when they could pull down a fabulous sum for their services, came to life. The heavyweight division that apparently had only one contender worth gambling with, Jack Sharkey, found itself with five major challenges.

And all because of the knockout of Stribling by Schmeling, the revival of boxing interest through the great ballyhoo of "Doc" Kearns and the thrusting of new blood into the sport through the medium of Jimmy Johnston. I don't know which of these three deserves the most credit, but I will go on record with the statement that to Kearns boxing owes a debt of gratitude for having instilled new life into the sport by campaigning Walker as a heavyweight.

* * *

WHEN "Bill" Brady started his promotorial and managerial career he came before the public as business director for Jim Corbett. It was Brady who engineered the match between Corbett and Sullivan which earned for "Gentleman Jim" the heavyweight championship. That was a great victory for both Brady

Jack Kearns, Using the Methods He So Successfully Employed in Bringing Dempsey to the Front, Revives Interest in Boxing Through Mickey Walker



And here, ten years later, the ballyhoo king is piloting a new "Giant Killer", Mickey Walker, to the front among the heavyweights

and his charge and brought both fame and fortune to the pair.

Then when Corbett lost his title to Fitzsimmons, the shrewd Brady dropped "Gentleman Jim" and picked up young Jim Jeffries, a champion in the making and within two years time, the California Boilermaker had reached the heights and had won the championship from Fitz. And there again we have the case of a manager making the fighter.

There is no denying that Jeffries and Corbett possessed the ability to gain the top rung of the fistic ladder, but were it not for Brady, the manager, there is no telling how long they would have spent getting there. It was Brady's clever handling of their affairs, his wonderful ballyhoo, that carried the day for each of these fistic luminaries. He did at that time what Jack Kearns has accomplished in the more modern era. When Jeffries began to prove a poor investment, Brady washed his hands from the boxing game forever.

Sam Harris was another successful manager whose type has passed from pugilism. When Harris first took Terry McGovern under his wings, the Brooklyn Terror was employed in a laundry. It was the work of Harris and his chief aide, Joe Humphreys who later assumed the management of Terry, that brought the Brooklynite up from the amateur ranks to win both the bantamweight and featherweight championships. Together, Terry and Harris made a fortune, but while Harris held on to his and became one of America's leading theatrical producers, a partner of George M. Cohan, poor Terry died destitute.

* * *

JOHN L. SULLIVAN in his fighting days had a score of managers. He was a tough 'un to handle. Pat Sheedy was unknown to the sporting public before he became Sullivan's manager. Whether Sheedy ever made much money with the big fellow, nobody can say, but if he didn't he must have been in hard luck, as he had Sullivan during that part of his career when John was a popular idol all over the United States.

Billy Madden became popular as Sullivan's first manager. He was with John when he won the championship from Paddy Ryan in 1882. Soon after this Sullivan and Madden parted because of some personal differences, but Madden kept on in the managerial game and made money.

Al Smith was another of Sullivan's managers in the old days. He toured the country with John, meeting all comers, and they had a very successful trip. But they soon agreed to disagree after making a barrel of coin.

Among Sullivan's other managers were Harry Phillips, Jack Barnitt, Parson Davies, Charley Johnston, Jimmy Wakely, Frank Moran, Duncan B. Harrison, and Frank Dunn. Parson Davies, once said that all he ever got from Sullivan was a few gray hairs, for John had a way of worrying a manager more than any champion that ever stood in a ring.

Tom O'Rourke, who made a fortune with George Dixon. Tom is one of the few survivors of the old school

* * *

YOUNG GRIFFO was another tough proposition to manage. He was a wild drinker and seldom knew his own mind. Griffo had a habit of appointing every ready money man he came in contact with his manager. He would say in an innocent way to a newcomer:

"If I only had a good manager I'd make a pot of money."

Immediately the newcomer would become interested and Griffo would go on explaining that his manager at that time did not clothe and feed him properly. Then would follow this sally:

"Oh, if I only had a gent like yourself who would look after me a (*Continued on page* 45)

McLARNIN'S REVENGE

By THE RING EDITOR

HE was called a coward, a back-pedaller, a foul fighter, a fighter who used unfair punches and couldn't take it in the stomach. He was dubbed an overrated gladiator and the New York State Boxing Commission was asked to curb him.

Yes, it's Jimmy McLarnin I'm referring to and the complainants in the case were Billy Petrolle and his manager, Jack Hurley. It might have been part of the ballyhoo, because the fight patrons were not purchasing the tickets for their engagement at the Yankee Stadium rapidly enough. It might have been a move made in earnest and then again it might have been a ruse on the part of Hurley to rile McLarnin and "get up his Irish" to such extent that he would lose control of himself and become a mark for Petrolle.

Jimmy McLarnin

Whatever the motive, the fact remains that McLarnin made Petrolle pay dearly for that type of criticism. It would have been far better for Petrolle had McLarnin not been antagonized, for in their rubber contest at the Yankee Stadium on August 20, Jimmy gave one of his greatest exhibitions in the art of fisticuffs and rolled up such a big advantage that he gained the unanimous verdict of judges and referee and every sports writer.

McLarnin won eight of the ten rounds and proved that he is the master of the welterweight division even though he doesn't hold any title. It wasn't the magnitude of the margin of victory that gained for Jimmy the plaudits of the gathering, but the manner in which he came through. The match wasn't a one-sided one by any means, for there was enough peppery action in almost every round to satisfy the most blood-thirsty fan.

McLARNIN answered the attack on his style and his courage in a manner that left no doubt about his feeling in the matter. At times when it appeared that one good solid wallop would put his man away. McLarnin deliberately backed away to give Petrolle an opportunity to come to, and then, with studied cruelty and viciousness, he battered away at the face of the Fargo Express until he had one eye almost closed and the nose and mouth badly bleeding.

There was an element of revenge in his entire attack. It seemed to come direct from his heart. He was out to prove to the world that he was not a coward or a foul fighter and what he displayed was an exhibition that tickled the palate of those who like to see a stirring, hard hitting contest. Toe to toe, punch for punch, he slugged away with Petrolle to prove that he could hit the harder and possessed as much courage as the Fargo Italian, and so much harder did he strike and so clean were his punches, that he soon had battered down the stamina of Billy and had fought him into submission.

It was only after he had weakened Petrolle with severe punishment that he started to annihilate him. Petrolle took everything that Jimmy could offer, and never backed away. The North Dakotan, like McLarnin, displayed marvelous courage. Oft-times he was rocked, badly hurt, but he refused to fold up. Jimmy chopped him, hooked him and crashed his terrific right flush to the face, but such punishment didn't keep Petrolle in the background.

It was a bitter defeat for Petrolle and Hurley, but in defeat the Fargo Express received as much applause as did the victor. He was beaten badly but not disgraced. He took a fearful pounding about the head but in return, he landed many vicious swings to Jimmy's body, one of which in the fifth shook Jimmy and almost dropped him. He was hurt and showed it but fought back more determinedly.

McLARNIN fought like a champion and gave the greatest exhibition of solid hitting he has displayed in an Eastern ring in two years. With Jimmy's hands firm again, there isn't a fighter in the division who is his master. If he ever gets into the ring with Thompson, the champion, the title will change hands by the knockout route.

They are talking about matching Leonard with McLarnin. That bout in New York would be an attraction that would bring into the park between $300,000 and $350,000, but as for the fight itself, it would result in a certain victory for McLarnin and the knockout of Leonard within three or four rounds.

The Leonard of old would make a great match, but not the retired title holder who has been on the shelf for seven years.

The match that the public wants is one with Thompson for the championship. McLarnin is entitled to a chance at the crown. He is a credit to the sport. He and his manager, Pop Foster, have done much in the interest of boxing and they should be rewarded with a titular shot.

The Passing Show

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

That Heavyweight Situation Again Is Cleared Up

SCENE, the Thinking Room of the New York Boxing Commission. The august commissioners are disclosed in attitudes of deep cogitation. The solemn conclave is engaged in the attempt to please everybody, offend no one, and elevate the sport.

FARLEY:—Well, gentlemen, it looks as if we need some excitement. Sharkey is the boy to make it. How about taking up another Sharkey fight?

MULDOON:—Seems to me that Walker thing was about enough from Jack. But what is on your chest, pallie?

FARLEY:—The heavy situation needs more clearing up.

PHELAN:—(Waking suddenly).—Did you say cleaning up?

FARLEY:—No, general, I said clearing up. Now, we have been clearing up the heavyweight situation at every meeting and I do not see why this should be any exception.

MULDOON:—Well, let's clear it again. How about Sharkey fighting this monstrous Carnera?

FARLEY:—That would be a big thing for the game.

PHELAN:—Carnera would be a big thing no matter where you threw him. I suppose this fight goes to Brooklyn, with James Johnston running it, what?

FARLEY:—Well, Brooklyn has been standing for the Dodgers for years and I don't think it will object to Sharkey and Carnera. This would clear up the situation.

MULDOON:—How about Herr Schmeling? Can we do anything to annoy him at this meeting? I still say the German false alarm is not the champion of the world. Who ever heard of winning the title on a foul. Now, you go back to Mace and Sullivan. . . .

FARLEY:—Bill, I don't want to go back to Mace and Sullivan because I have a dinner engagement for six o'clock. But I still insist that the heavyweight situation needs clearing up and that Sharkey and Carnera would do it.

MULDOON:—How about vacating the heavyweight championship and declaring Schmeling null and void? We haven't done that for several meetings and I think it's only fair to the boxing writers that we do it again to day.

PHELAN:—Sorry, Bill, but the last time we did that we did not get a line in any of the New York papers. They don't seem to take us seriously.

FARLEY:—Now, if Sharkey were to stop Carnera, that would force Schmeling into the open, and bring about a Sharkey-Schmeling return match.

PHELAN:—There have been complaints that the odor of the first Sharkey-Schmeling fight still is annoying the fans at the Yankee Stadium. Besides, how about Walker? Did Sharkey remove Mickey Mouse from the cheese?

FARLEY:—I am afraid we are going too far afield. What the heavyweight situation needs is clearing up.

MULDOON:—(Rousing himself suddenly.)—I still defy anybody to show me a precedent for calling Schmeling world's champion. Now, you go back to Ryan and McCoole—

FARLEY:—Bill, I'm sorry I can't go back to Ryan and McCoole, because I never was in that place even in the old days before prohibition.

PHELAN:—Well, be it so ordered that Sharkey fight Carnera, and that the situation be cleared up again,—and again,—and again, shaking the bottle, and taking every three hours.

(*Exeunt, Thinking.*)

Enoch Arden— Or Seven Years After

SCENE, the palatial offices of Jack Kearns, manager of boxers. The place is decorated by Benny Leonard, the great comeback, and a dozen scribes.

LEONARD:—Well, boys, here I am, coming back into the ring after seven years of easy life. The romance of the ring has called me.

FIRST SCRIBE:—I guess it was the romance of the ring that made you quit at the top of your career.

SECOND SCRIBE:—They say you have come back because you are broke, Benny.

KEARNS:—All this is very irksome to Leonard. He has come back to give the ring a little polite uplift.

LEONARD:—Who says I am broke? I got an apartment house in Jersey City.

THIRD SCRIBE:—Yeh, my brother-in-law Jake lives in it and he says it's two thirds vacant.

LEONARD:—Ha. It's that lowlife on the third floor that wants his ceiling fixed.

FOURTH SCRIBE:—They tell me the ring put you on your feet, the Bank of the United States put you on your back, and that you figure this comeback should put you at least on your knees.

LEONARD:—This conversation about money makes me sick to my stomach. Money never meant anything to me.

FIRST SCRIBE:—Not anything?

LEONARD:—Well, not much!

TENTH SCRIBE:—(new to game.)—Say, are you old man Leonard himself? I used to hear my father tell about your fight with Ritchie Mitchell.

LEONARD:—Listen to him! Old man Leonard! Corbett is thirty-four when he goes twenty-three rounds with Jeffries.

FIRST SCRIBE:—Well, Benny, you probably could go twenty rounds with Jeffries yourself. That is, if either of you could go twenty-three rounds.

LEONARD:—You wise crackers are funny. Look at my speed. (Benny goes into an old-fashioned dance with a featherweight. The feather bounces one off Benny's nose and Leonard emits, "Oh, my sore nose."

LEONARD:—Well, accidents will happen.

THIRD SCRIBE:—Yeh, they box different now, Benny.

KEARNS:—Anyway, you mugs, this here Leonard becomes champion, and when he does, you mugs will be first to cheer.

FIFTH SCRIBE:—Well, if Leonard becomes a champion again I promise to be the first man on the cheering line.

LEONARD:—And remember, you guys. Nix on that stuff that Benny is broke. Look, I got ten bucks in my pocket, and examine the bank book. Two hundred and fifty bucks in cash.

FIRST SCRIBE:—We know, Benny! Enoch Arden comes back after seven years to find his sweetheart married to another man, and for romance he squawks and goes back to fighting. Is that it?

LEONARD:—Who is this Enoch Arden? I never heard of him, and besides I hear this here Canzoneri is the champ of the lightweights. When did Arden come up?

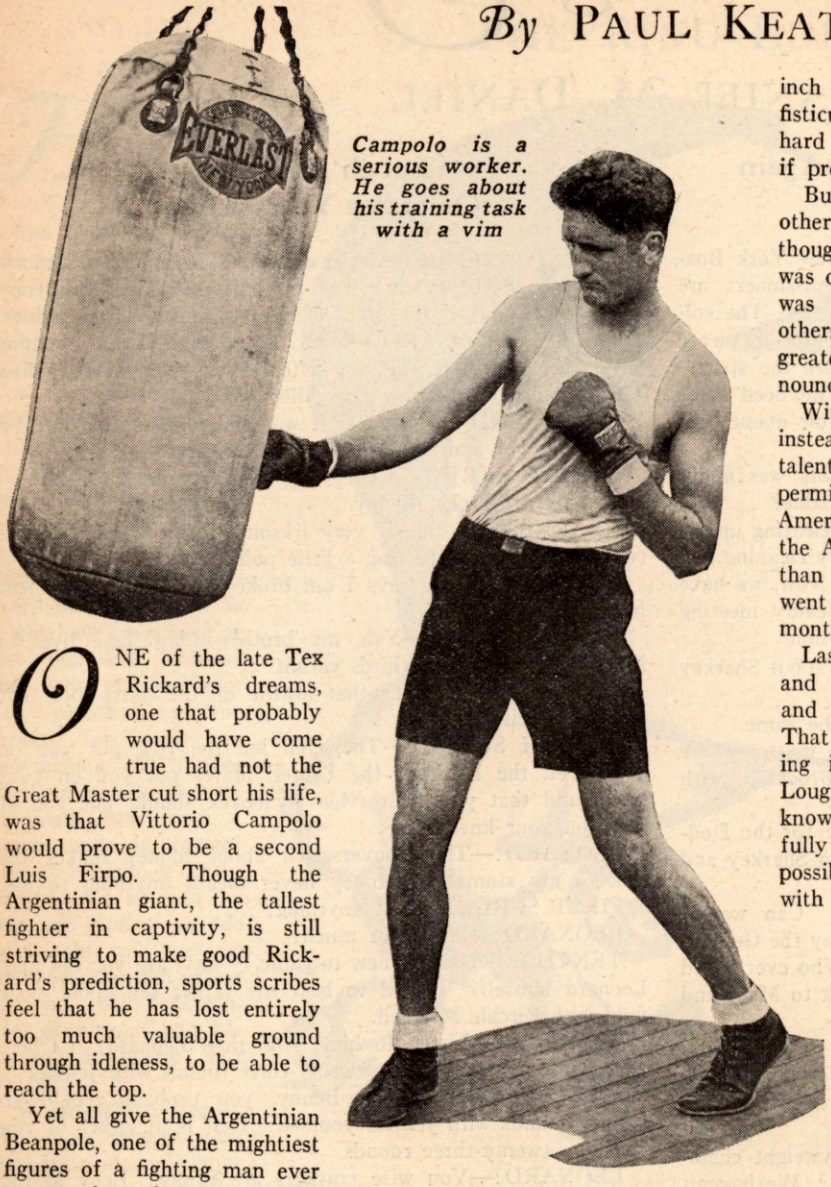
FIRST SCRIBE:—Oh, let it lay, Benny. Let it lay. Goodbye, and good luck. You'll need it.

LEONARD:—And remember. None of that stuff about being broke.

(*Exeunt, the scribes, laughing.*)

VITTORIO CAMPOLO,

By PAUL KEATS



Campolo is a serious worker. He goes about his training task with a vim

ONE of the late Tex Rickard's dreams, one that probably would have come true had not the Great Master cut short his life, was that Vittorio Campolo would prove to be a second Luis Firpo. Though the Argentinian giant, the tallest fighter in captivity, is still striving to make good Rickard's prediction, sports scribes feel that he has lost entirely too much valuable ground through idleness, to be able to reach the top.

Yet all give the Argentinian Beanpole, one of the mightiest figures of a fighting man ever sent to these shores, credit for being a gladiator of the first order. Unfortunately for Vittorio, he fell into the hands of persons who didn't know how to steer him into the proper channel when the going was good. Too many squabbles, and too few fights set Campolo back at least three years.

Had Campolo, like Firpo, come to the front under the expert guidance of Rickard, he would have been built up into heavyweight championship timber, with a $750,000 gate as the prospect in an international titular contest. Rickard could have done it. There can be no doubt about that, for in Campolo, he had almost as colorful a warrior as Firpo.

True, the shaggy hair, the celluloid collar, the greasy, baggy clothes that made Firpo such a picturesque figure, are missing in the well-bred, highly cultured, well-dressed Campolo, but aside from those, Vittorio possesses a sufficient amount of "IT" to have enabled a good, lively promoter to have pushed him to the front as a highly profitable fistic attraction.

* * *

WHEN Campolo came here and tackled Arthur De Kuh in his first American engagement and won on a foul two years ago, he showed a powerful right hand, the kind that made Firpo famous. When he clashed with Tom Heeney and battered Honest Tom into submission, he looked every inch the fighting man. He displayed a brand of fisticuffs that showed him to be a fearless, courageous, hard striking fighter, one who would go a long way if properly handled.

But there is where the rub came in. He had another engagement, this time with Phil Scott, and although the clever Englishman gained the verdict, it was only by a hairline margin. In fact, the decision was so close, that some gave it to Campolo and others called it even. In that fight, Scott gave his greatest American exhibition and Campolo was pronounced "O. K." by the critics.

With those three contests under his belt, Campolo, instead of being worked against some more good talent with a stab at Sharkey as the objective, was permitted to rust because of differences with his South American manager and that killed whatever chance the Argentinian had to reach a titular shot. Rather than to submit to the dictates of his manager, he went back home and wasted several more valuable months in idleness.

Last year, Vic boxed three times, getting a draw and losing a decision in bouts with Johnny Risko and stopping Salvatore Rugirello in three frames. That made a total of only forty-five rounds of fighting in two years prior to clashing with Tommy Loughran for ten rounds recently, and any one who knows anything about the strenuous sport of boxing, fully realizes that a newcomer into the field, cannot possibly hope to keep himself in the fistic limelight with so few contests.

* * *

THAT is why Campolo signed an agreement to have the shrewd, keen, aggressive Luis Gutierrez, manager of the junior lightweight king, Kid Chocolate, take the helm. There is still a possibility, in fact, a probability, that Campolo will make the grade, and if he can, there is no finer mentor in the field of fistiana to bring Campolo to the top, than Gutierrez. Luis' temperament fits in nicely with that of the man he is now managing. He understands Campolo and Vittorio, in turn, has an abundance of faith in the Cuban.

Gutierrez has an idea that the only thing standing between Campolo and success, is work and he intends to get him plenty of that.

"A defeat by a top notcher doesn't mean much," is Luis' way of reasoning. "Pitting Campolo against such stars as Loughran and Schaaf, even if he is outpointed, gives him the kind of a workout that will soon bring him to the front. Campolo has speed. He has the most vicious right hand punch of any heavyweight in the field and he has courage. These are three great assets.

"I've mapped out a heavy winter campaign for the Argentinian and by next summer, he should be one of the five leading heavyweights. I know that Vittorio is a great fighter. He has proved that in all of his American battles, but he is still rusty. He kept idle too long. Had he been worked regularly, he, not Carnera would be the outstanding foreign attraction."

And in this line of thought, Gutierrez has many supporters among the American scribes. The majority who have seen both Campolo and Carnera in action, feel that the Argentinian is Primo's master. And so does Leon See, manager of the giant Italian, for he has steadfastly refused offers to have

the Beanpole *of the* Argentine

Successor to Luis Firpo, Under Guidance of Luis Gutierrez, One of World's Seven Best Heavyweights

After work comes play—
O solo mio!

old, is a former amateur champion and stiffened ten of his first eleven professional opponents, among them Monte Munn, Ricardo Bertazzola, Miguel Ferrera, Roberti Roberto and Ermino Spalla. He first came to this country in 1926 when he fought in the national amateur championship at Boston where he was beaten by Angus Snyder, but upon his return to the Argentine, he gave up his amateur card and turned to the professional field.

He stands six feet six and one-half inches and is one of a family of eleven children, all giants, despite the fact that pa and ma are midgets compared to the children. The youngest member, Valentine, a twenty-one year old lad, weighs 218 pounds and is six feet two and one-half inches tall.

Vittorio is the third child. He saw the light of day on June 2, 1903 in Reggio, Calabria, Italy, while his parents were visiting their native land. The family, when Vittorio was three months old, returned to Laboulaye, a small ranch town in Argentina, where Senor Campolo was a prominent cattle rancher and raised all kinds of stock.

The subject of this article graduated from the National High School of Laboulaye and studied for a time at Cordorba College, where he matriculated in medicine. He was a three letter man at high school and at college, soccer, swimming and boxing being his specialities. In addition, he was an expert polo player and captained his team.

* * *

SPEAKING of his career, Campolo, through an interpreter said:

"I took up boxing because it fascinated me, as all sports always have done. I've always had natural talent for strenuous sports, polo, riding, swimming, soccer and fighting. I've been an athlete all my life. I thrived on competitive sport.

"Had I not loved sports so much, I would now probably have been a doctor in my native land. Sports always lured me. I took my athletics seriously. When I first took up boxing, I didn't have an idea of making a dollar out of it. Then I was persuaded, against my will, to enter an amateur tournament. I had three contests in my first tryout and won each. That success made me think that perhaps I was a good boxer and that I could win the amateur heavyweight championship of South America. I went after that title and in one year, it was mine.

"It was against the wishes of my family that I turned professional, but my parents do not mind it now. They are satisfied that I can take good care of myself.

"It was not until after I whipped Spalla and Munn that I got the notion that I would go after the heavyweight championship and although I have had several setbacks, I feel that now, under the management of the capable Luis Gutierrez, I will get somewhere.

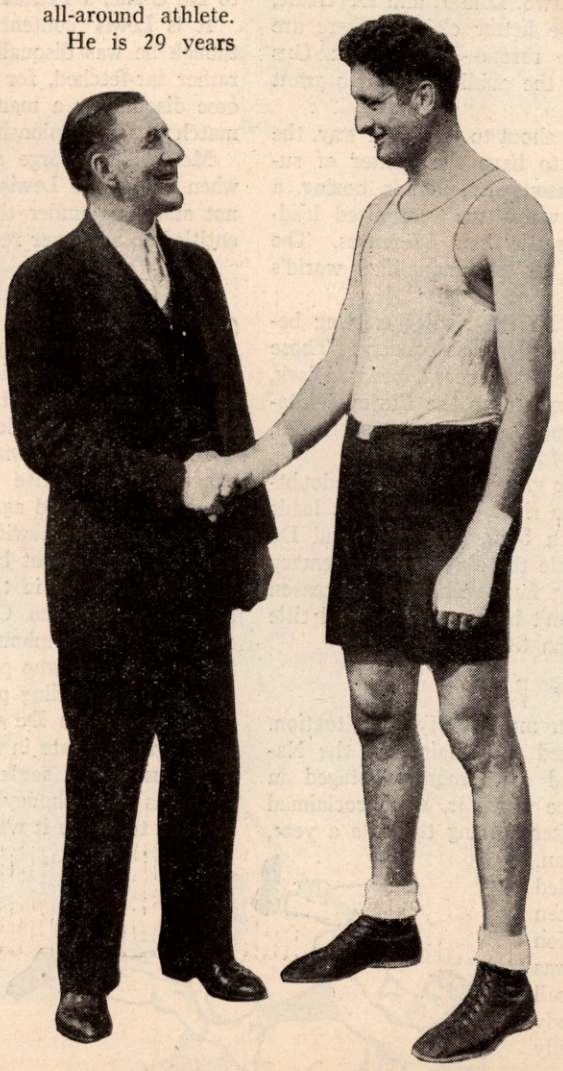
"They tell me that I have changed my style too often to benefit me much. Well that is because I've never had a real teacher, and now that I have one in Gutierrez, I know that with two or three more fights under my belt, I will be a most formidable fighter. One thing I'm sure of, is that I am a better fighter than Carnera and that I can knock him out. I've been trying to get him into the ring with me, but his managers are too wise. They want men who lack heart and can't hit. I know too much for Carnera and can hit too hard for him."

Carnera clash with Campolo, who has been most eager to take a shot at the Venetian.

* * *

CAMPOLO has the unique distinction of being the only fighter among the heavyweights of note who is just as good at wielding a mallet at polo as he is handling himself with the fists. Besides polo, he is a trick rider, a cowboy, and an all-around athlete.

He is 29 years



The Argentinian, towering over Corbett, gets a few pointers from "Gentleman Jim" during a training period

Let's End This CONFUSION

Wrestling Enthusiasts are Entitled to Have a Settlement of the Rival Championship Claims Made—A Londos-De Glane Match Is Now in Order

By THE RING EDITOR

WRESTLING titles have been changing hands with such rapidity during the past ten months that it is difficult for the average mat enthusiast to keep pace with the trend of events.

It all depends in what part of the country you are. If you live in New York or in Pennsylvania, Jim Londos is the title holder. If in New England, or in Canada, you find yourself favoring Henri De Glane. If in Michigan, your favorite champion is Ed "Don" George and in the far west, Ed "Strangler" Lewis seems to be favored.

Yet, despite the claims of these four leaders those who have studied their wrestling and have followed the events in the past four months, know that only two, Londos and De Glane, merit recognition. Londos has the better claim. There are still other minor claimants to the throne—John Pesek, Gus Sonnenberg and Jack Sherry—but the public refuses to grant them recognition.

Now that a new indoor season is about to get under way, the wrestling enthusiasts are anxious to have the matter of supremacy settled. There is no reason why, like in boxing, a tournament cannot be staged in which the recognized leaders would have an opportunity to settle their differences. The winner of such a tourney would be the unqualified world's heavyweight wrestling champion.

The difficulty, however, rests with the rivalry existing between the groups controlling the sport in this country. Those who handle the affairs of De Glane, Sonnenberg, Lewis, Pesek, Sherry and George are bitterly opposed to the Curley-White-Mondt-Miller and Pfefer group, and under the circumstances, there doesn't seem to be a chance for a get-together.

Of the mat stars in the Browser group, De Glane undoubtedly is the title holder and of the rival group, Londos leads the field. Why not then a match between Londos and De Glane? Such a contest would settle the matter of supremacy to the satisfaction of the wrestling fans. There is no reason why the mat sport, like boxing, can't have an undisputed title holder so as to avoid the confusion that now prevails.

* * *

A REVIEW of the past year may clarify the situation. When the field was clogged with claimants, the National Boxing Association ordered a tournament staged in Philadelphia, and Dick Shikat, the survivor, was proclaimed champion and awarded a belt. After holding the title a year, Shikat lost to Jim Londos in Penn. Subsequently Londos was accorded recognition by New York and when the National Boxing Association officers were changed, an effort was made by the rival group to recall the recognition granted by that body to Londos and this was successfully manoeuvered.

That action failed to dampen the enthusiasm with which Londos was greeted wherever he went. His ability has been fully recognized in most of the big cities, and whenever he wrestles in St. Louis, Atlanta, Nashville, New York, Jersey City and other Jersey sectors, he is advertised as the heavyweight crown wearer.

The other claim, handed down by the Stecher-Lewis-Sonnenberg dynasty, has had no less than four standard bearers in the past five months. They are Sonnenberg, George, Lewis and De Glane.

Sonnenberg, who had worn the crown for nearly two years after winning it from Lewis, lost it to George in Los Angeles last December 10. George held it for four months, losing it back to Lewis in Los Angeles on April 13. The 53-year-old Lewis, who had held the title three times previously, lost it to De Glane, a French-Canadian in Montreal on May 4.

It is Lewis' contention that he didn't lose that match although he was disqualified for fouling. That assertion seems rather far-fetched, for in all branches of sport, when the referee disqualifies a man, he loses the match and when such a match is a championship affair, he loses the title.

Meanwhile George asserts that his title was not at stake when he lost to Lewis. The claims of George and Lewis do not stand up under the rules of sport. Hence De Glane is entitled to whatever recognition hitherto was granted to Lewis.

* * *

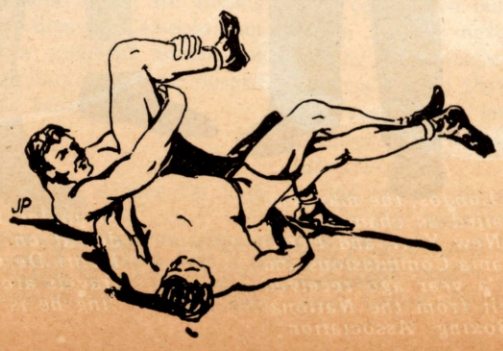
BOTH George and Lewis were defeated according to the rules of wrestling in bouts held under the supervision of duly appointed athletic commissions and competent referees. In each case, apparently, George and Lewis did not expect to be "taken" and the defeat came as a shock.

In the case of Lewis, his manager had gone to considerable expense to advertise the great "comeback" of the veteran when he was pitted against the comparative novice, De Glane, and at the time Lewis' manager also was hot on the trail of Londos. The defeat by De Glane came so unexpectedly, that it caused a break in the group that hitherto had been solidly aligned against the Curley-White combination with the result that the championship claims are so confusing that Johnny Public, the man who pays the freight, is having a difficult time solving the wrestling puzzle.

Let us have a De Glane-Londos match. It will draw the biggest indoor gate in the history of the sport.

Let us have a settlement of the rival claims to supremacy.

Unless the "phoney" claims cease, the wrestling game will go back to where it was three years ago. Intense rivalry in any branch of athletics, is a great tonic for the sport. Keen competition is what makes for huge success. Why can't wrestling be conducted on the same high plane as other activities?



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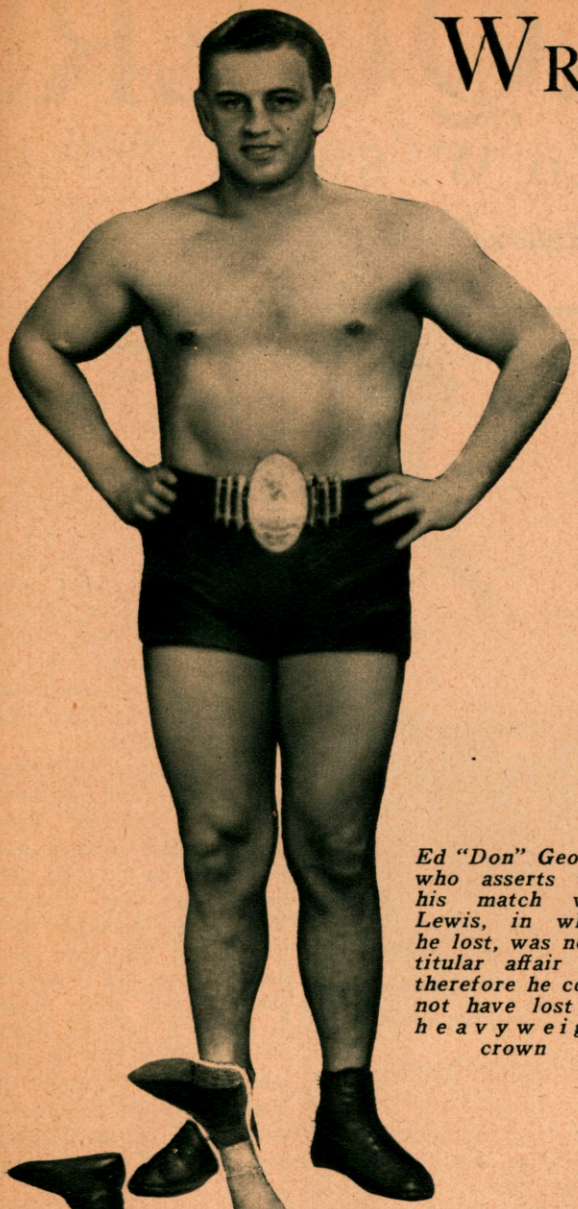
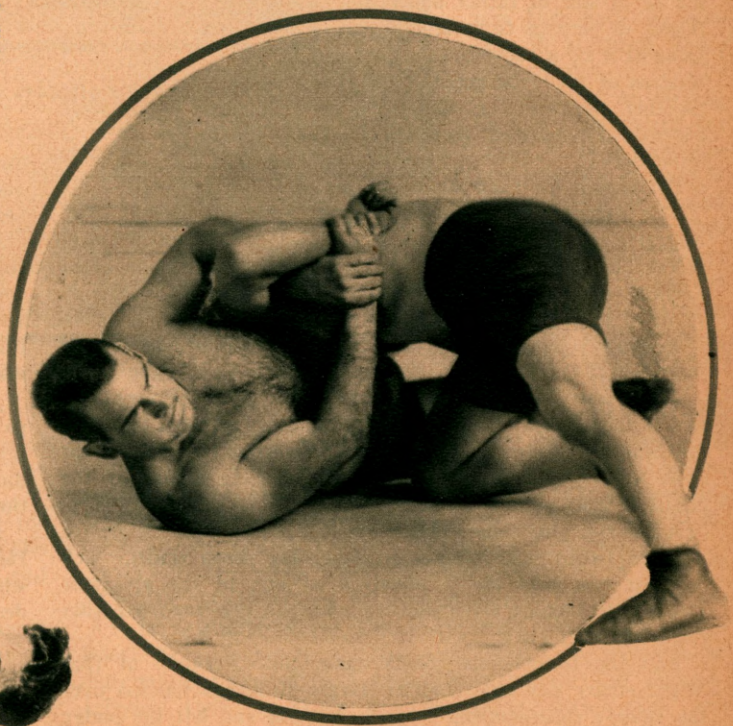
THE RING has no affiliation with any of the promoters. Its sole aim at all times is to protect the sport—to act as a watchdog over boxing (*Continued on page* 42)

CLAIMANTS *to* HEAVYWEIGHT WRESTLING TITLE

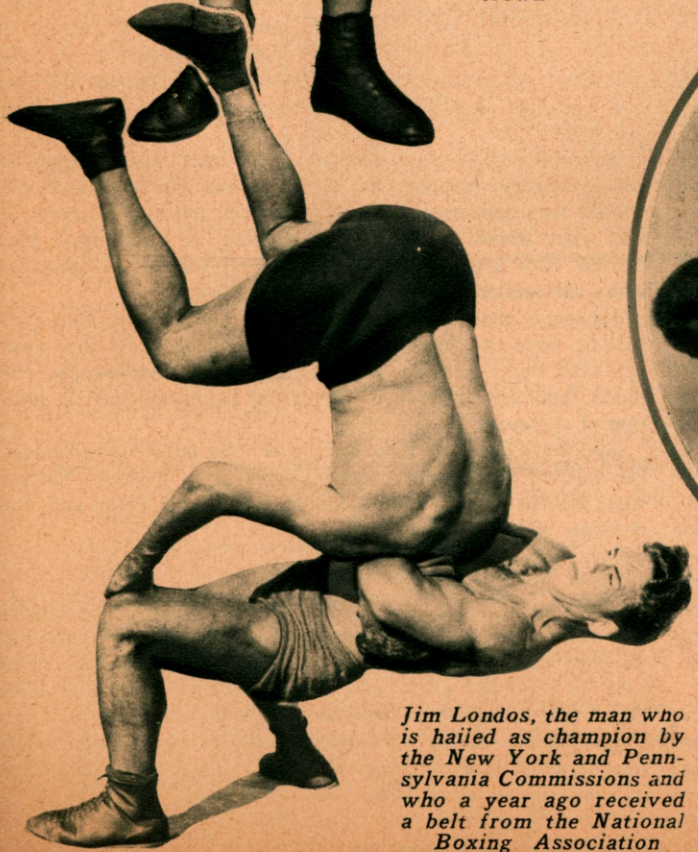


Ed "Don" George, who asserts that his match with Lewis, in which he lost, was not a titular affair and therefore he could not have lost his heavyweight crown

Henri De Glane, French-Canadian, who heads the Browser group of Human Pachyderms and is the recognized champion in Canada



Strangler Lewis who, despite his defeat on a foul at the hands of Henri De Glane in Montreal, still travels around the country asserting he is the world's champion



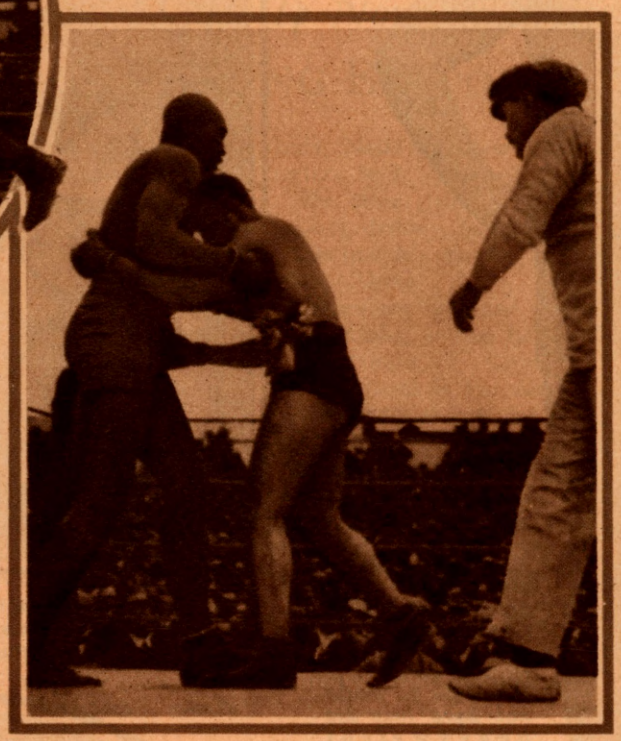
Jim Londos, the man who is hailed as champion by the New York and Pennsylvania Commissions and who a year ago received a belt from the National Boxing Association

CLAQUER!

By ED W. SMITH

(Famous Referee of the Old School)

Johnson, holding Burns with left and striking his neck with right



One of many clinches after the sixth round

ALMOST as old perhaps as grand opera itself, the claquer and his peculiar little racket have been an eye-sore and a malady affecting the ear drum almost to the point of managerial distraction. The scheme of "shooing in" a star of rather doubtful talent, or perhaps to make a sure thing of it by a concerted demonstration of approval, generally altogether uncalled for, has been panned and roasted from time immemorial.

Ofttimes it has been suppressed by sheer force.

The claquer, a by-product of the opera, was deemed at times essential even by big stars. He and his herd grouped themselves, for so many pesos, francs or what-not, at advantageous portions of the auditorium and tried to stampede a house in favor of their client.

Possibly as far back as Nero's time they clacked and clacked in behalf of the various gladiators.

Just a few years back—only eight or ten, to be more exact—the practice was halted in Chicago in a most unusual but effective manner. That was interesting but it is far more so when similar tactics are applied to affairs of the boxing arena.

A far cry, you think? Listen.

It happened in Sydney's Stadium, far down under, back in 1908 and was the culmination of one of the strangest chases, one pugilist after another, with the title involved, that the world ever knew.

And the tremendous climax came the afternoon of that bright sunny day that Referee Hugh McIntosh handed over the world's championship to Jack Johnson and left the pudgy Tommy Burns as dead as a kippered fish and as tasteless as last week's Bungville Clarion.

Strange events, verging almost on the romantic, were happening those two or three years previous. The mills of the gods fistique were grinding along slowly but grinding well, as all mills have a trick of doing, all of which is historically correct. Of but few of these events we would speak—the culminating incident, the climax of world-wide importance being the things that rattles this man's typing machine.

Jack Johnson was the out-and-out challenger for the heavyweight title, then generally conceded, for lack of a better point to make, to the Canadian product but Chicago-made Tommy Burns. Ever spectacular, even when he didn't have two thin dimes to rub together, which was often, Johnson's career up to then had read something like an Horatio Alger epic done in black-face.

The brochure covering the Burns career was written along different lines. After he had beaten in one round out on the coast, the unfortunate and over-inflated, super-publicized Bill Squires of Australia—poor old "Boshter Bill"—he and his manager, Billy Neail, achieved a sort of Berry Wall complex. They dressed the act like a parade of Lew Dockstader's minstrels and they sure looked like a composite of the famous Haverly and Cleveland and Thatcher, Primrose and West coming down the street.

Silk toppers worn at the breakfast hour was nothing for those dandies—nothing for anybody but Burns and Neail! "What men are wearing this fall" meant nothing to them. It was what Burns and Neail are wearing, or CAN wear, that proved their greatest bother—a general scheme of upsetting every sartorial rule and custom ever known.

Johnson's affairs were in the sly hands of the late Sam Fitzpatrick, once the "Australian Comet," who came to this country with Peter Jackson when Peter was a middleweight but didn't fight any because of increasing poundage and an affliction of the eyes.

Sam wasn't of the Kearns type of this latter-day manager. He worried along under the old lines of a "Parson" Davies, who, by the way, was the first man he and Peter had real dealings with in this country.

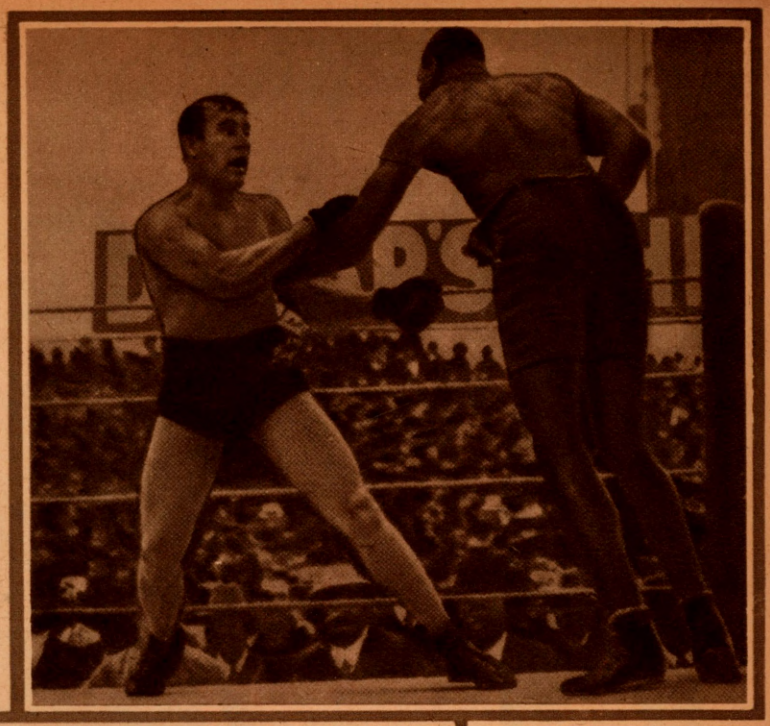
* * *

SOON after squelching Squires, Burns announced an English trip. Johnson had just finished one and it was a success. Johnson challenged again and again but the stove-pipe twins paid no heed but sailed away with a cheerio of "some other time" and a withering *"tah-tah"* to Jack and Sam.

Just before taking an English steamer they elaborated on their original scheme by announcing a world tour, to include all countries in which there was box fighting.

That left Johnson with much gnashing of those gold-laid teeth and Sam just grinning. Sam had friends and though the

How Rudy Unholz Started Demonstration that Brought a Halt to Burns-Johnson Championship Fight



Johnson, towering over Burns, stands him off with ease

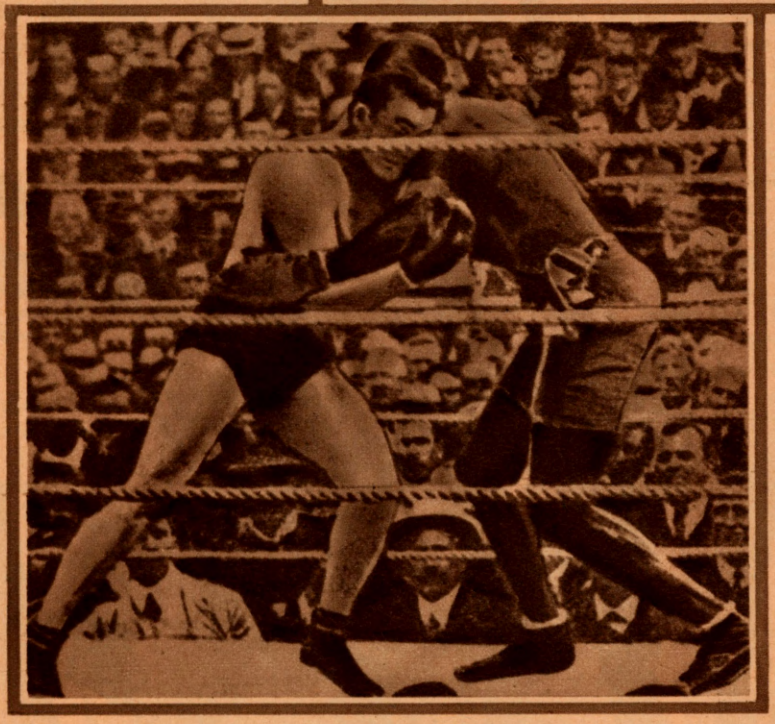
pair was practically broke, they parcelled enough between them to finance a hurried return to merrie old England. And away they went, but a couple of weeks in the rear of the fast-flying Burns and his title.

The dressed-up Burns and his overplushed manager were quite a revelation to the British toffs of the time. And when Tommy began slapping over a few of the Jim Roches and the Bill Squires—for Bill had followed along on his way home — and Jewey Smiths and Jack Palmers, they quite took him to their arms. And wasn't he born a British subject, over there in Hanover, Canada.

Britons, likewise, were much interested in Johnson upon his return to their shores and wanted Tommy to tarry awhile and take on the mighty black. Nothing like that in the minds of the champion and his guide, and away they sailed for Sydney, hoping to have this latest snub freeze Jack and Sam right in their tracks.

* * *

SO the next morning Jack and Sam awoke to find the quarry gone—miles out on the briny and up into the Mediterranean. Onto the next steamer piled the pair, still keen on the disturbing hunt of the man who didn't want to fight them.



Just before the referee and police interfered

Into Sydney, Burns had all the better of the argument for he had a lead of three weeks on the dreaded black and by the time Jack and Sam arrived, Tommy was well installed and a great favorite with the folks of Kangarooland.

Burns stalled along, licked the faithful Bill Squires again and slapped Bill Lang out in six stanzas. But the cankerous Johnson still persisted, nagging, snarling, challenging and generally making it unpleasant for Burns.

Cornered, Burns made his final stand. He announced that he would fight Johnson in Sydney for the championship if he were given his price. He never thought the Australians would listen to such a proposition—$30,000 in cash, American gold, regardless of the outcome! Such a sum was unheard of, preposterous, outrageous! The very idea!

But Hugh McIntosh, then head of Stadiums, Inc., and Reg "Snowy" Baker got to figuring and by taking in the moving picture right and all else, they decided they could afford to give Burns that sum. Johnson readily accepted a flat $5,000 for his end.

The match created the wildest excitement throughout the little continent and very soon it was apparent the promoters had made no mistake in accepting Tommy's figures.

They met on Boxing Day, not so named because of this scrapping business, but because it is the day after Christmas and an old English custom. There never was before or since such a mob at an Australian fight, the receipts being ever $130,000 in American money.

And here's where the claquer end of the yarn comes in and it's about the most intriguing part, to me, of that entire wild chase over three oceans and many seas; the climax of a most historic battle—the winning of the championship by a Negro!

* * *

RUDY UNHOLZ, a lightweight boxer, happened to be in Australia at the time. He was always called "the Boer" because he fought for the British in the war of that name, although a German kid through and through. Johnson took a liking to the quaint little chap and immediately installed him as one of his chief helpers in the camp, Rudy being a rubber of ability and a natural born comedian who kept the morale of the party at flood tide continually.

Rudy had been doing well in a boxing way in the Antipodes and had quite a little money. Johnson's form impressed him so that he bet everything he had on the black, even going into a high state of soakage to get more.

Now, the story of the fight is that (*Continued on page* 45)

Foreign Stars Who Are Making the Grade

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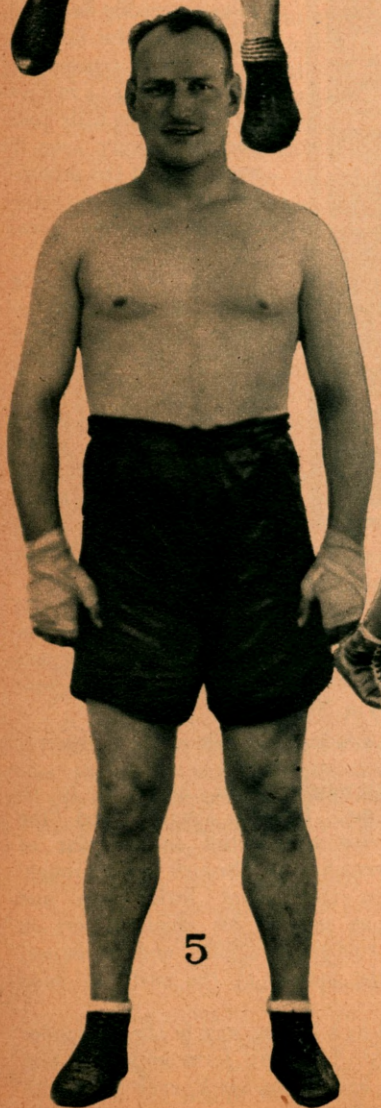
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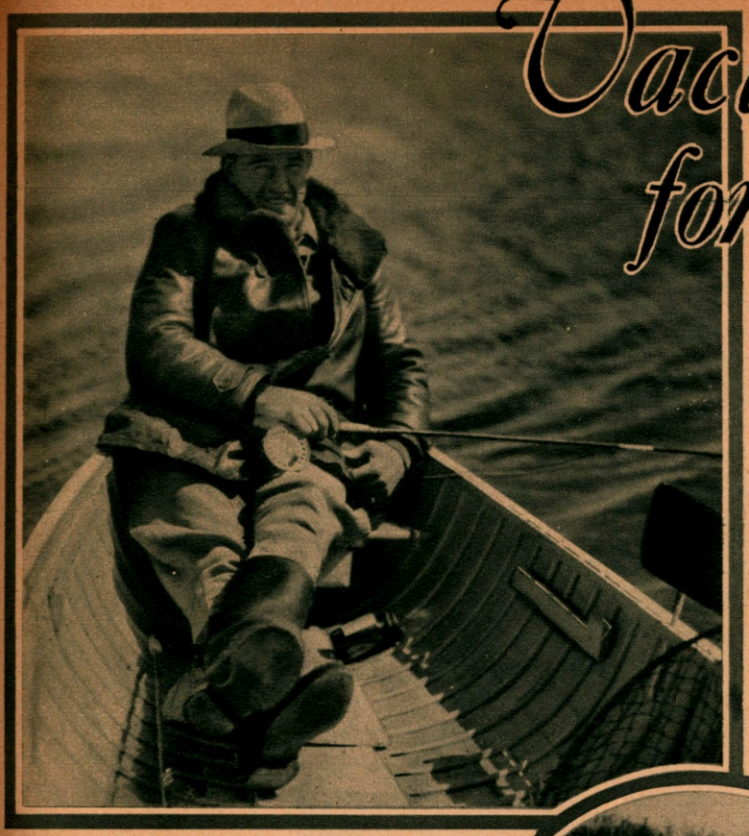
1. *Jim Travers, English feather*
2. *Bardos, New French super-heavyweight*
3. *Max Tarley, crack Philippine featherweight*
4. *Carlos Corellana, Mexican lightweight*
5. *Herzo, French Egyptian heavy, who scales 264 pounds and is 6 feet 3½ inches*
6. *Fali Bilimovia, Western India bantam*
7. *Antol Kocsis, classy Hungarian flyweight*
8. *Johnny Haili, Jr., from Hawaii*
9. *George Sidders, Canadian welterweight*

Vacation Time for Boxers

Fishing and Hunting are the Favorite Sports of the Fistic Luminaries — Tunney and Dempsey Fond of Camp Life

By A. C. BUCK



Above Jack Sharkey fishing for salmon in Sebago Lake, Maine

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Right Gene Tunney out on Moosehead Lake prior to starting training for bout with Tom Heeney

EVEN a boxer needs a vacation. He can not always be training for a bout. Neither can he always be engaged in fistic combat. He needs recreation and an opportunity to relax as does the bank president, the politician or the ordinary workman. Many boxers have found recreation at least in brightly lighted night clubs and their deeds when out of the ring have found places in the headliners. Others have sought the faraway places, content to let the time pass by as they fished or hunted.

In the latter classification one found Gene Tunney in the days when he was active as the world's heavyweight champion and Jack Sharkey today. The titleholder was a familiar figure in the Moosehead country, that section in Northern Maine stretching to the Canadian border.

"Getting out in the open is a great thing for me," Tunney told the writer shortly after the second Jack Dempsey battle when the champion was staying at camp in Rockwood, Maine. "It is here that I build up reserve energy which is often the difference between victory and defeat for the boxer."

Tunney, in those days, was fond of camp life. He hunted moose and did a little fishing. He chopped wood and did the other jobs that must be done around a camp. In the evenings he sat by a fire and read.

Like the retired undefeated heavyweight champion, Jack Sharkey seeks the faraway spaces for short vacation periods. More direct, perhaps, Jack declares that his journeys to the Sebago Lake regions is for the purpose of fishing. Though he too may be building reserve energy Sharkey is not conscious of it.

"I like to fish," he informed the writer, "In fact I've given up golf for fishing. I belong to three golf clubs but I never play any more. I would rather try for salmon."

Sharkey stays for weeks at a time at a camp in Naples, Maine. He does little else but fish. In the fall, however, he plans to head further North in quest of deer and moose.

In the long ago Jack Dempsey spent much time in Maine. He was a frequent guest of the late Walter Hinds, famed through his honey and almond creams and was also, on occasion, a guest of Stanislaus Zbyszko, the ex-champion wrestler, at Old Orchard Beach.

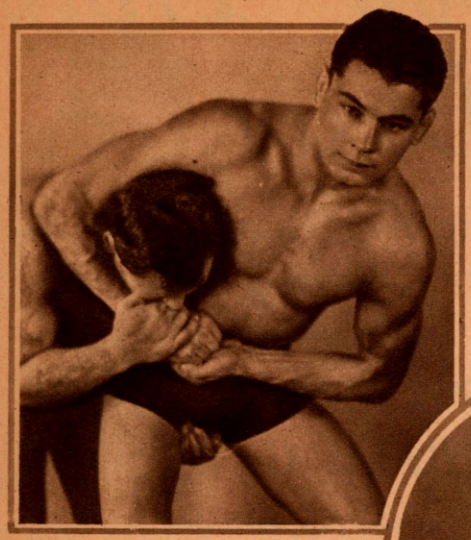
Dempsey, too, went in for fishing and hunting. He was also fond of playing around on the sands at Old Orchard.

Lou Brouillard, the New England welterweight champion, George Courtney, Jake Zeramby, the Lynn lightweight, and Jack Zivic, veteran Pittsburgh boxer are others who seek the beach while vacationing. The ring, it seems, does not always claim their attention. Even the champions like to rough it in the open.

Jack Dempsey and Stanislaus Zbyszko out on sands of Orchard Beach, Maine, just before Dempsey started working for his first bout with Tunney

IT'S HARVEST TIME

By "TEX" AUSTIN



Sandor Szabo, one of the leading foreigners now in this country

Herb Freeman, the Jewish heavyweight champion

MEET Jack Pfefer. You don't know who he is? If you're a dyed-in-the-wool wrestling fan you'll know that he is the greatest importer of human pachyderms in America. Yes siree, he is responsible for bringing to this country some of the biggest drawing cards among the foreign wrestlers that have appeared in the leading cities of this country during the past ten years.

Jack Pfefer admits that he is an outstanding example of mind over matter, because with his 135 pounds and five feet 5 inches, he has been able to capture, import, instruct and browbeat grapplers weighing from 200 to 280 pounds and standing from six feet to six feet six inches in height. How does he do it? Well, this is how Pfefer explains it.

"You see, I make many trips to all parts of the world. I go abroad at least once a year in search of wrestling material, and invariably, I select places to which neither Jack Curley, my associate, nor any of the rival promoters have visited. I have an advantage on my rivals, because I am a student of languages. I can speak fluently eleven languages and have often been used as a court interpreter."

"That, you understand, makes it easy for me to gain the confidence of those whom I seek to bring to America to perform under Jack Curley's banner. The fellows I approach, whether it be in Siberia, Turkey, Bohemia, Bulgaria, India or any other country, must have muscle. They must be big, brawny looking giants to attract my attention.

"Sometimes, as in the case of my present star, Sandor Szabo, who is a highly educated boy and presents a college appearance, I make an exception to my rule, but most often, I look for the man who has a ferocious look, or the fellow whose general make-up gives him an unusual appearance like Sergei Kalmikoff, for they are the wrestlers who attract the crowds."

Vanka Zelesniak of Russia. A real rough gent

Alexander the Great Garkawienco is now wrestling in Europe but was here in 1926

PFEFER, the son of a rabbi, has been associated with the wrestling game for more than fifteen years. Originally a native of Russia, but now an American citizen, he was general manager of the Russian Grand Opera Company for ten years and in that capacity, he travelled over almost every civilized country in the world.

It was while attending a wrestling show about eight years ago that he decided to throw his lot in the promotorial field. He abandoned the musical field and within a year, he had become one of the leading wrestling promoters. Now, with Jack Curley and Rudy Miller as his associates, he is the greatest importer of foreign grapplers in the world.

Still, his love for music remains with him. The money which he makes in wrestling, often is spent by him in helping stranded Russian artists. Naturally, Pfefer shows a preference for Russians and that is why most of the foreign mat stars who have been brought here by him, come from his native land.

After coming to this country, Pfefer went out to Chicago where he became identified with the wrestling game at great personal expense and after making good there, he shifted to New York. Here he has been staging matches almost nightly for several years.

He is soon to make another extensive foreign tour and when he returns, he hopes to bring back some mighty Magyars, colossal Turks, bulky Hungarians, bone-crushing Bohemians and massive Bulgarians, and if he can arrange it, he hopes to bring to America a member of the original Jewish tribe, the Lost Tribe of Israel, now living in Northern Africa. In addition, he plans to go to India and to Mongolia for Jack realizes that the rougher and tougher-looking the wrestler is, and the more weird his makeup, the better his chances are for success here. Freaks are what the public wants and Pfefer expects to present several of them to the wrestling fans next winter.

* * *

"EVERY wrestler has a sickness," says Pfefer. "Some have a sickness for women; others for eight meals a day and still others, are money mad. It is my job, once I get them to agree to accompany me to America, to keep them happy and to cure their ailment or to satisfy their wants and it takes much money to do that.

"Sometimes the overhead is

in the WRESTLING FIELD

Jack Pfefer, Importer of Foreign Stars, Will Explore Mongolia and Upper Africa for New Talent Among the Lost Tribes of Israel

Magyar Ferenz Holuban, Hungarian Mastodan and Neckless Wonder

terrible but it cannot be helped. Take my latest importation, Sergei Kalmikoff, the be-whiskered Siberian, for example. I have never known a wrestler who could eat so much or so often as he. When the hot weather came on, I thought he would let up, but instead, I find that he eats more now than ever. He never saw a watermelon until he landed in this country, yet now he is so fond of this luxury that he eats three a day during the hot spells.

Jack Pfefer (right) and his latest importation, Sergei Kalmikoff, the Siberian Gorilla.

* * *

"AND Ivan Poddubny, my first wrestler! He was a great card but I had to send him back because I couldn't afford to feed him. I couldn't get Hackenschmidt to wrestle him because he figured Poddubny too strong an opponent. It seems that the only English words Poddubny learned during his stay here, were "ham-and-eggs." Wherever he went, he would order that dish and when I told him that I couldn't afford to buy ham-and-eggs so often, he handled me pretty roughly.

Ivan Zaiken, the Volga Giant Killer, a Bulgarian who starred in 1925

Matros Kirilenko, The Terrible Cossack

"I then arranged at a grocery store to furnish him with whatever he wanted, thinking that if he were compelled to carry the food home himself, he would not eat so much. But I was sadly mistaken. Every morning he would go to that store and would bring back to our rooms a sack full of food, including the best of canned products and the finest Russian caviar. Then at lunch time he would go out again and return with another load and again in the evening.

"He would make a salad of fifteen heads of cabbage which he liked very much and then he would add to this twelve hard boiled eggs and at the end of the first week I received a bill from the grocer for $234. Needless to say I gave Poddubny a return ticket to Russia where he is now feeding on the usual rations permitted by the Soviet government. Incidentally, the shortage of food abroad, especially in Bulgaria, Russia and Hungary, is responsible for the great desire of the wrestlers of those countries to come here.

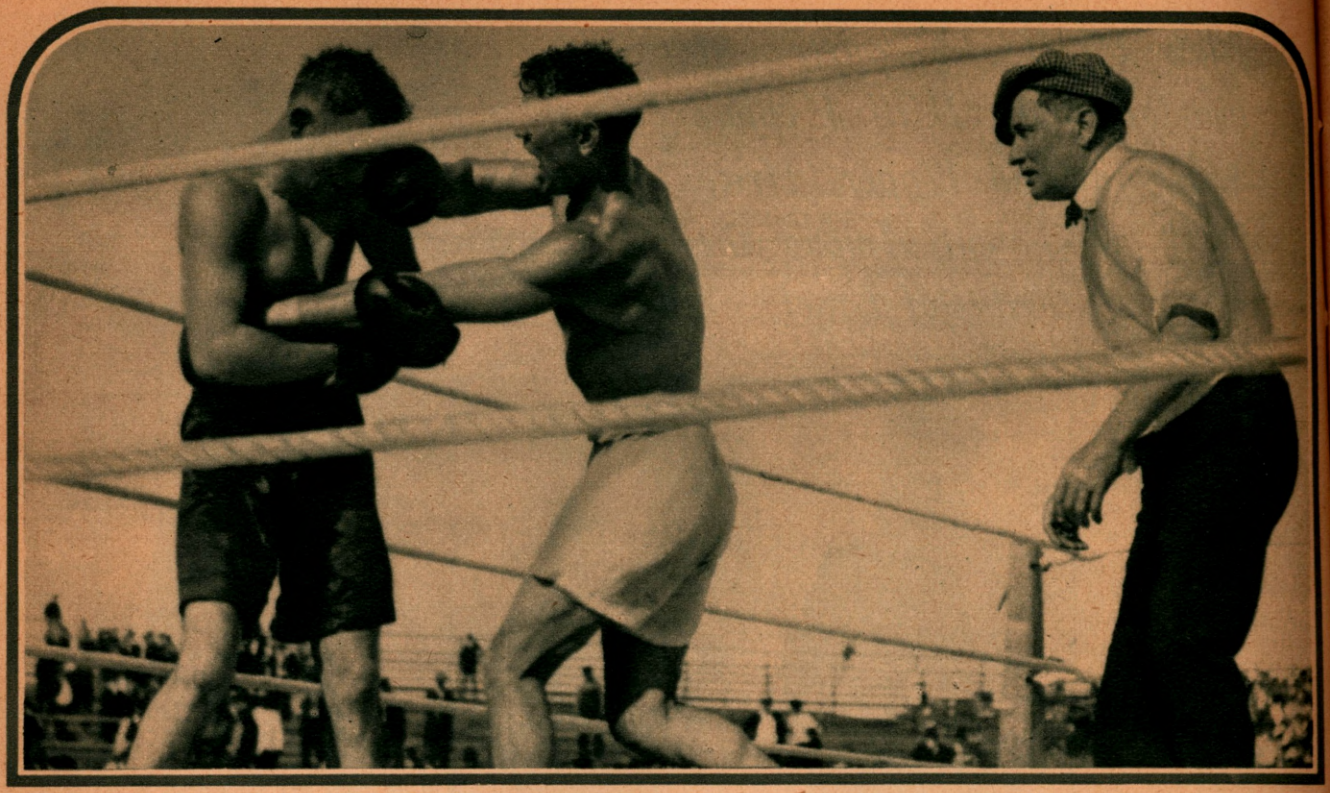
Ivan, the Terrible Poddubny, Pfefer's first importation.

* * *

"Poddubny came from the Steppes of Russia and everyone who is interested in wrestling, knows of the prowess of the Terrible Ivan when he and his big mustache were popular along Broadway.

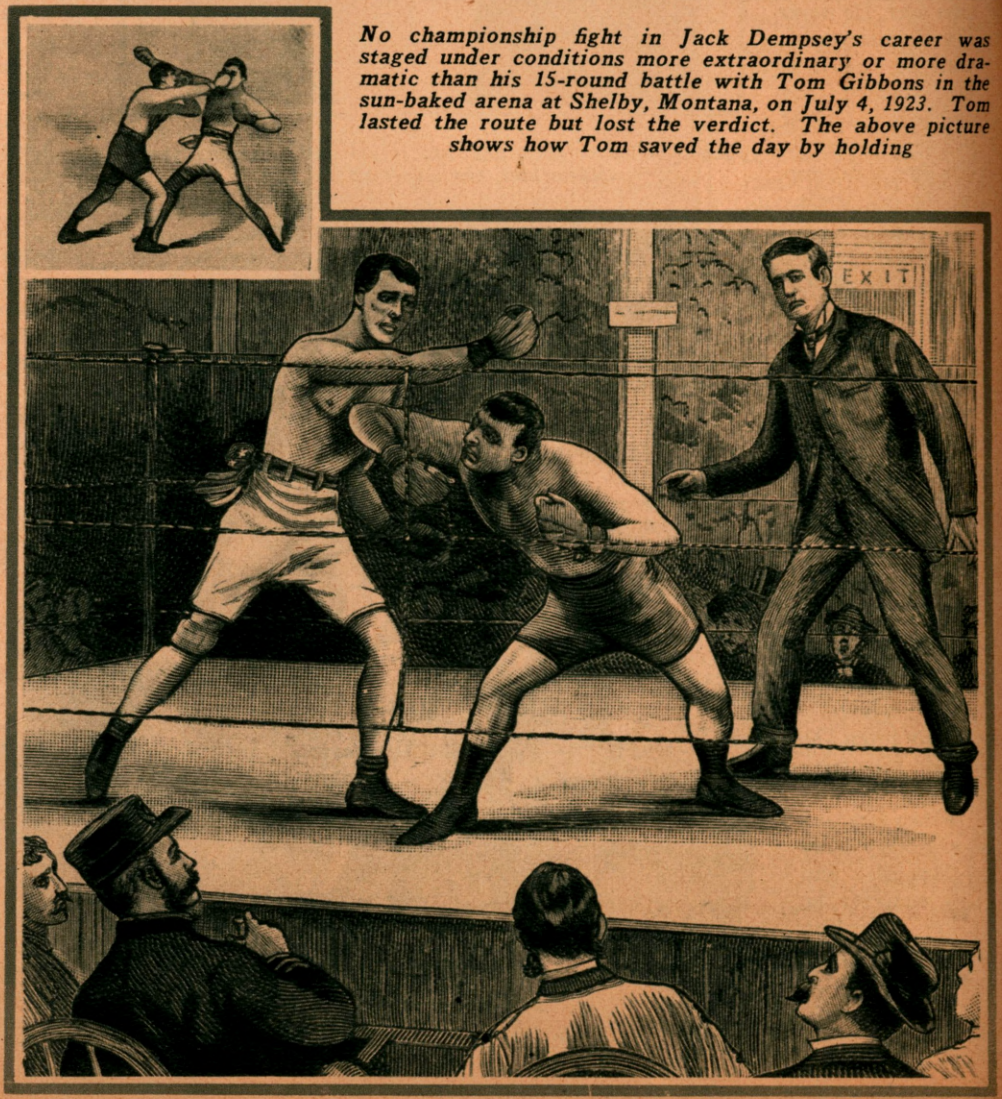
(*Continued on page 42*)

Famous Fights Recalled



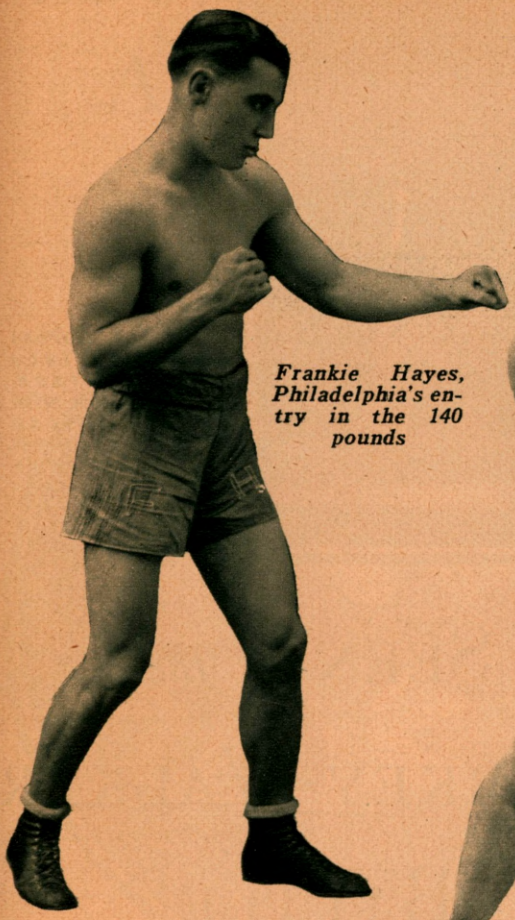
Series
No. 22

No championship fight in Jack Dempsey's career was staged under conditions more extraordinary or more dramatic than his 15-round battle with Tom Gibbons in the sun-baked arena at Shelby, Montana, on July 4, 1923. Tom lasted the route but lost the verdict. The above picture shows how Tom saved the day by holding



One of the hardest, most scientific battles fought at the famous Seaside Athletic Club of Coney Island in the "good old days" was that in which Young Griffo beat Horace Leeds, in twelve rounds on March 4, 1895. In the insert, Griffo landing a straight right to Leeds' face, and, below it, the final round in which Griffo is shown ducking a right hook

On the Road to Recognition

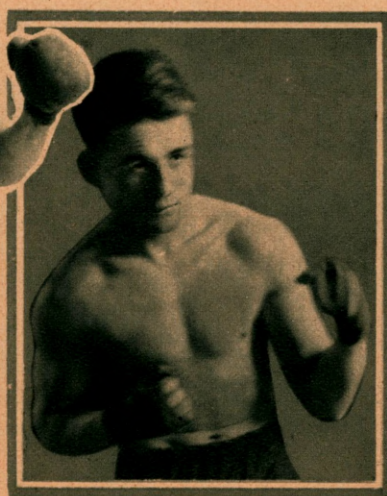


Frankie Hayes, Philadelphia's entry in the 140 pounds

Johnny Roberts, Huntington, W. Va., hard hitting light-heavyweight

Urban Liberty, rugged Sioux City lightweight

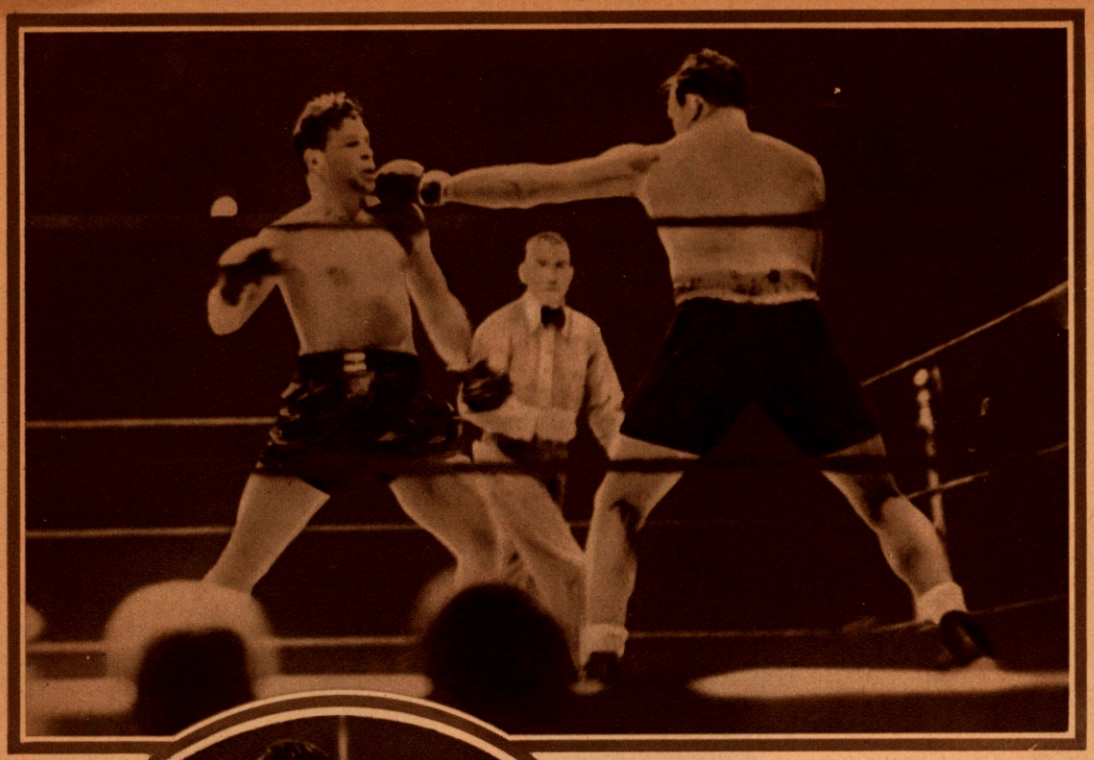
Frankie Chatterton, crack lightweight from Cleveland



Rusty Evans, Nebraska's junior-welterweight star

Frankie Palmo, Cincinnati's middleweight entry

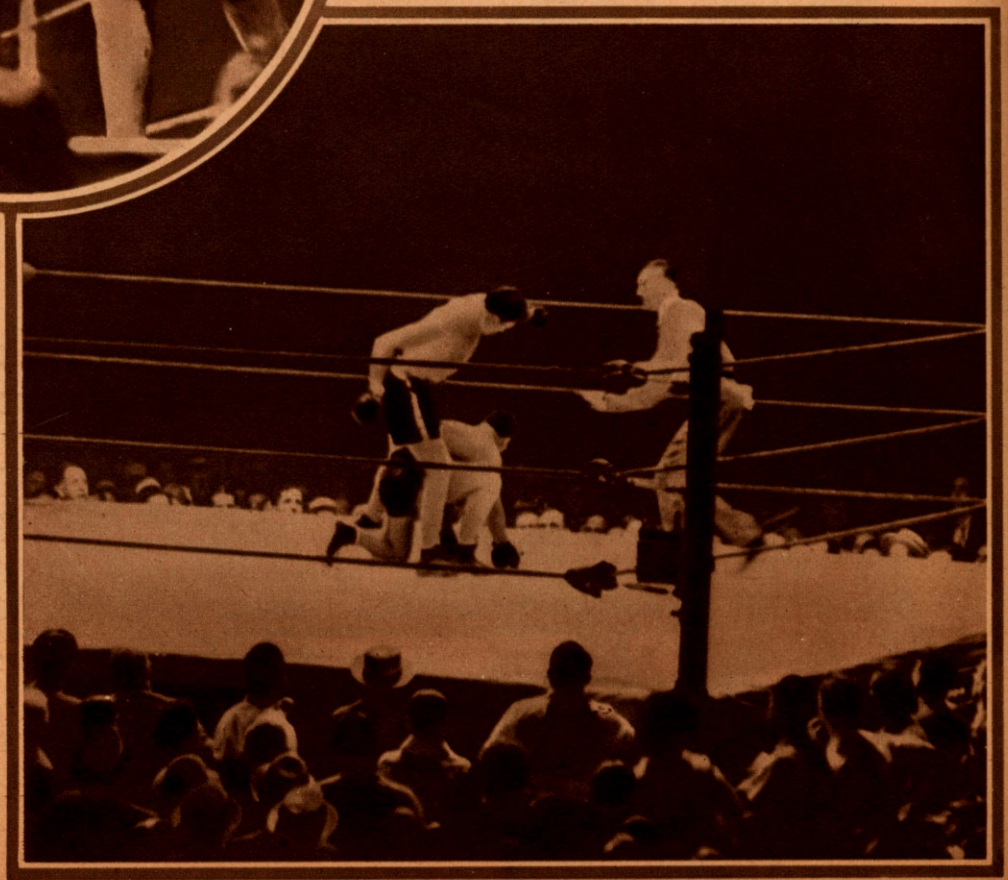
Freddy Edwards, West Virginia's welterweight leader



Sharkey stabbed his left into Mickey's face. The trouble with the American champion was that he didn't do it often enough

SEEN *at the* SHARKEY-WALKER BATTLE

Sharkey's best round was the fifth. Here the Boston gob connected with a right uppercut to the chin that sent Mickey down

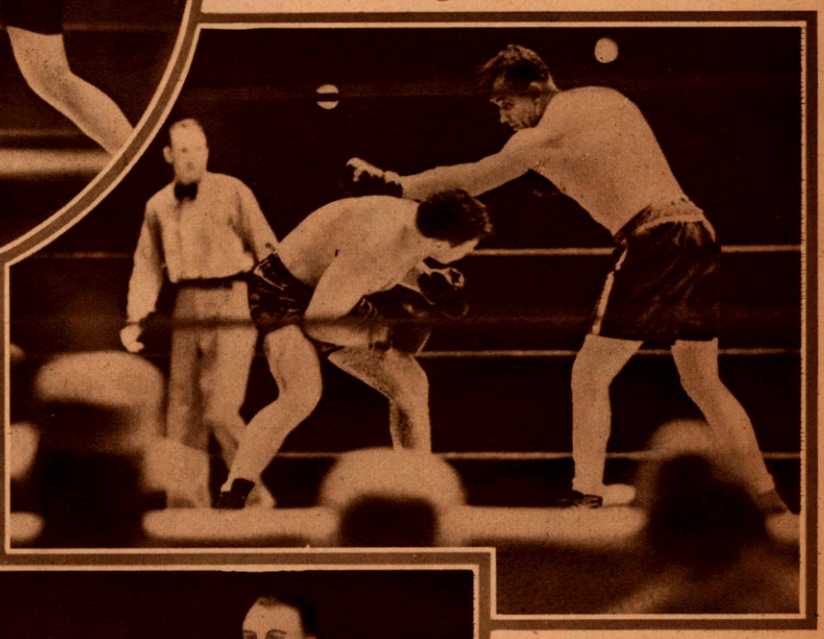


The Toy Bulldog fell and Sharkey almost tripped over him in the fifth. As the latter leaped away, Mickey rose without taking a count

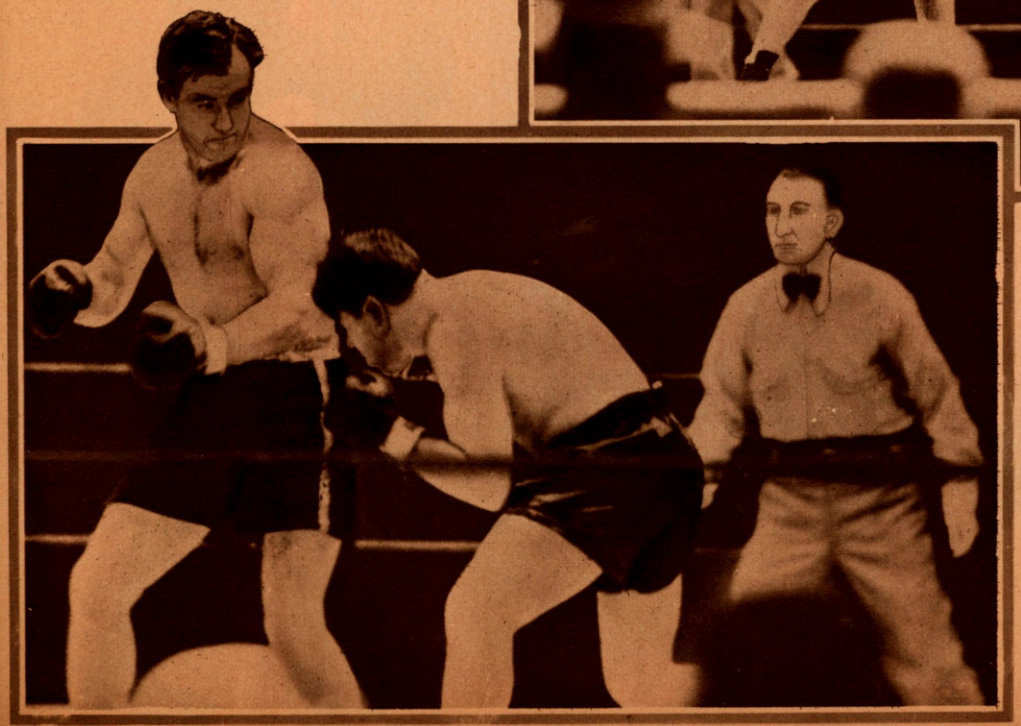
How Walker Took *the* Play Away *from* Sharkey

Watchful waiting seemed to be Sharkey's plan. Walker did the leading and took the play away from Jack

Sharkey ripped in short body punching without forcing Mickey to back away

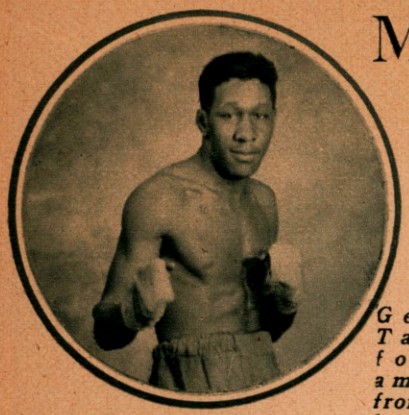


The Boston gob's aim was exceedingly poor. Many a left passed over the head of Walker as is shown in the accompanying photo



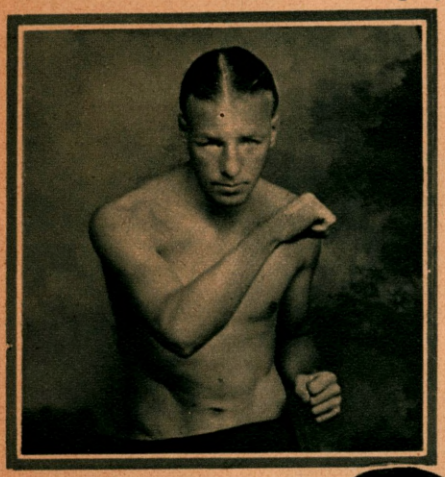
Sharkey often backed away as Walker kept charging in. Here Mickey is ready to make an attack after Sharkey has missed

Some of the Middle West Boys Who Are Making Rapid Strides



George Taylor, former amateur from Waukegan, Wis.

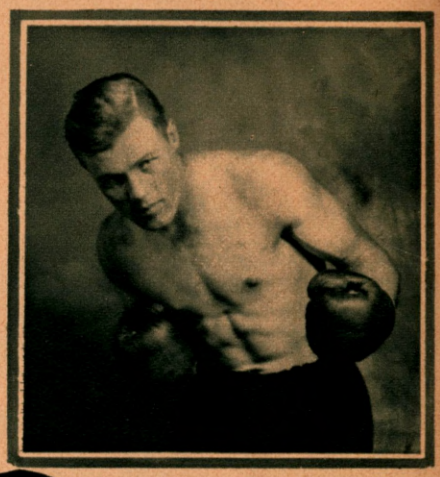
Duane Duncan, heavyweight from Kalamazoo, Mich.



Jimmy Thompson, Sioux City's junior lightweight

Billy White, West Virginia featherweight

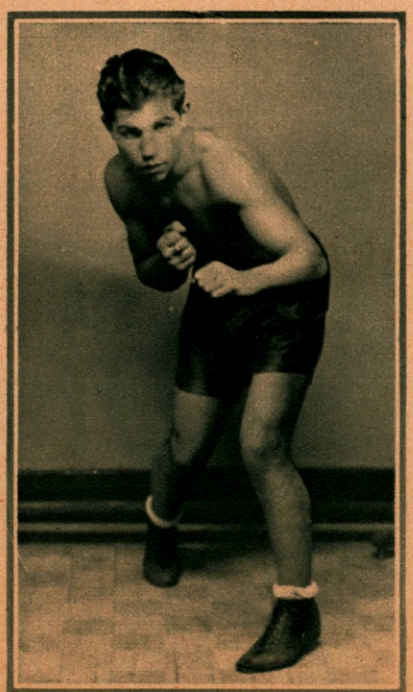
Garth Van Campen, heavyweight from the Northwest



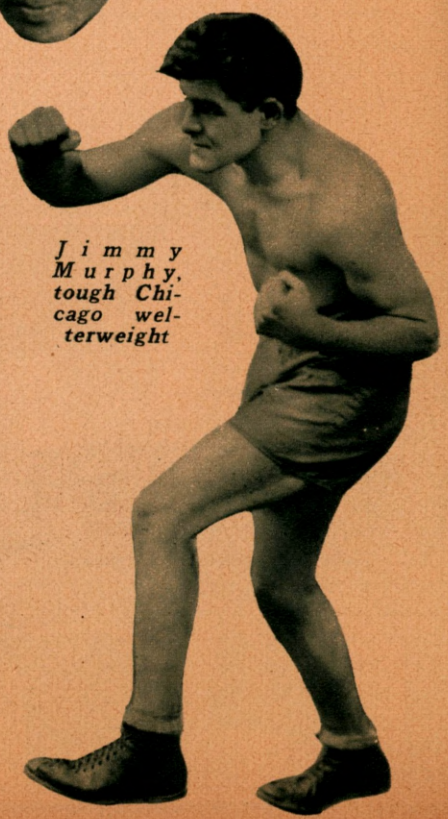
Ray Mann, rugged Sioux middleweight

Mickey Cohen, sturdy featherweight from Cleveland

Jack King, crack welterweight from Little Rock



"Newsboy" Joey Rich, classy bantam from Sioux City



Jimmy Murphy, tough Chicago welterweight

The TRAP that FAILED

Frank Erne Set It for Terry McGovern but Got Caught in It Himself

By JOHN KNIGHT

MAKING weight has been the cause for the downfall of many a top notch fighter. Not always has the plan been made to weaken an opponent. This was true of the bout between Frank Erne, lightweight champion of the world, and Terry McGovern, featherweight champion.

Erne, who prided himself on his clever sparring, could at the time make 133 pounds without weakening himself, and McGovern, who was at the height of his career, was a slam bang fighter who could do 122 and fight with vigor. Erne, after seeing McGovern in the ring several times, reached the conclusion that he could take the measure of the featherweight titleholder and gave expression to that opinion.

McGovern, who was a wildcat in those days and would not have hesitated to make a match with the middleweight champion, was eager for a try at Erne, and would not have refused to permit Erne to come into the ring at 135, which was the weight at which the Buffalonian had won the title from George Lavigne.

But McGovern's handlers were more calculating than he, and they declared that if Erne desired to get into the ring with Terrible Terry he would have to scale 128 pounds ringside. They were not particularly anxious for the match, but were willing to sign articles if the lightweight champion made the required weight.

* * *

ERNE consented to the poundage, articles were signed and the Buffalo boy started in hard training to make the weight. From his training quarters came assurances that he was not having the slightest trouble reaching the figures set down in the articles.

In fact Erne and his supporters were jubilant over the expected victory by their man, for they were positive that the lightweight, holding his strength and boxing with customary skill, would easily vanquish the rushing McGovern.

The bout was set for July 16, 1900, in Madison Square Garden, and a big crowd gathered to see the contest.

Erne was drawn fine, while McGovern, at his normal weight, was a human tornado. He rushed the astonished Erne from the first tap of the gong, beat down his guard and sent crashing blows to the body and head that soon had the Buffalo boy in distress.

Erne used all his ring craft and skill to get away from the charging Brooklynite and box him at long range, but to no avail. The lightweight champion was bleeding and weary at the end of the second round, and after being floored a few times in the third the referee stopped the unequal contest.

Frank Erne of Buffalo, former lightweight champion

* * *

THERE is no doubt that Erne was weak at the weight, but there is small question that had he entered the ring in possession of all his vigor he would have been eventually beaten by the boy from across the bridge, who at that time was at his best and fighting with the utmost fury.

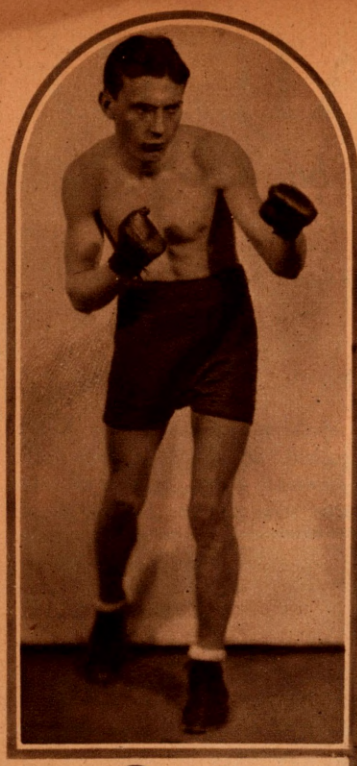
Neither Erne nor any other man without a heavy punch had any chance of checking the rushes of McGovern at that time, and it was only a question of time when his opponent was put on the ring floor.

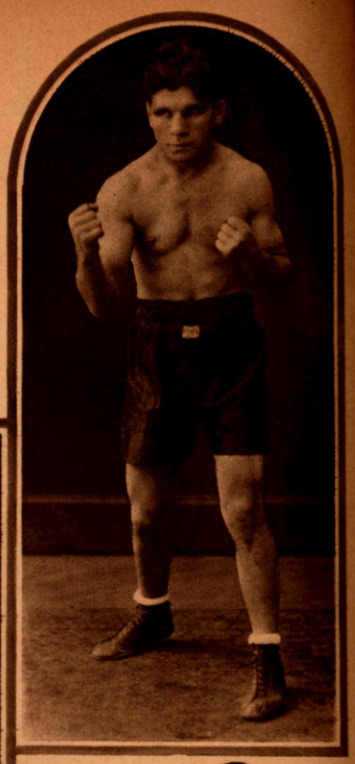
Had McGovern permitted Erne to name the weight and enter the ring at a poundage he would have selected for a bout for the lightweight title he would have become the world's lightweight champion through knocking out Erne.

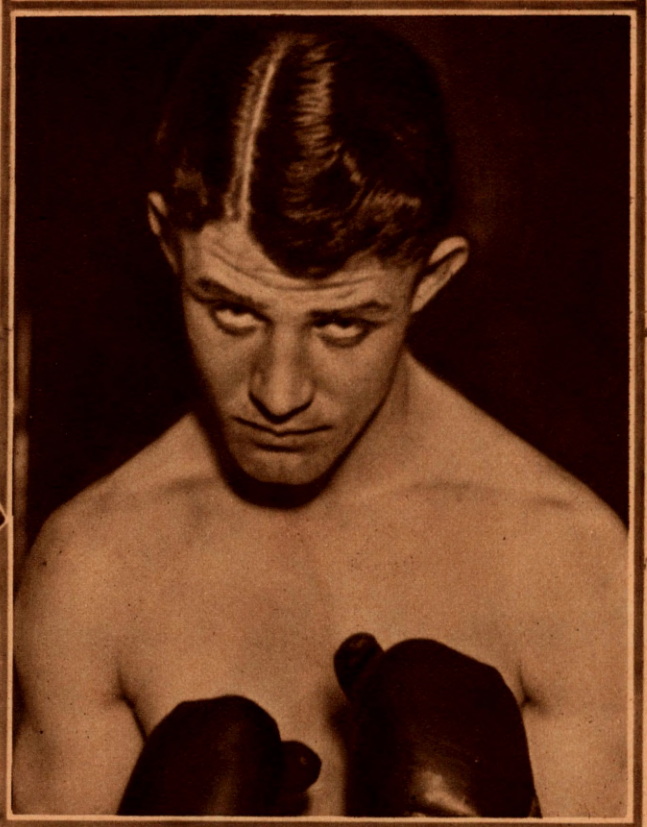
But as McGovern named a weight seven pounds lower than the figure at which Erne beat Lavigne for the title, McGovern closed the door on himself so far as the lightweight championship was concerned. In substance it was a handicap match, and no title could change hands.

A similar case was the recent Berg-Canzoneri bout in which only one title was at stake and not two as has been so often stated.

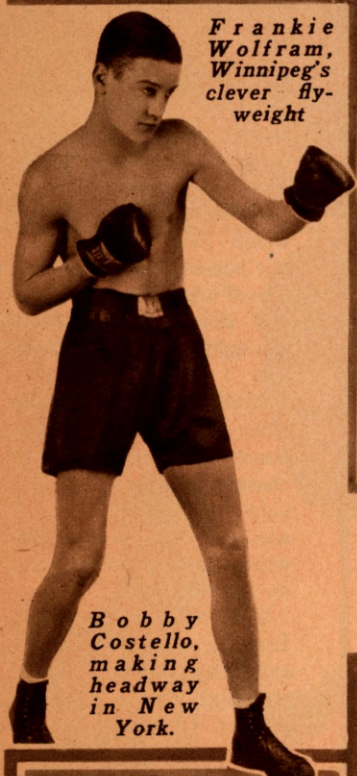
Youthful Gladiators Who Are Making Good





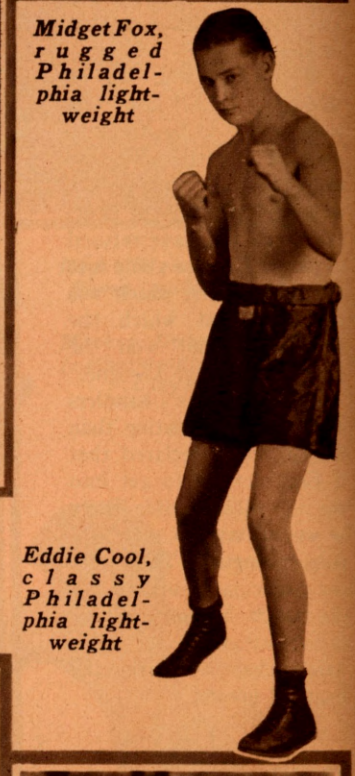


Roland Lecuyer, Holyoke's pleasing featherweight



Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg's clever fly-weight

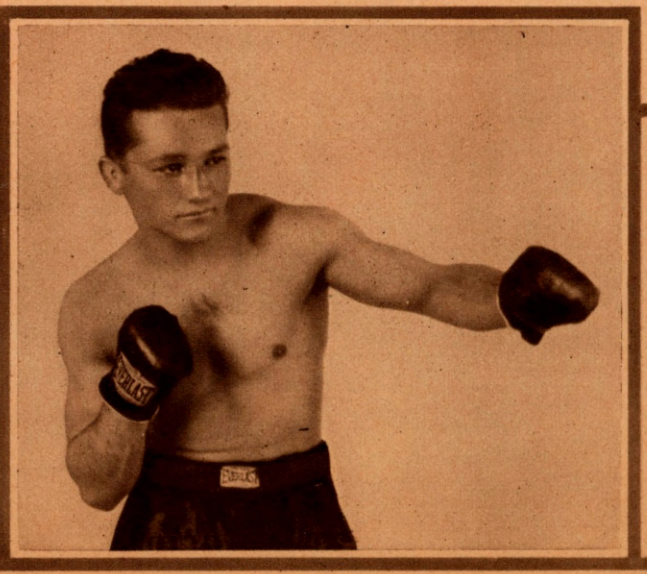
Bobby Costello, making headway in New York.



Midget Fox, rugged Philadelphia light-weight

Eddie Cool, classy Philadelphia light-weight

Mickey Michaels, Philadelphia's fast coming 130 pounder



Joe Ghnouly, St. Louis feather, now in New York

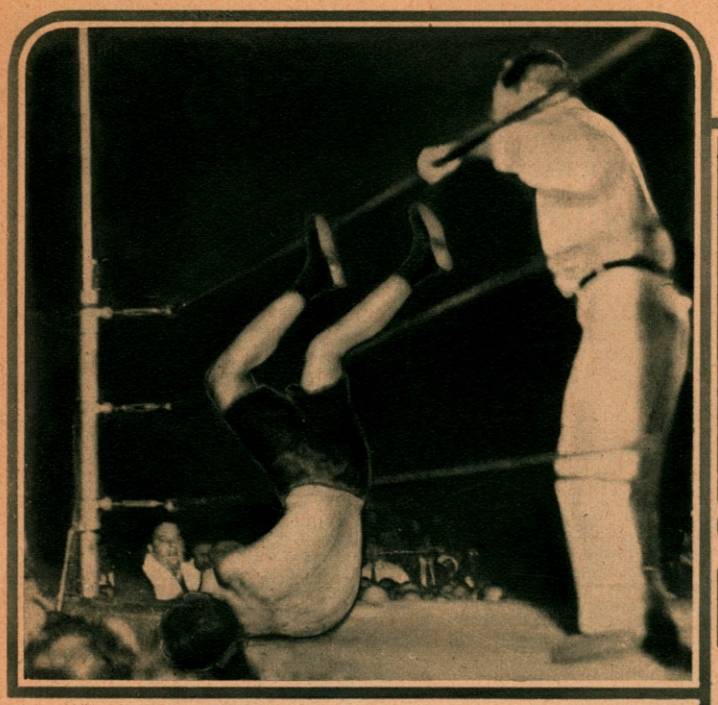
Joe Zeman, crack Cleveland middleweight

SEVERAL WAYS *of* KEEPING IN TRIM

There are many ways for a fighter to keep himself in condition. Some like to work only indoors; others do their work outdoors and still others combine indoor with outdoor training. The old school of boxers indulged in more difficult forms of exercises than the present day boys, because, with bouts running from 20 to 45 rounds, they found it necessary to harden themselves more than is required for the ten-round mills of the present era. In the above photographs we get an idea of the training grind indulged in by the old timers:

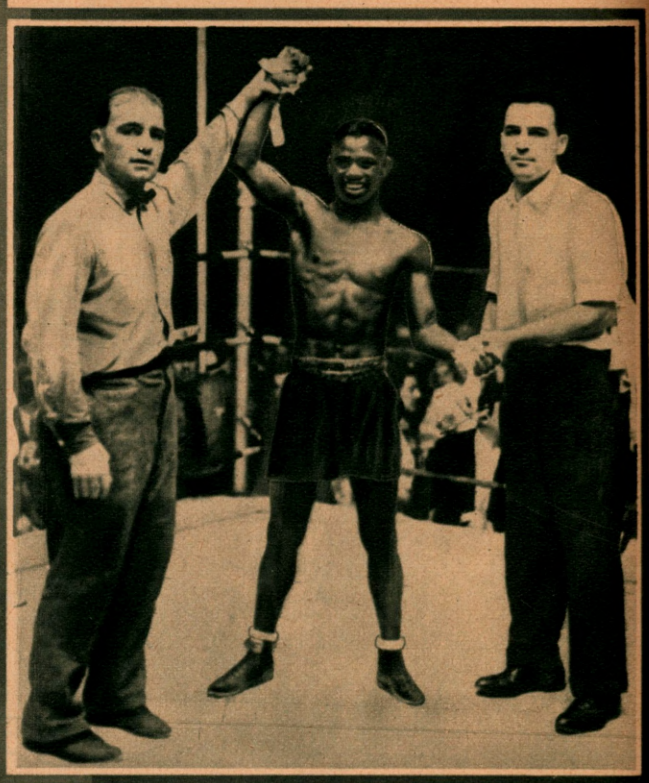
Top (left to right) Abe Attell strengthening arm and leg muscles by climbing; Bat Nelson taking the high hurdles for leg and abdominal development; (center)—Ad Wolgast lifting a heavy trunk for arm, leg and shoulder exercises; Bottom (left to right)—Jim Jeffries during a recreation period; Jeffries and Farmer Burns in a wrestling tilt as a neck and abdominal exercise.

Current Fights Reviewed

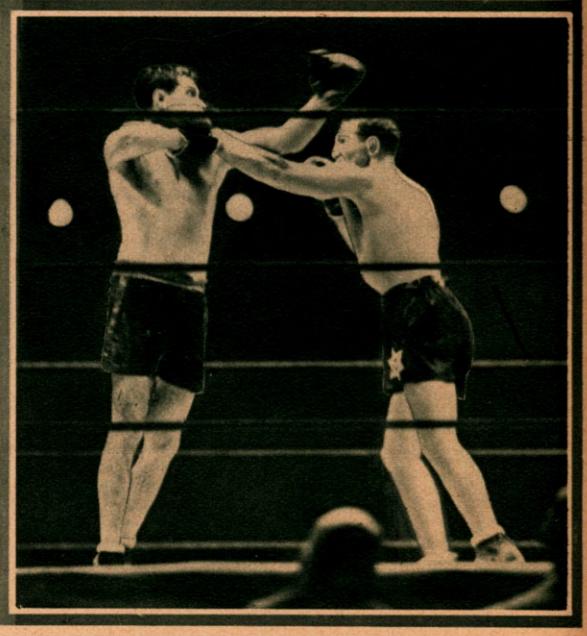


Bat Battalino retains featherweight crown by gaining the verdict over Freddy Miller at Redland Park, Cincinnati. Miller is down in the eighth round

Kid Chocolate wins the junior lightweight title by defeating Benny Bass in Philadelphia



The knockout in the third round of Mateo Osa, star Spanish heavyweight, by Charley Retzlaff at the Queensboro Club

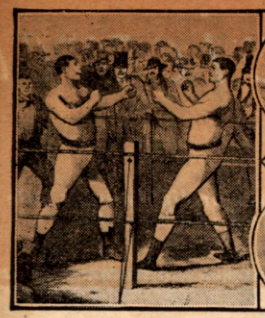


Maxie Rosenbloom landing a straight left to Slattery's jaw. Rosenbloom for the second time retained his light-heavyweight title by beating his Buffalo opponent

THREE champions, Max Schmeling, Maxie Rosenbloom and Bat Battalino, successfully defended their crown this summer, but Benny Bass, who held the junior lightweight title, was not so fortunate. Despite the depression, the summer of 1931 was far more active than that of last year. Apparently the pocket books of the headliners in fistiana have been hard hit, otherwise it is doubtful if they would have cared to have displayed their wares for the comparatively small sums received as compared to what they had been getting prior to the depression.

In addition to the championship fights, several fine cards were staged, especially at the Queensboro Club of Long Island City, N. Y., where Al Weill is the matchmaker, in which the leading heavyweight prospects, all new comers, have competed. Of these, Charley Retzlaff and Steve Hamas forced their way into the fistic limelight. The photographs on this page show scenes in the leading events of the past six weeks.

In addition to these contests, Ernie Schaaf, the Boston gob, took part in several contests that enabled him to gain the fistic spotlight. His defeat of Maloney, whom he knocked out for the second time and his knockout of Angus Snyder in the fifth round, prove that he is coming to the front at a rapid rate. It was his third consecutive knockout. Schaaf gets the honors for making most progress during the month.



FIGHTS *and* FIGHTERS

By A. D. PHILLIPS

JOHN L. SULLIVAN made and spent more money in the days when big purses were unknown, than any other fighter of his time. I knew the Boston Strong Boy well, traveled with him on many of the New England side trips and saw a lot of him during the days when he was in power and I was one of his staunchest supporters.

I have seen him stand on the back of a railroad car after a victory, his pockets loaded down with greenbacks, and the mob shouting its head off for the popular hero. Then, holding his hand up for silence, presumably to thank the boys for their great welcome, Sullivan would suddenly whip out of his pocket a handful of bills, ofttimes as much as a thousand dollars at a time, and fling it to the crowd while the mob cheered him like a conquering emperor.

On one occasion while in Providence, following a theatrical performance, Sullivan invited the newspaper boys to a saloon where he took out of his purse five $1000 bills and told the bartender to serve all the champagne he had. Then on another occasion I was with John L. in Philadelphia where he was appearing in a show that was booked around the country by my brother-in-law, and after the performance, a fellow named Steve Kelly, an acquaintance of long standing, entered the dressing room and gave Sullivan a hard luck story.

The Boston Strong Boy felt so touched by the tale of woe of his friend, that he took him a few squares from the theater, walked him into a saloon the owner of which he knew well, and asked him if he would sell the place.

"Sure, if I can get a price, Mr. Sullivan," replied the owner.

"Well, what's your terms?" snapped back Sullivan.

"I couldn't part with it for less than $4500," replied the owner.

"Kelly, go behind that bar. This place is yours," commanded Sullivan as he took $5000 out of his pocket, placed the money into the hands of the owner, and remarked:

"There, Tom, is $500 more than you bargained for. You're a good sport. See that Kelly keeps your trade."

And with that completed, Sullivan took another $100 bill, and placing it on the bar, shouted:

"Come on boys. Let's drink to the luck of Kelly."

That's the kind of a spender Sullivan was. No wonder he had to be tendered a dozen or more benefits after his defeat at the hands of Corbett.

* * *

THE leading pugilists of to-day have all had their experiences outside the ring, and while some have been rather of an exciting nature, they pale into insignificance when compared to that which befell Bob Fitzsimmons back in 1893. Soon after winning from Peter Maher at New Orleans, Fitz came north and on his way to New York, he stopped off at Newark where he received a royal reception. For one week he was the guest of a sportsman whom he had met in the Crescent City and after sightseeing for four days, this "friend" asked Bob how he would like to visit an insane asylum.

"I would like to," answered Bob, "I've never been in one and I should think it would be an unusual experience."

Little did Bob then know that he was speaking the truth. The sportsman, eager to play a joke on Fitz, had telephoned the house physician at the asylum, and told him that he would bring a relative to the institution within a few hours.

"The chap is a little off," said the sportsman, "he has hallucinations. He thinks he is Bob Fitzsimmons and I'd like to have you keep him overnight and examine him."

The arrangement was agreeable to the doctor and within the hour Fitz and his acquaintance were at the hospital.

"Meet Bob Fitzsimmons, the greatest middleweight in the world," said the sportsman.

"The great middleweight who beat Jack Dempsey?"

"Yes sir, and the fellow who also whipped Peter Maher," said Fitz.

Then came an inspection of the asylum. Fitz was somewhat scared as he passed cells where he saw raving maniacs.

"We have everything here for the comfort of these poor unfortunates," said the doctor to Fitz, "and when they become too far gone, we have them transferred to the state hospital.

"Look at this cell, for example. Just inspect it," urged the doctor and Fitz walked into the trap. As he did so, the doctor slammed the gate, snapped the lock and Fitz found himself imprisoned.

For a few minutes Bob didn't think he was a prisoner, but when his "friend" and the doctor had disappeared, he found out the truth.

Fitz shouted, banged on the door and was mad enough to tear the building apart, but there was no one to help him.

His shouts caused the inmates to follow suit and the place was a bedlam. For almost six hours Fitz was kept a prisoner until the "friend" had telephoned the physician and told him of the joke he had played on the champion.

It was with great difficulty that the doctor convinced the irate Fitz that he had not been a party to the "trick." He convinced Bob that he had acted in good faith and Ruby Robert left the asylum gunning for the "friend." Whether he ever located him, was never learned, but thereafter Fitz always steered clear of insane asylums.

* * *

BACK in 1902, when the Bostock Animal show was over in Coney Island, Terry McGovern received first hand knowledge from a kangaroo on the solar plexus wallop. Terrible Terry, the boy with the iron jolt, at the time was idle while awaiting a return bout with Young Corbett, and yearning for action, he went scouting for trouble and he got plenty of it.

His search piloted his footsteps into the dangerous byways of a South African jungle show run by Bostock. Terry had heard that Bostock had a pugilistic champion on his staff of performers who was the real goods, and as Brooklyn was too small to hold more than one fistic idol, he approached Bostock and asked that he trot out his champion for a little setto.

"You can't fight my champion, Terry," he said, "he weighs too much and knows too much for you."

"Zat so?" replied Terrence. "Well, just trot him out."

"You're on a dead card, Terry," answered Bostock, who was anxious to save the eccentric McGovern from a licking, but Terry would not have "no" for an answer, and insisted that he must have some action.

Terry's dander was up. He started on a rampage and rather than permit the show to be broken up, Bostock brought out his champion.

"Terry, meet the champ, Fitzrobert," laughingly said Bostock by way of introducing the (*Continued on page* 45)

The MYSTERY

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Kilrain crashed rights and lefts and had the champion groggy

CHAPTER I

"BOXING is a very strange game, indeed," said Bruce Byron, international detective, as he sat in his New York office and discussed things fistic with me.

"There is so much behind the scenes—so much that the public never knows. And so much that even the boxing writers never find out. I think that more than fifty percent of the drama of the sport is hidden away in training quarters, in the dressing rooms and the promoter's office.

"Take the case of Jess Willard at Toledo, two days before he lost the world's heavyweight championship to a young fellow by the name of Dempsey. Willard got it into his head that he wasn't in shape to fight—and he wasn't. Jess had trained the wrong way. As the day of the contest neared he became panicky and wanted a postponement. Tex Rickard asked me out there to see what I could do and—well, they fought, and Jack won.

"I was reminded of the incident some years later, when Cal Dickey summoned me to Chicago a week before Benno Wiegand, the title holder from Germany, lost the championship to Johnny Kilrain. Get set and I'll let you in on one of the most interesting stories in the history of the ring, and one of the most intriguing cases of my career as a detective."

* * *

CHAPTER II

IT certainly was both interesting and intriguing. And here is the yarn as it was sprung by Byron:—

Soon after Wiegand had beaten Joe Dooley for the heavyweight championship he returned to his native Germany and created quite a furore. His success—his achieving a purse of $200,000, which was a tremendous fortune in German marks—aroused enthusiasm in some quarters, jealousy in others, a strange, seething indignation among the intellectuals, who were scrimping, wearing old clothes, living in inadequate quarters—some of them underfed, undernourished.

The newspaper "Sieben Uhr," in Berlin, came out with an indignant editorial in which it asked, "Why should a boxer receive $200,000 for just a few minutes' effort, and Herr Jugendtum, inventor of a new dye process, is awarded a medal worth fifty marks, while Herr Doktor Stammfurth, who has worked for ten years in research on influenza, has a yearly income of only 3,000 marks and lives in three rooms over a shop in Unter Den Linden?"

Other newspapers followed suit, and soon there was a wave of indigation among German intellectuals against this new outcropping in Teutonic civilization which had produced a German champion of the world who could command $200,000 for boxing fifteen rounds—or less.

The big sensation came on Christmas morning, when the German newspapers printed a scare head story of a meeting of the Junta, a powerful body of a dozen professors at the University of Keinplatz.

"This body is prepared to do everything in its power to break down this menace to our national well being," Professor Von Wasservogel announced. "We do not want Rome with its gladiators in Germany's modern civilization. We are prepared to go the limit!"

The eminent professor was known all over Germany as a violent militarist, a determined figure. Benno Wiegand's friends became uneasy. The Junta at the University of Keinplatz had lost their sense of proportion—and they were to be feared, even in so far as possible physical violence to the champion was concerned.

* * *

CHAPTER III

WIEGAND did not remain in Berlin for long. Assailed by the thinking class, hailed with only lukewarm enthusiasm by the boxing writers, who damned with faint praise when they weren't outright in their condemnation of Benno as the German equivalent of an American "cheese champion," Benno decided to move to more hospitable New York.

As a matter of fact, Weigand did not want to fight inside of a year, at the earliest. Benno had no brimming confidence in his own ability. He had fallen in love with a German cinema actress and a year's life of ease appealed to the title holder strongly. But he had to go, and early in the new year he landed in New York.

Once on this side, a match became inevitable. Wiegand pleaded sore eyes. But the Boxing Commission's medical force examined him and found the Teuton perfect physically, though weary mentally.

In desperation, Wiegand decided to place his price so high as to scare off bids for a championship match.

"I will fight the best available man for a purse of $300,000—and not a cent less," Wiegand told the boxing experts.

"You never will get it because you're no Dempsey as a drawing card," they told Benno.

"That is my price, and I assure you I intend to stick to it," was the German's rejoinder.

A week later Cal Dickey, the Chicago promoter, backed by several home millionaires, stepped into the picture dramatically, and offered Wiegand $300,000 to defend his title against Johnny Kilrain, who had been coming along for five years, at times looking like a champion, at times fighting like the veriest tyro.

* * *

CHAPTER IV

THE cables telling of Wiegand's signing for the $300,000 purse brought another outburst from Professor Von Wasservogel. This time he was joined by General Von Stammfurth, an old monarchist who had gone over to the Fascist forces. Wiegand received a bushel of threatening letters, demands for money, and requests for loans, every time a German mail steamer docked in New York.

A month before the fight Wiegand went to a training camp which was pitched among the giant sand dunes of Indiana, to the east of Chicago. Almost daily the crowds came from the Illinois metropolis to see the champion work.

Wiegand was listless. He seemed pre-occupied. It was quite evident that he had something on his mind. The ring

of the STOLEN PICTURE

Another Bruce Byron Detective Story of the Hidden Drama of the Ring

critics were quick to notice this and they lost no time in making Kilrain a big favorite.

Two weeks before the date set for the battle the Wiegand camp was thrown into a panic. On arising one morning Benno found that his room had been ransacked during the night. Drawers had been opened, his clothes thrown all over the floor. Only two things had been taken—a revolver, and a signed photograph of Fraulein Emmy Freihoff, the motion picture star to whom Benno was half engaged.

Wiegand stormed all over the place, in a towering rage, and yet quite visibly frightened. "It is the doing of Professor Von Wasservogel and that General Von Stammfurth. I know the general to be a half maniac. My brother Fritz was his orderly during the war and I tell you that once he makes up his mind to do something he will stop at nothing," he told Frank Hale, his American manager, who regarded the whole business as more or less a joke.

* * *

CHAPTER V.

HALE telephoned to Dickey who rushed to the camp with a dozen Chicago detectives. They looked wise, took finger-prints, promised early action, and left Wiegand still in a sweat.

"Someone is playing a joke on you, Benno, and you are ruining yourself," Dickey told the champion. "Unless you stop this nonsense you will lose the title. Kilrain looks great and if this gets out his confidence will be strengthened one hundred percent."

Wiegand went back to his training and that night half a dozen private detectives from Bruce Byron's Chicago office guarded the camp.

The next morning there was another furore. Despite the close watch on the place, somebody had got into Wiegand's room and gone through the bureau again. Once more he found shirts and underwear scattered about.

It was the same old story the next two mornings. Guards had been posted at the windows and at the door, and yet that intruder had got into the room and left the regular morning picture of things strewn all over the floor.

Dickey came to the camp again, and this time Byron was with him. The detective called off the entire force which his office had sent to the camp, called in a dozen new operatives and warned them that he would not tolerate another lapse — that another invasion of the champion's room would mean dismissal of the entire guard.

Late that evening a stranger was found prowling among the neighboring dunes. The guards brought him in and he could speak no English. Questioned by one of Wiegand's German trainers, he said that he was from Hamburg, and that he had been a seaman on a tramp steamer. Arriving in New York some days previous, he had been overcome with a desire to see the fight and had hitch-hiked his way to the camp.

Had he ever heard of General Von Stammfurth? Why, come to think of it, he had fought in the general's division.

Cross examination of the witness left the German bewildered. What was it all about? He had come to see Benno fight, and they were quizzing him like a burglar.

"This bird is either too dumb or too clever," Harry Lakey, Byron's assistant, said. "We'll turn him loose and keep a close watch on his movements."

The following morning Wiegand breathed a sigh of relief. There had been no intrusion. Everything was ship shape. Apparently Byron's men had found the culprit in the German seaman, and he had been scared away by the knowledge that he was under suspicion.

But the next morning the usual scene greeted the rising champion. The second drawer of the bureau—the one which was getting the most nocturnal attention—was pulled halfway out.

* * *

CHAPTER VI.

THE crisis was reached at exactly 3.47 the following morning. The camp was roused by shouts from Wiegand's room.

"He was in here!" Benno exclaimed. "He was going through that second drawer. I caught him and he took a blunt instrument and struck at me. He missed my head, but the hammer, or whatever it was, came down on my foot and gashed it.

"Look. Here is the cut! It is bleeding hard. This is the end of the fight. I cannot go on."

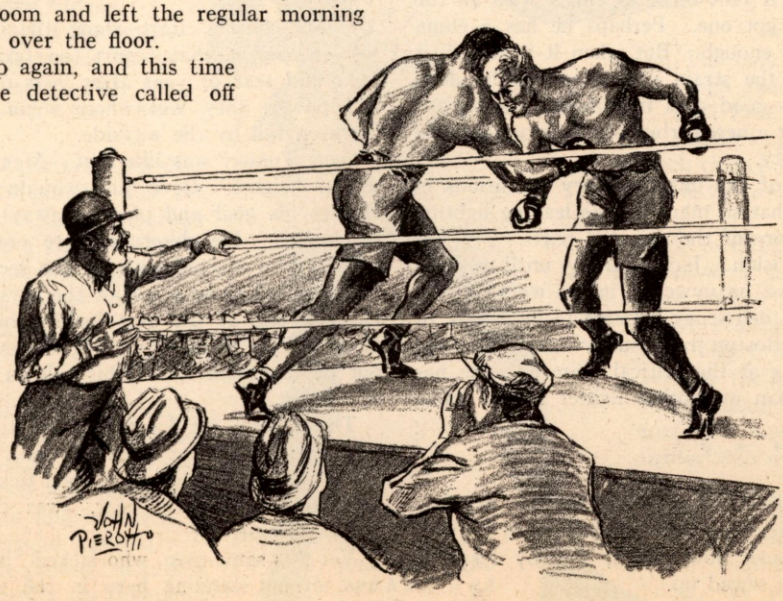
At six o'clock a couple of guards brought in the German seaman again. They had found him camping among the dunes. They held him—Hans Schneider was his name, he said, more bewildered than ever—and put in a call for Byron and Dickey.

At ten o'clock the detective and the promoter arrived on the scene, and Bruce began an investigation.

No, the door had not been found open. The intruder had not entered that way.

The windows? There were two of them, only six feet apart, and Steve Hendren and Will Cameron, two of Byron's most trusted operatives, took an oath that they had not fallen asleep on the job.

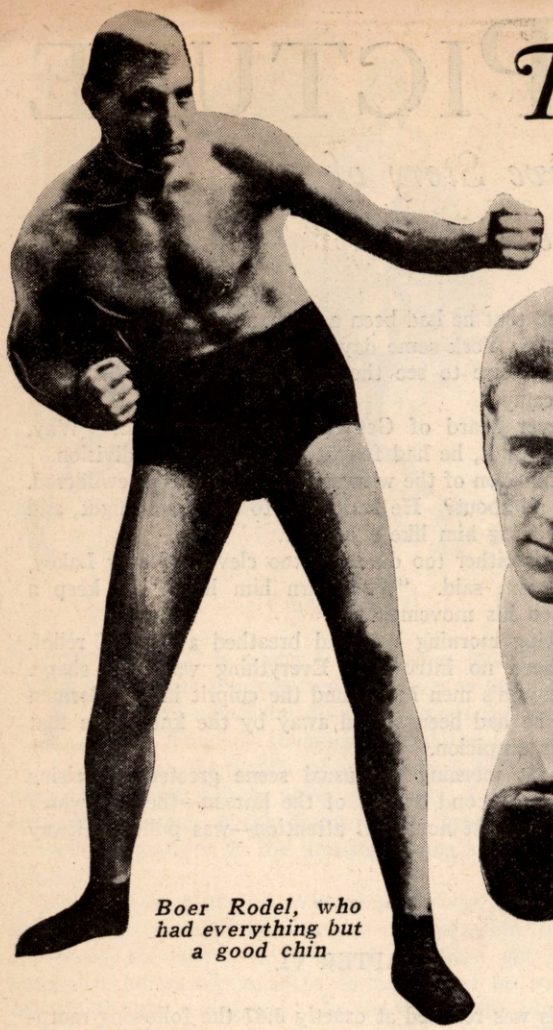
"We sat whispering to each other, practically under the windows," Steve said. Nobody (*Continued on page* 41)



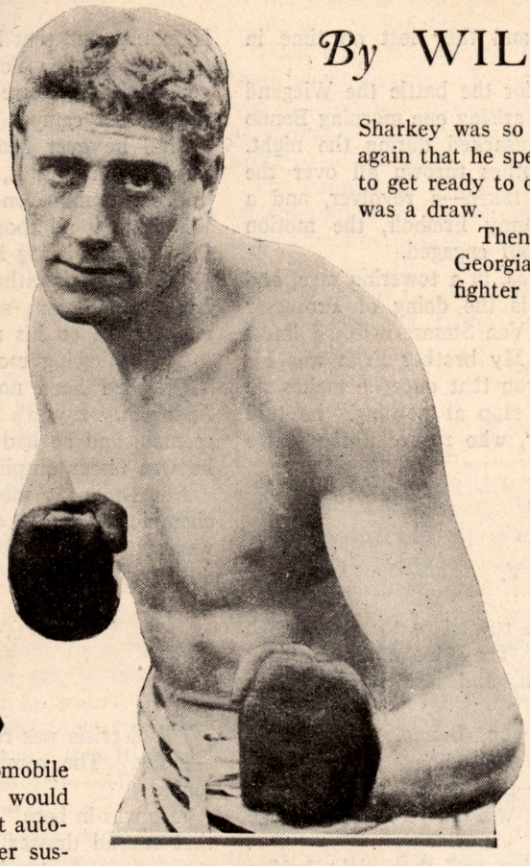
Wiegand stood firm, then crashed a right to the button which shook the American to his heels

The MISSING PART

By WILBUR WOOD



Boer Rodel, who had everything but a good chin



Bombardier Billy Wells, a master boxer with a glass jaw

YOU wouldn't expect an automobile without an engine to run uphill, would you? Yet, looking casually at that automobile, you probably would never suspect that it lacked a vital part. If you looked under the hood, though, you would see at once that you never could get anywhere in such a machine.

When automobiles are assembled, care is taken that every part goes into the machine and that every part is tried and tested.

Unfortunately, that is not the case when fighters are turned out in the fistic factories. A fellow comes along, with all the parts of a great fighter except one. Perhaps he has a china chin. The chin looks good enough. But when it is tested, it refuses to stand up under the strain. Nothing can be done about it. You can't put a good chin in a fighter to replace a glass one, like you can put a new carburetor in an automobile in place of one that is faulty.

One of the chief causes of the unsatisfactory conditions in the sock market to-day is that so many of the leading fighting machines are shy one or more of the essential parts.

Take the heavyweight division. Jack Sharkey, until recently regarded by many as the best heavyweight in the world, is shy something. In his case the deficiency appears to be a lack of mental equilibrium. The Boston tar usually may be relied upon to do the wrong thing at the critical moment. He has tossed off more chances than any other fighter in the game to-day.

* * *

FIGHTING Max Schmeling last year for the title, Sharkey appeared to have the situation well in hand when he suddenly cut loose an atrociously low punch, thereby losing a fight that he apparently had sewed up.

More recently, boxing Mickey Walker, whom he outweighed by thirty pounds and whom he figured to defeat with ease, Sharkey was so determined not to fly off balance again that he spent the whole fifteen rounds trying to get ready to do something. The best he earned was a draw.

Then there is Young Stribling, the Georgia boy who looked like a great fighter under ordinary circumstances, but always managed to go sour in an important contest. He blew almost as many chances as Sharkey. In spite of his failures, he was given a chance to lift the heavyweight crown from the brow of Schmeling. He, too, failed. Like Sharkey, he lacks the ability to rise to emergencies.

Just at this moment all eyes are focussed on Charlie Retzlaff, the young Dakota farmer who has come to the front with a rush and a roar. In thirty-four starts, Retzlaff has chalked up thirty knockouts, a truly remarkable record.

Yet Retzlaff may have a hidden defect which will be his undoing. Only time will prove whether he is a 100 per cent fighting machine.

Steve Hamas is another young heavyweight who is getting a lot of attention. But already there are those who believe they can detect a flaw in his fistic makeup, an inability to go the route if extended. It still is too early to say for certain.

* * *

SOME boxers start along the fistic highway with fistic equipment that seems too frail to stand up under the wear and tear of year after year of warfare. Yet, by sheer will power, they win where some of their better equipped brethren fall by the wayside.

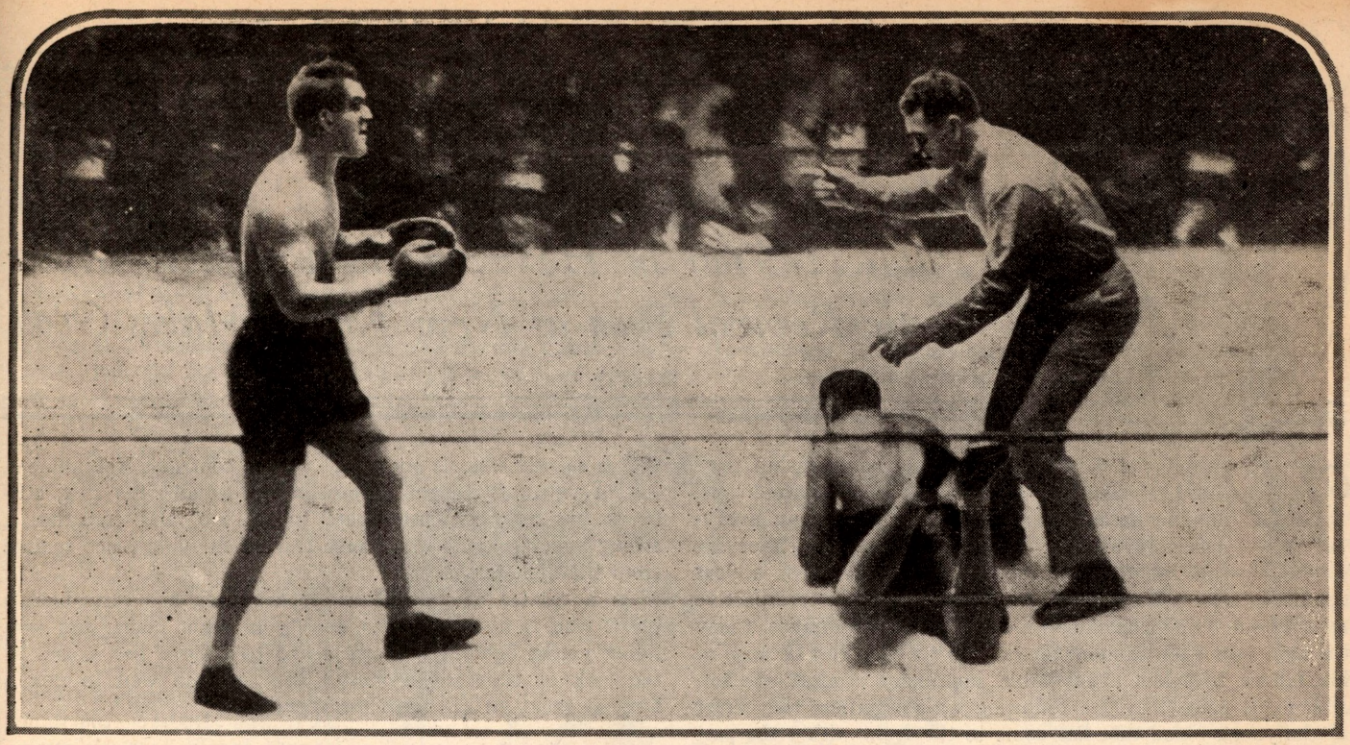
Gene Tunney was like that. Mental persistence carried him to the heights. Gene just wouldn't take no for an answer. He set his goal and plugged away, year after year, until he reached it. He deserves more credit, in my opinion, than fellows who started with all the requisite physical machinery.

Fred McKay was one of the mysteries of the sock market. He was one of the best looking big fellows who ever came along. Yet, when the going became rough, he soon passed out of the picture. All his talents melted away in the heat of combat.

The general verdict of the habitues of the fight game was that he lacked what the boys call "heart."

"If that bird only had a good ticker he would wade through the whole gang in a year," was the way they summed up McKay's case.

Yet this same man, who lacked "heart" in a battle of gloves, was an out-standing hero in the world war. Fred died in action in France, a member of the Canadian army, after outstanding acts of heroism that won him many decorations.



Phil Scott was a clever boxer, but he couldn't rough it. Here we see him on the canvas claiming a foul. Jack Dempsey is counting over him

How are you going to account for a thing like that? The same man who looked for a soft spot in the ring when things got rough, proved to be a super-hero in the conflict where life itself was the stake.

Probably the best looking piece of heavyweight fighting machinery ever to step into the ring was Bombardier Wells of England. The Bombardier was marvelous to look upon, with his golden, curly hair, his light skin and his marvelous physique. Truly, he seemed to be a man expressly created to hold the heavyweight championship.

And what a boxer he was! He had that poetry of motion, that physical rhythm that is so rare. And could he punch? Ask anyone he nailed with his right.

One night they put this wonderful-looking piece of fighting material inside the ropes with Al Palzer. The first thing you know the Bombardier whipped over his right. Down went Palzer. It looked like curtains. The customers gazed open-mouthed at this paragon of all the Queensberry virtues.

But alas and alack! Somehow Palzer managed to drag himself to his feet. He let go a dying punch and it connected with the Bombardier's jaw. Down went Wells. And he did not get up.

He lacked one of the vital parts, a chin that would stand up under a stiff punch. For the lack of that one vital part the Bombardier slipped into obscurity. With a chin capable of absorbing a punch he no doubt would have taken his place in history as one of the supermen of the ring.

* * *

BOER RODEL was another who had everything but a good chin. The Boer was not lacking in gameness. In a bout with Gunboat Smith he went to the canvas ten times, but always beat the count of ten and managed to finish the fight in a perpendicular position.

Al Reich was another great prospect who just lacked that something that meant the difference between a topnotcher and a failure. He couldn't take it on the chin, yet he could fight. He was a good white hope at the time that the country was flooded with pretty good big fellows.

A more recent example of a heavyweight who failed because just one vital part was lacking in him is Phil Scott. The lanky Britisher was a neat boxer and a fairly good puncher, but he just couldn't stay in there when the going was rough. Of late years English heavyweights have become the laughing stock of the fistic world because of their inability to take it.

If you chance to be a well built, strapping big fellow the chances are some of your smaller cronies have said to you: "If I were as big as you I would go after the heavyweight championship."

Some people have the idea that size is the main ingredient to success in the heavyweight ranks. That reminds me of the retort made by Hippo Vaughn, onetime Chicago Cub pitcher, a huge fellow, when one of his team-mates, a little fellow, wanted to know why Hippo did not do some heavyweight fighting.

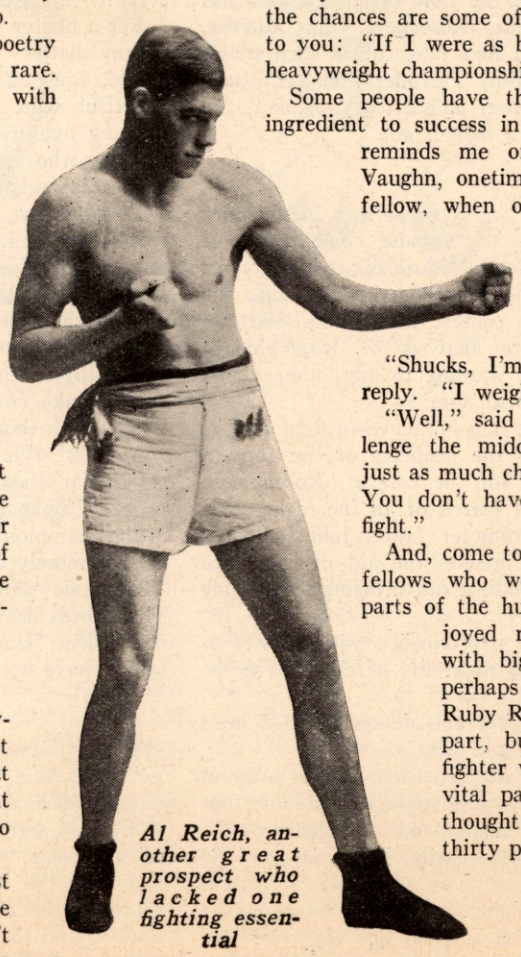
"How much do you weigh?" inquired Vaughn.

"Shucks, I'm only a little fellow," was the reply. "I weigh about 155 pounds.

"Well," said Vaughn, "why don't you challenge the middleweight champion? There is just as much chance for you as there is for me. You don't have to be a big fellow to get a fight."

And, come to think of it, some of the smaller fellows who were supplied with all the vital parts of the human fighting machine have enjoyed remarkable success in conflicts with bigger men. Bob Fitzsimmons is perhaps the best example of them all. Ruby Robert certainly did not look the part, but some rate him the greatest fighter who ever lived. He had all the vital parts. So did Joe Walcott, who thought nothing of spotting an opponent thirty pounds.

A great asset for a fighter is the possession of that elusive quality loosely referred to as color. (*Continued on page* 43)



Al Reich, another great prospect who lacked one fighting essential

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Maxie Rosenbloom-Slattery Fight Proves a Fizzle
Public Interest in Heavyweight Prospects Grows
Fistic Revival Seen as New Talent Makes Good

WITH the Schmeling-Stribling championship fight and the Sharkey-Walker Milk Fund contest over, public interest now centers in the young heavyweights who a year from now may be knocking at the door of the champion. Whereas a year ago the interest was wholly in Jack Sharkey and his prospective return bout with Schmeling which failed to materialize, today the fight fans have shunted Sharkey to the sidelines because of his failure to make a favorable impression against Walker, and in his place they are following with eagerness the career of the young blood that has come to the front within the past few months.

In Charley Retzlaff, Steve Hamas, Ernie Schaaf and Stanley Poreda, the fans have come to realize they have new talent that eventually may make the grade. These boys, by their fighting qualities, have whetted the appetite of fistic followers to such extent that the promoters featuring them, have played to full houses during the summer months. It does not require much foresight to realize what is in store for the winter should these four headliners continue to keep in the limelight.

To me it looks like the worst is over. Not alone in the heavyweight division have the newcomers aroused an interest, but in the divisions below that the new talent likewise has brought about a revival. With Jack Rosenberg, Hans Mueller, Ignacio Ara, Lou Brouillard and Ben Jeby to aid such stellar warriors as Jimmy McLarnin, Billy Petrolle, Young Corbett, Tommy Loughran, Tony Canzoneri and Mickey Walker, the coming indoor season should be a banner one.

* * *

THE time has arrived when we consider it a public duty to snatch the mask from the urbane countenance of Maximillian Rosenbloom and disclose him in his true character as a base deceiver of trusting boxers whom he lures into the ring. The details of his recent contest with James Slattery, of Buffalo, furnish a complete analysis of Rosenbloom's methods and should serve as a warning to any other young boxers who may seek a match with him.

Rosenbloom and Slattery were duly matched to fight for the light-heavyweight crown that is the property of the former. Then days before the date set for the combat, Rosenbloom cannot be found, despite a rigid search of all the night clubs in the metropolitan district. Promoter James Johnston, in a trepidation of fear and wrath, invokes the aid of the State Athletic Commission in apprehending and bringing to training quarters the disappearing boxer.

At once the public prints are overcrowded with reports of the doings of Rosenbloom in the night life of the metropolis. He is quoted as saying:

"What is the use of training for this fellow? All I need is a shave and a shampoo, and I can win."

These reports are brought to the attention of the boxer in question, who jumps to the conclusion that Rosenbloom, out of condition, may be defeated easily, and the challenger at once stops work and takes matters easily, being deceived by the action of Rosenbloom.

Then comes the night of the fight, and the spectators expect to see Rosenbloom limp into the ring on one leg, while his bloated face and overweight attest the lack of training. But that is exactly what is not seen. On the contrary, Rosenbloom, full of vim and chipper as possible, skips into the ring, outboxes his opponent from here to Buffalo, and furnishes a strong belief that he must have trained in some place remote from the night clubs.

As a matter of fact Rosenbloom never has resembled a boxer who is dissipating his vitality in night clubs, and confiding young fighters who are asked to believe the stories of the lack of training on Rosy's part will do well to mix a large quantity of salt with the reports.

* * *

MAXIE ROSENBLOOM, in his fight with Slattery, proved that it will take more than a fighter of Slattery's calibre to depose him. Maxie retained the crown by taking all but two of the fifteen rounds, most of them by wide margins. Yet it cannot be said that Rosenbloom made a great showing. He fought his usual fight—a slapping, mauling, clubbing exhibition during which he failed to land a solid punch at any time during the entire mill. But that apparently is his style, and he either won't or can't change it, and he has proved against every top notcher in the division that at that style he excels the field.

For a fighter who five years ago was regarded a ring marvel, Jimmy Slattery made a most pathetic showing. Watching him cuffed, wrestled and slapped around, session after session, was a pitiful sight for those who knew the marvelously clever, stinging fighter, the Jimmy Slattery of five years ago. The Slattery who faced Rosenbloom, his fourth attempt to win the light-heavyweight title, was a sad, shop-worn fighter.

Despite that, we cannot take from Rosenbloom the credit that is due him. He has been willing at all times to meet any man in the division, and every time his title has been at stake, he has come through the victor.

What he will do if he enters the heavyweight class, as he threatens because of lack of competition, remains to be seen. Personally, I think he would be a second Harry Greb. He would make considerable trouble for the big fellows, just as he has with those in his own class.

Maxie's style may not be pleasing, but he is clever and stands far ahead of his rivals. That his fight with Slattery proved a financial fizzle, was due to the lack of public interest in the champion's awkward style and Slattery's decline. Jimmy is now merely a shell of the one-time clever Buffalo fighter. The public wants new faces. It wants to see real fighting The crowds drawn at the Queensboro Club this summer, where new talent, Hamas, Retzlaff, Rosenberg and Mueller among others, have been shown, illustrates the point.

* * *

AN ingenious but utterly fallacious scheme to assure certain heavyweights of world championship titles, has recently been unearthed. In effect the claim is made in behalf of Corbett and Fitzsimmons that with the cessation of London rules fighting, the titles won under those rules lapsed. Also that with the installation of the Queensberry rules, the first bout between American boxers became a world's championship contest, and the winner, the holder of the world's heavyweight title.

The basis of the contention rests on the fact that Sullivan won his title of American heavyweight champion from Ryan under London rules, and lost it to Corbett under Queensberry regulations. Therefore, as Corbett and Sullivan were the first American pugilists to fight under the Queensberry rules, Corbett, as the winner, became the world's title holder when he defeated the Bostonian.

This is not founded on facts. The rules of nearly all branches of sport are amended or changed from year to year, and yet these changes have not in any way affected the titles involved. Furthermore, the claims of numerous fighters as to titles they did not win in the ring, have never been accepted as valid. Sullivan never held but one title, that of American champion, as he never had but one battle with a boxer of a foreign country, he being Charley Mitchell, the result being a draw in 39 rounds.

Therefore, when Corbett and Sullivan squared off in 1892, there was but one title at stake, the heavyweight championship of America. However, Sullivan, Corbett and Fitzsimmons were offered chances to fight for a world's championship, as Peter Jackson, who was the heavyweight champion of Europe and Australia, was eager for a match with any of the trio. Sullivan declined to meet Jackson, and Corbett, after one trying experience with the formidable negro, decided he wanted no more to do with him. Fitzsimmons was more frank in his attitude and admitted Jackson was too much for him.

Therefore, Sullivan, Corbett and Fitzsimmons all ignored an opportunity for a fight that might possibly have given them the title of world's champion.

Several years later, when Jackson had deteriorated, Jeffries made a match with him, and won easily. Thus Jeffries became the first American pugilist to win a world's championship in the heavyweight class. When Jeffries retired in 1905, his title lapsed and Tommy Burns, after defeating a majority of the contenders, for the American honors, made himself the world's champion by defeating Gunner Moir, the British title holder, and Bill Squires, the Australian champion. The world's title thereafter descended to Jack Johnson, Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney and Max Schmeling.

The first world's champion in the history of pugilism, was Jem Mace, the champion of England. He gained the title by defeating Tom Allen, American title holder, in 1870. Mace retired undefeated.

The first battle for the world's heavyweight championship took place in England in 1861, the contestants being Tom Sayers, champion of England, and John C. Heenan, champion of America. Heenan gave Sayers so terrific a beating the Briton had to be carried from the ring at the end of the 42d round, and never was able to enter the ring again. The referee left the ring in the 38th round and four additional rounds were contested without him. Two days afterward the referee declared the bout was a draw.

* * *

AT the close of a recent boxing contest in the arena of a leading club in New York, a scene of the wildest disorder occurred. Spectators rushed to the ringside, crowded about the judges on both sides of the ring, and hurled imprecations and abuse at the ring officials. "Rotten decision," "putrid judgment," "so you are a judge of boxing, eh?" "you ought to be confined in the old men's home," "you must cut in with the winner," were some of the milder accusations flung at the judges and referee.

This abusive treatment of ring officials is not due to sympathy with the boxer decided against. In 99 cases out of 100, the person who verbally attacks the judges is actuated by the fact that he wagered on the boxer who lost. He has no special interest in the loser except that the few dollars bet on the defeated fighter have gone to the other bettor.

It is immaterial to the losing bettor that the bout was one-sided and his choice clearly beaten. The fact that he has dropped a few dollars inspires him to venomous abuse of the ring officials.

At a baseball game, a race meeting, or almost any sort of vigorous form of sport, abuse of the officials is followed by the ejection of the disturber. But the average follower of boxing seems to feel it is his inalienable right to start a tirade against the officials at any stage of a contest. Not only is it unjust to the officials, but it is annoying to the better class of patrons who occupy seats near the ring to have such rowdyism continue. The occupants of the seats in the top galleries will shout to their hearts' content, but so long as they refrain from using missles, they cannot inflict much damage. But the explosive wrath and virulent denunciation by the losing bettors near the ringside can and should be halted by the officials.

It is indeed regrettable that the State Athletic Commission of New York has taken over the control of amateur boxing which for more than thirty years has been handled by the Amateur Athletic Union. Perhaps now that the prestige of the A. A. U. is at stake, the directors of that organization will realize that they have none but themselves to blame for the loss of the A. A. U's most lucrative sport. Too much politics is responsible for the plight of the organization which under the able guidance of the late James E. Sullivan had its most prosperous years. If the A. A. U. had had a Sullivan at its head, no such blunders as were made by the association during the past year would have taken place and without them, there would have been no need for the state to step in and clean house of the professionals who have obtained a firm hold on amateur boxing in New York.

MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

BY JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham

PART EIGHTEEN

IN the gallery of champions I have known, the most curious figure is that of Jess Willard. I picked him from a struggling group of white hopes and put him in the ring with Jack Johnson. I was with him during all the weeks that led up to the fight and for a couple of years afterward. I knew him as well as anybody did—yet only in a measure did I understand him.

I already have told how, sitting on a baggage truck on the station platform in Kansas City, I got Willard's consent to fight Johnson under the direction of Lawrence Weber, Harry Frazee and myself; of how I journeyed across the ocean to sign Johnson in London; of how Juarez first was picked as the scene of the fight and preparations there had gone forward rapidly until the day on which it became obvious that Johnson, fugitive from justice in the United States, could not be brought to us through Mexican ports suddenly closed to the outside world because of virtual civil war within that country; and of how the fight was taken to Havana.

Now the fight was over. Johnson was beaten and Willard was champion of the world. The quest for a white ruler of the heavyweight class had ended when the Negro sank to the canvas in the twenty-sixth round on April 5, 1915. The sporting world and millions of other persons not usually interested in fight or any other form of sport, were ready to hail the conqueror of the hated Johnson—hated not so much because he was a black man but because, as champion, he constantly had given offense to whites and blacks alike.

* * *

WE settled our affairs in Havana—and paid all our bills, contrary to stories circulated at the time by persons who did not precisely wish us well—and were ready to depart for this country. We—Willard, Weber, Frazee, Tom Jones and myself, together with a large group of correspondents and others who had attended the fight—took the boat to Key West and there boarded private cars coupled to a train for New York. Ahead of us went the ballyhoo by wire: The champion was coming!

I have made many journeys with celebrities I have managed or with whom I have had some other official connection but never in my experience has there been anything like this. No hamlet was too small, no city too large, to pay tribute to the man who had restored the heavyweight championship to the white race. Every depot at which we stopped was an island set in a sea of humanity. Men, women and children besieged the train, clamored for a sight of Willard, roared with his praises, swept police lines aside in an almost hysterical effort to get close to him.

And Willard? Willard sulked in his sleeping compartment in a private car and was deaf to every plea that he show himself!

"But Jess," I begged of him, "you must come out. This is a wonderful tribute to you. I've never seen anything like it. These people want to see you. If you don't come out they're likely to tear the car apart to get at you."

"Let 'em tear it apart, then," he'd say, sullenly. "If I had got beaten they wouldn't want to see me."

Once when he said this I blurted out:

"No, and if you had got beaten you wouldn't be signed up for a tour at $10,000 a week, either. Think that one over."

"I have," he said. "But that's different. I'll take their money but I don't want any part of them."

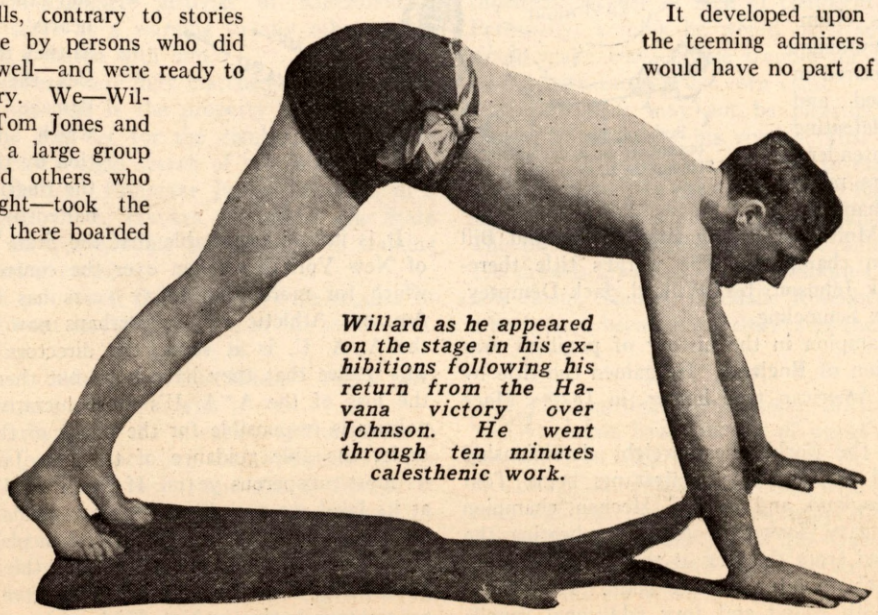
* * *

A FINE situation! The champion of the world, hailed by his public, had turned his back on it. He'd take the public's money but he would have no part of the public. Let the public once get an inkling of his attitude and precious little of its money he would get. More important to myself and my associates, precious little we'd get. And this was our time to collect on an investment embracing thousands of Weber's dollars and months of feverish work and innumerable worries on the part of all of us.

It developed upon me, then, to placate the teeming admirers of the champion who would have no part of them. At every stop from Key West to New York I had to face the multitudes and explain to them, as best I could, why their hero could not oblige them to the extent of stepping out on the observation platform and waving his hand to them.

"The champion is resting."

"The champion doesn't sleep well on trains and had a bad night. He has just fallen asleep."

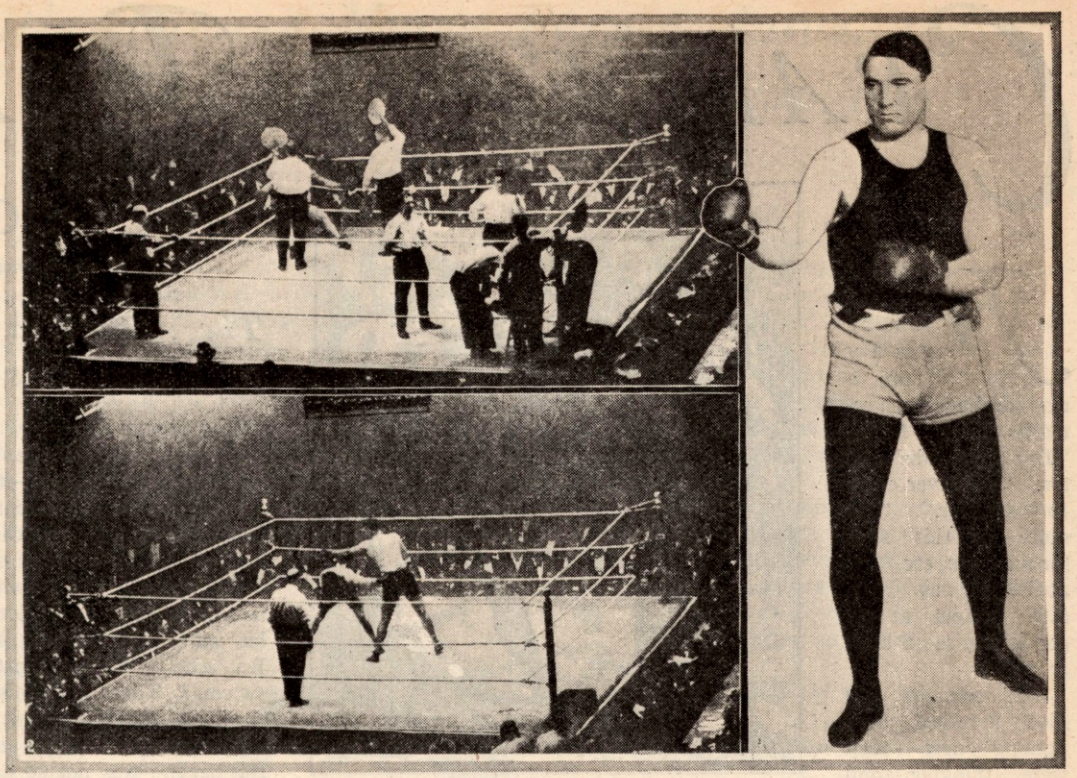


Willard as he appeared on the stage in his exhibitions following his return from the Havana victory over Johnson. He went through ten minutes calesthenic work.

"The champion wishes to thank you for this magnificent display of your good will and begs you to excuse him for not appearing. The strain of the fight was great and he was so busy with preparations for the departure from Havana that he scarcely has had a chance to catch a moment's rest. If he had known we were drawing so close to your wonderful city he would not have retired but——-"

And so on and so on. I developed a regular patter and it got so that every time the engineer applied the brakes I got up and started for the observation platform in readiness to deliver it.

Meanwhile Willard, who had positively beamed in Havana immediately after the fight, grew more sullen and was in a bad mood when he reached New York. There he could not escape the swirling crowds entirely, for he had to leave the train to go to his hotel and he managed to muster a frozen smile when he came in view of the mob but I knew what his real feelings were.



Scenes in the old Garden when Willard beat Frank Moran

The night he opened a vaudeville engagement at the old Victoria Theater he deliberately ran out on a group of prominent sporting writers who went back stage to see him and, of course, was unmercifully roasted in the newspapers the following day. . . . So began his tour.

* * *

WILLARD'S resentment was not confined to his public. Not by any means. He hadn't been champion a week before he wanted to nullify his contracts with Weber and Frazee and cut them out of the profits accruing from his winning of the title.

"Get rid of them," he said to me. "Why should I give them anything?"

It seems he had taken a violent dislike to both Weber and Frazee as a result of a couple of minor disputes in Havana at a time when all our nerves were jangled.

"'Give' them anything?" I retorted. "You're not 'giving' them anything. You're simply repaying them for what they did for you. Why should you 'give' me anything?"

"Oh, you're all right," he said, "but I don't need those two and I won't stand for them."

"I'm all right, am I?" I said. "Well, I wouldn't have been all right if it hadn't been for Harry and Mr. Weber. I had the idea for the fight in the beginning but they made it possible for me to go through with it. Frazee made the contract for me with Mr. Weber and Mr. Weber put up the money to see me through. Maybe I could have got somebody else to back me but the fact is that I didn't and you can't go behind that."

He was silent for a moment and I went on.

"Do you remember the night I met you at the station in Kansas City and told you I wanted to make a match for you with Johnson?"

"Yes," he said.

"You said that night that if I did you never would forget it and always would be grateful to me. Do you remember that?"

"Yes," he said, "and I'm still willing to string with you—more than willing. But I'm going to get rid of those other fellows."

* * *

I HOPED he'd have a change of heart but he didn't. One of his outstanding qualities was stubbornness and he never was more stubborn than he was on this point. When I saw it was inevitable that Weber and Frazee must go, I first broke the news to them and then went to work on Willard. As a result, when they did get out they got a better settle-

(*Continued on page* 44)

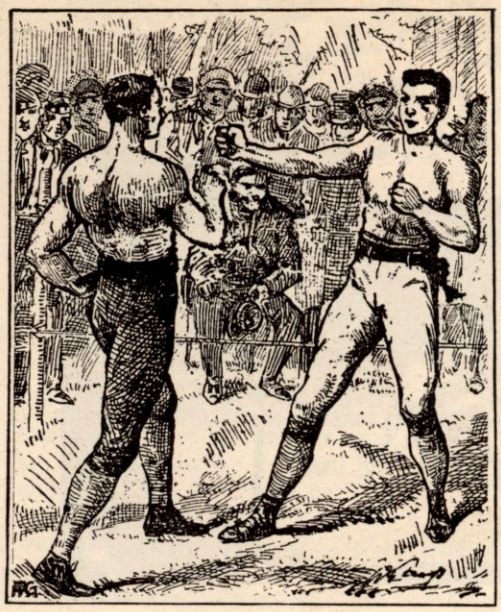
A cartoon by Fay King given to Jack Curley when he had Willard and Gotch on tour.

CRADLES of BOXING

By DOC ALMY

(*Boston's leading boxing authority*)

The sixth of a series of articles on famous fights in New England



A scene in the Monaghan-Aaron battle at Rocky Point, as published in Porter's Spirit of the Times of 1857

HOW often on coming away from a ringside have such remarks been heard, "The fight was rotten," "I'll never come to another," "No more of this stuff for me," etc, etc. Yet, at the very next scrap, if it shapes at all good, they're all back again.

The remarks and idea involved are nothing new — they were thinking and talking the same way years ago. Here in Boston and vicinity, back in the old days the fighters and their fraternity had been so harried, preached at and slammed that many of them were saying just the same things—not in the exact language of the present, but similar as regards quitting the game.

But, they didn't quit—they kept right on going, encouraging and patronising fights. Outwardly a bit subdued, inwardly they were as keen as ever. Police, fines and jail had their discouraging aspects, but the fun was worth the risks. Ned Price, the fighting boniface of North street, though he had been lined up at the bar in the Salem court in the spring of 1857, in connection with the Roberts-Finnegass mill at South Danvers, when several of the active participants were arrested, was one of those who continued to regard fisticuffs as a worth while sport. So did many of his associates and admirers.

So with the Roberts-Finnegass affair over, and all but "Finny," who was to languish several months in jail finally to be turned loose as no bill was found against him, clear of that particular unpleasantness, the next move in pugilistic activity was to get up a mill with which there could be no probable interference.

* * *

ABOUT that time—the summer of 1857—the name of Young Barney Aaron, who in later years was to become the second recognized holder of the American lightweight title, began to appear in the public print as a fighting man. This youth of Jewish blood, was the son of that Aaron, known to the British ring as the "Star of the East" because he hailed from the east end of London, where he was born on November 21, 1800. The elder Aaron stood 5 feet, 8 inches, and usually fought at about 140 pounds, though in his day he was rated as a middleweight.

He conquered Collins, the Bargeman, Ned Stockman, Jack Lenny, Frank Redmond, Marsh Bateman, Jem Raines and others, also paid forfeit to Dick Curtis and received from Redmond. During his entire career in the British ring his only conquerors were A. Matthewson, Dick Curtis, Harry Jones and Tom Smith, all British or Irish fighters.

Aaron, Sr., and Young Barney arrived in New York from England about the year 1851, and, although the Gotham of that day was not the present Mecca for their greatly oppressed race, fighting men always were welcomed. We are not going into the details of the battles inside of ropes of Young Barney Aaron—it is sufficient that he had quite a number, and, until his affair with "Scotty" Branagan in 1858, touched upon in our last story, he had not met with a defeat.

So, in 1857, his growing fame had reached over to Boston—it seemed desirable that he should show his wares a bit nearer The Hub than New York. But who to send against him with any chance of success? There was this one and that one, to be sure, but the boy to pit against Young Barney—a chap who would have the ability to bring home the bacon—was not so easy to find.

After much hemming, hawing and chewing, in all of which confabs Price was the mainspring, the choice finally fell upon Johnny Monaghan, a native of Liverpool, England, then about 25 years old. On December 18, 1855, Monoghan had whipped "Little" Jimmy Hart of Boston up at Island Pond, Canada, and, on July 19, 1856, had lost to Hart in a return melee staged near Beverly, Mass. Undoubtedly he had other fights concerning which we have no record.

Monaghan was acceptable to Young Aaron—it was finally agreed that they should fight for side wagers of $100, and what could be collected at the ringside. Fighters in those days certainly were not money hungry. The match made, where to stage it was the next question.

The Boston men didn't want the mill brought off in the vicinity of New York—Aaron and his backers had objections to Boston. In view of the hostility of the police the Bostonians were forced to admit that their section of the map for such an important muss was out of the question. There was considerable mistrust, suspicion and room for objection on both sides.

* * *

PROVIDENCE, R. I., the city of Roger Williams, with whom a forefather of the writer was associated as one of its founders, presented itself as the happy medium. Yes, all agreed, Providence was just about the right spot. So Providence creeps into the history of a mill which had its origin in Boston.

September 28, was selected as the day for the event—Rocky Point, a few miles down the Providence river from "Little Rhody's" capital city—the site for the combat. Then followed the usual training by the principals—a selling of tickets for the muss at $5 per to the trustworthy—a general perfecting of plans and arrangements. Of course the usual blab got to the police—the law knew that there was going to be a fight but, on this particular occasion, did not know the exact spot. Brighton, Watertown and Lynn were placed under close surveillance. So was Price and his sporty associates.

This vigilance, however, all amounted to naught for toward the latter part of September the faithful crept out of town by ones, twos and threes—New York being their announced destination. Jimmy Hobbs, Monaghan's pal, with Barney Ford assisting, acted as advisory escort for the ringster.

The early morning of September 28, 1857, found the entire

The Battle Between Young Barney Aaron, the "Star of the East," and Johnny Monaghan Near Beverly, Mass. in 1855

outfit in Providence where its members joined up with the visiting delegates from New York.

The fighters and their squires were smuggled over the roads from Providence to Rocky Point via carriages—the "members of the lodge" embarked on a Providence river steamer for a day's outing and recreation "down Narragansett Bay way." Though the Providence police "got hep" to what was in the wind they were given such a wild steer by a supposedly reliable informer that their participation in the events of the day amounted to nil. Armed to the teeth and well supplied with "irons," the bluecoats put in half the day ambushing the wrong spot—by the time they were "wised up" the mill was over and the birds had flown.

* * *

BY 9 o'clock the select audience of about 100 having assembled about the ropes, Aaron and Monaghan made their appearance, crawled through the hemp and, before many minutes were letting fly their fists. Aaron was attended by Hen Van Winkle of New York and John E. Taylor of Boston, and Monaghan by James Hobbs and Jack Lyle, both of Liverpool.

Barney had as his umpire Barney Ford of Boston, while one James Mattocks served in a similar capacity for his opponent. Philip Perkins of Boston presided over the entire ceremony as the referee. Aaron's weight was about 120 pounds—that of Monaghan about 130.

In the initial round and almost with the first punch, Aaron opened a cut over Monaghan's right eye, thus registering first blood, which immediately caused him to become a very strong betting favorite. The canto ended with Monaghan on the ground. We will not go into all of the rounds. There were 80 chapters, the majority of which were tough ones for Monaghan, and the contest lasted for three hours and 20 minutes. The Bostonian's seconds finally ended it by throwing in the towel.

Young Barney Aaron, son of the great English Hebrew fighter

* * *

IN commenting upon the affair, one of those present left this for future generations: "The fight was the best ever fought in the country. It was very determinedly contested on both sides with Monaghan rather unwisely taking the initiative and forcing the fighting as long as he possessed sufficient stamina to lead off, thus wasting what strength he possessed early in the melee instead of husbanding his resources for the final effort, when he should have been more sufficiently acquainted with the weak points of his adversary.

"On the contrary, Young Aaron waited for the attack, contenting himself with the opportunity, which in nearly every instance presented itself, for the return, and which Barney seldom failed to make use of with the most telling effect. His blows in many instances were extremely powerful, cutting the most fearful gashes, one of which had to be closed by several stitches.

"As a punisher he was far superior to his antagonist, and also excelled him as a boxer, seldom giving an opening without being prepared to get in with double effect on his opponent. Ordinarily, Monaghan was the better wrestler, but his lack of condition prevented him from exerting his abilities in that line to the extent which he might have otherwise done.

"Monaghan proved himself a perfect glutton in taking punishment, for, even when he was almost blinded, and could just discern his antagonist, he never shrank from the contest, and stood up to his man until the crushers he received felled him to earth. He even begged his seconds not to surrender the fight though it was apparent to all that he was hopelessly beaten.

"The referee, Mr. Perkins, acted with the utmost impartiality, and his decisions were always received without the least dispute. The umpires made no unnecessary appeals, and acted as became fair-dealing men. This is as it should be, and will be an incentive to others to act likewise."

* * *

MONAGHAN and his Boston admirers, all pretty well busted, returned in safety to The Hub—the really big fight of the summer was over and done without an official flaw in the entire proceedings. Thus Price and the outfit had something to cheer about.

To give some idea what the fighting men of 1857 were up against, insofar as the laws of the land were concerned, we will quote an item from the New Bedford *Standard* of that year, which, under the caption "Prize Fighters Sentenced," reads as follows:

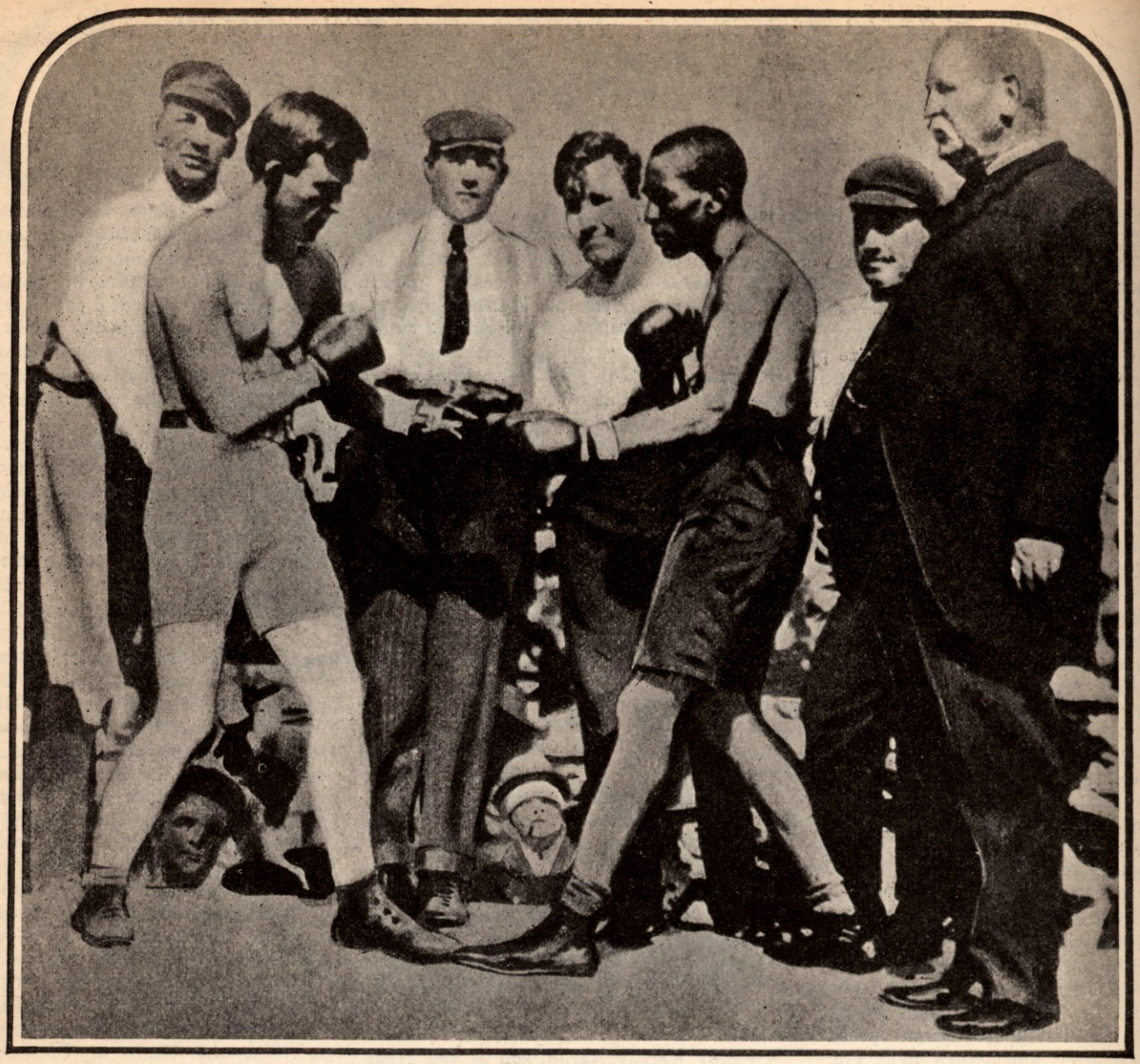
"At the Court of Common Pleas for Bristol county, Judge Sawyer sentenced John Welch, Thomas Gallagher and Joseph Mitchell for being engaged in a prize fight at Seekonk. Welch received two days in solitary and 18 months, Gallagher two days in solitary and 19 months, and Mitchell two days in solitary and 19 months, the same to be served at hard labor in the State Prison."

It was no joke in those days to get caught inside of ropes, or be actively connected with the "top and nether" strands.

Though the circumstances had no direct connection with the ring, Boston was to have its tragedy within the fold before the curtain fell on that year. John Hilton, an Irishman known as the "Limerick Boy," a 140-pounder who had taken part in several sparring contests though had not actively participated in the prize ring this side of Ireland, was the victim.

On the night of October 17, hearing a quarrel in progress in the yard of Mrs. Margaret Fagan, his boarding mistress, at 44 High street, he rushed out to investigate. Outside he found one John Donovan, a kinsman and fellow lodger, getting the worst end of a muss with three strangers. One of these was armed with a knife and had used it on Donovan.

The strangers fled when Hilton rushed to the rescue. Singling out one of the number, one Harry L. Sutton, 22 years old, a Californian, then temporarily residing in Boston, the chap who was armed with the knife, Hilton chased him into Broad street. There Sutton turned on his pursuer and drove his knife into Hilton's breast, inflicting wounds which resulted in the victim's death within an hour. Sutton was later captured on Liverpool Wharf and paid the penalty for his fun.



Battling Nelson vs. Joe Gans, Goldfield, Nevada, September 3, 1906

"Match Well Made Is Half Won"

How Old Time Trainers Tricked Opposing Fighter Into Weakening Weight Reductions

By CLARENCE RIORDAN

DESPITE the few dingy instances in which the betting figures on a boxing contest have been justified by the results of the bouts, much unwarranted interest is taken in the odds proclaimed by experts. The opportunities in these modern times for ascertaining in advance the condition of matched boxers are greater than they were thirty or forty years ago, and therefore the chances of arriving at a reasonably certain conclusion as to the outcome of contests are much brighter.

In the dim past of boxing, trainers were noted for keeping their charges "under a blanket," thus preventing the opposing forces and the public from obtaining accurate knowledge as to condition, weight or ability. As a plain matter of fact, the bettors on pugilism were restricted in their search for stable information to the reports of preceding contests. Next to deceiving the public as to the status of the boxer he handled, the old time trainer was more than happy if he succeeded in imposing a weight stipulation that would weaken the opposing fighter. This he always tried to do, as the slogan of the trainers of past decades was "A match well made is half won."

* * *

WHILE the heavies were not affected by that scheme, the men in the lighter classes were frequently victimized. In one instance a boxer required to make an unnatural weight died as a result of the attempt. Joe Gans, in his bout with Battling Nelson, was compelled by the challenger's manager, Nolan, to make 133 pounds ringside, while wearing trunks and shoes. Gans foolishly permitted Nolan to have his way, and shortly after the battle fell ill of tuberculosis and died from the effects of his folly.

(*Continued on page* 43)

The Mystery of the Stolen Picture

(*Continued from page* 31)

could have come close to our side of the building, let alone gone through one of those windows. They were lowered from the top. Anybody entering by a window would have had to raise the lower half. Well, no window was lifted, and we know that nobody came to our side of the house."

Questioning of the German seaman failed to bring out anything new or furnish even the faintest reliable clue. He had no money for lodgings, so he had rigged up a homemade tent among the sand hillocks, the Teuton explained. And, come to think of it, he had had no breakfast. Would the kind gentlemen see that he got a cup of coffee and a roll?

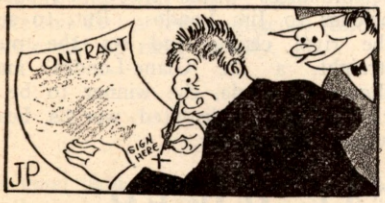
* * *

CHAPTER VII.

"WELL, this is funny," Byron laughed, as he sat closeted with Dickey. "Your champion is scared to death. I will say that it sounds rather complicated. He just told me all about that professor and the general, who seem to have it in for anybody with dough over in Berlin. Of course, you never can tell about the psychology of such people. It bears looking into. Maybe the German seaman isn't as dumb as he looks. Let's have him in here."

The blonde stranger, wearing a week's growth of beard, was brought in again.

"See here, my man, the jig is up," Byron ejaculated. "This stuff about being a seaman won't go. What's the game? This is serious business and unless you come clean you may find yourself in difficulty."



The "seaman" laughed. And he could speak English. "Sorry to have caused you so much trouble, Mr. Byron," he said. "It is true, I am not a seaman. And I am here on a very important mission. My credentials from the Police Department of Berlin."

Byron took the proferred papers and then went into a private conference with Herr Von Seekampf, as it turned out his name was, which lasted for more than an hour.

Then Byron called in Wiegand. The German was obdurate. He was unnerved, and the fight would have to be postponed.

"That's all nonsense, Benno," the detective insisted. "You are making a mountain out of a molehill. Nobody has harmed you. Perhaps some nut has been rummaging around in your room, but he has taken nothing of value, and you still are sound of limb and wind."

"Very well, then, we shall tell the newspapermen exactly what has happened, and you will be laughed out of this country," Dickey stormed. "You never again will get a match here. Now, make your choice. Fight, or take the consequences."

Here Byron broke into the argument. "There are six nights before the fight. I will sleep in Wiegand's room each night, and see that no harm comes to our champion."

Wiegand heaved a sigh of relief. "Very well, I will fight, but only if Mr. Byron remains in the room with me every night until the contest is over."

* * *

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE were no disturbances in the Wiegand quarters after that. Benno awoke early next morning, looked anxiously around him, and saw that everything was just as he had left it on going to bed.

And so it was every morning until the day of the fight. The boxing writers had got no inkling of the trouble in the German's camp. The rival entourage had heard nothing about it.

Kilrain went into the ring a 3 to 2 favorite. In his last few days of training Wiegand had perked up considerably, and had shown more snap and dash. But there still was something on his mind, he still had that preoccupied look.

You all remember how things went in the ring. Kilrain rushed from his corner at the opening bell and landed a terrific left to the jaw. Wiegand stood bewildered, and offered a couple of indecisive punches which Kilrain picked off as he tore in and punished the German about the body.

Wiegand stood firm for a moment and then crashed a right to the button which shook the American to his heels. But Kilrain tore in again and just as the bell rang, sent the Teuton down with a hard right to the Adam's apple.

The second round was all Kilrain. The German still was in a daze and the experts wondered just what had come over him. Kilrain crashed rights and lefts and at the bell had the champion groggy.

The finish came in the third round. Wiegand sang his swan song as he darted from his chair and crossed a right to the jaw. The German reached Kilrain's wind with two hard ones. Then the American cut loose with everything he had.

Wiegand went down five times and then as the bell sounded, he threw in a towel, surrendering the title. His right eye was closed, his face was swollen, his body was bruised.

"I must have that picture back," Wiegand muttered, as he stumbled down the aisle, toward his dressing room.

"Kilrain knocked that bird goofy" the bystanders laughed.

* * *

CHAPTER IX.

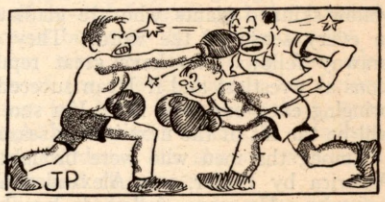
NOW let us go back to the first night which Byron spent in Wiegand's room. At half past three in the morning Byron saw Benno rise from his bed, and walk slowly around the room, like a man in a trance.

When the champion reached the bureau he pulled out the second drawer, rummaged among his clothes, threw shirts and ties all over the place. Then Benno shook his head, and walked slowly back to his bed, and fell asleep again.

Byron crept out of bed, placed all the things back in the drawer and left the room in its original state.

That routine was repeated the next morning at four, and again on the third morning. But let us have Byron tell the rest of it.

"When Wiegand came to New York he had not only an autographed photograph of Fraulein Freihoff, but a package of rather ardent letters from that lovely star of the silver screen," the detective explained.



"When Benno sailed away the Fraulein lost interest in him for three reasons—first, because of the intellectual agitation against $300,000 purses; second, because absence sometimes does not make the heart grow fonder; third, because Count Von Frechtmann, owner of the Karpel Steel Works, had begun to show a most intense interest in the lady and her welfare.

"The Fraulein told the Count of the picture and the letters, and the love-crazed nobleman commissioned a confidential operative to go to America and get the red hot missives as well as the photograph, even if Wiegand had to be beaten up.

"This reached the Berlin police and they rushed Von Seekampf to Wiegand's camp to head off the Count's agent. But Von Seekampf came too late. He learned that in my conference with him. Frechtmann's operative broke into Wiegand's room and stole the things for which he had been sent.

"Well, all this puzzled and worried Wiegand. He thought that the plot had been hatched by Professor Von Wasservogel and General Von Stammfurth. He realized that he had lost the girl, and he got heart sick—and scared.

"The whole thing preyed on Wiegand's mind. Real training was out of the question. And how he wanted that picture and those letters!

"The second night I spent in his room I realized the truth. The champion was a somnambulist,—a sleep walker of the worst kind.

"Then it came to me that the so-called attack in his room had been no attack at all. Every night he would get out of bed, walk slowly around the room until he got to the bureau, open the drawer in which he had kept the photograph and the letters, rummage around for them eagerly, and then shake his head and go back to sleep. That was the one thing on his mind when he was awake, and

it was the one thing on his subconscious mind.

"Each night I would tidy things up and in that way make Wiegand believe that we had stopped the intruder. If I hadn't done that Wiegand never would have gone through with the fight.

"The night he said he was attacked he dropped the bureau on his foot and awaking with a start, found himself standing with a bleeding instep. He conjured up a picture of a man rushing from the room—a man who had thrown a hammer at him.

"I examined the place that morning and could find no trace of any weapon or missile that might have inflicted the wound. It was then that my suspicions were aroused.

"Wiegand doesn't know yet just how it all happened, and I don't intend to tell him. He'll never fight again here—or anywhere else. He never should have gone into the ring.

"So you see, boxing is a very strange game indeed, and very often most of the drama is hidden behind the scenes."

He smoked up. "As for the Willard-Dempsey affair"—but that's another story.

It's Harvest Time in the Wrestling Field

(*Continued from page* 19)

"THIS year I am planning to go to a country never before visited by the American promoters. It is an historical country situated between China and Russia. It is called Mongolia, a place where one of the lost tribes of the Jews is supposed to have settled several years ago.

"There, I am told, are to be found wrestlers weighing 300 pounds, big, husky yellow-skinned giants who are gladiators in every sense of the word. They are brawny fellows who have great reputations as wrestlers and if I can succeed in bringing even one over here, I'm sure he will be the hit of the next indoor season."

Among the men who were brought to America by Pfefer, was Alexander Garkawenko. He was followed by Ivan Zaiken. These two Russians, with Poddubny, formed a great combination. Later he imported Matros Kirilenko, the Terrible Cossack. Matros may never be champion of the world, but he is a colorful grappler who has met all the stars. He has a big Russian following whom he delights by coming into the ring wearing a leopard skin.

From Hungary, Pfefer brought over a great performer, Ferenc Holuban, one of the strongest mat stars ever imported from that country. He became an overnight sensation and it was only after he met defeat at the hands of Shikat, McMillen, Londos, Steinke and Kalmikoff that he decided to go back home. But in his place, rose a new Hungarian star, Sandor Szabo, a very clever wrestler, and one of the finest built athletes that ever came from abroad. Szabo is one of the greatest of the present crop of mat stars and many think that within the next two years, when he learns a little more of the technique and becomes a little stronger, he will reach the top rung of the wrestling ladder.

Other wrestling stars handled by Pfefer are Herb Freeman, the Jewish champion and Vanka Zelesniak, another Russian Cossack.

"I know where the human pachyderms grow," says Pfefer, "and if they can be brought here to furnish recreation for the American wrestling fans, Curley and I will have them on display next winter."

Pfefer won't admit that he is the genius of the import trade in wrestlers, but those who know what he has accomplished in the past, give him full credit for his skill in exploring the regions of the "wild men."

Let's End this Confusion

(*Continued from page* 12)

and wrestling. The hundreds of letters that have come into my hands in the past six months, indicate a desire for the elimination of this confusion in the matter of championship assertions.

Wrestling drew hundreds of thousands of persons through the turnstiles last season and there is every indication that the new season will be equally well attended. With new faces from abroad to add to the talent already in this country, the sport should have its banner year.

The fans want championship matches with real contenders facing the title-holder. Above all, they refuse to be buncoed. They want the title holders to merit the distinction. They don't want any "phonies" to masquerade as champions.

If the leading wrestling promoters know what is best for them, if they seek to keep up the fine attendances of last year and to hold the confidence of their public, they will see the handwriting on the wall and stop calling every Tom, Dick and Harry a champion.

There can be only one world's champion and one champion from every country, and so far as THE RING is concerned, the world crown wearer, based on performances within the roped square, belongs to Jim Londos. But, to settle the rival claims and set the public straight, a De Glane-Londos match should be made, the winner to be acclaimed the undisputed world's heavyweight title holder.

RUBY ROBERT, THE PRACTICAL JOKER

By EDWARD MERRILL

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS was a persistent practical joker in his prime. He never lost an opportunity to indulge in some mischievous prank at the expense of his cronies. One of these was Geoffrey Thorne, an English middleweight, who was not a dangerous opponent for American 160 pounders, but who furnished much amusement to the mischievous Fitzsimmons. Shortly after Fitz' title passed on to the bulky Jeffries in June of 1899, Fitz and Jeff Thorne, (mistakenly referred to in the records as "Jim" Thorne) appeared in Madison Square Garden, in what was regarded as a show to create a consolation purse for the ex-champion.

As Kid McKoty had stopped Thorne in three rounds, there was not a rush to see the Briton in a match with the then unbeatable Fitzsimmons. To the horrified amazement of the onlookers, the second round was hardly under way when Thorne landed a right on Ruby Robert's chin and sent Fitz sprawling on the canvas.

After taking a count of nine Fitz struggled to his feet and made a desperate attempt to keep as far away from Thorne as possible. After running about the ring with Jeff in hot pursuit, Fitz suddenly pulled himself together and with a heavy left to the jaw spilled Jeff in the resin dust. Jeff took a count of nine and arose in groggy condition. He then went on the defensive while Fitz, looking angry and confident, clattered after the Englishman.

When Jeff got his bearings, he unhooked a right and down went Fitz for another long count. No sooner did Fitz get on his feet than he let fly with a crashing left that sent Thorne tumbling. Thorne was very wabbly when he regained his feet, and Fitz apparently was none too steady on his pins. The greatest excitement prevailed among the onlookers.

The fighters then played for time, sparring lightly and keeping out of danger. Finally they came to close quarters and both unhooked blows, Fitz a left that caught Thorne on the jaw and Jeff a right cross that landed on Fitz' chin. Both men fell as though shot, and both were counted out by the referee. Then each sprang up nimbly, shook hands, grinned and trotted to their dressing room. The spectators, one and all, confessed it was the most realistic acting in a double knockout that ever had been staged.

The fans had no idea that Fitz was staging a burlesque, for the fighters were quite groggy just before the mill ended and the knockdowns looked genuine.

It is seldom enough that one is treated to a double knockout, those ring occurrences being few and far between, but to see such a great warrior as Bob Fitzsimmons hit the canvas several times and then become a party to a "double knockout," was exceedingly rare.

"Match Well Made Is Half Won"

(*Continued from page* 40)

As a result of the demands of Nolan, which seemed to assure the defeat of Gans, the Western followers of the ring wagered heavily on Nelson to win the bout. But. despite the weakening effect of the drastic reduction, really to 131½ pounds, Gans' great ability as a boxer and ring general buoyed him up so that he was in the lead and fighting furiously in the forty-second round. Nelson then became angry at his failure to stop the Baltimorean and centered his attack on the body, the result being a foul blow that brought about his disqualification.

Gans failed rapidly following that fight, but nevertheless he consented to two more matches with Nelson, in both of which he was knocked out. These contests practically ended Gans' career in the ring, and he passed away in 1910 at the age of 36.

* * *

ENGLISH sportsmen, who had elevated ideas regarding the ability of British boxers, paid dearly for their faith in the home grown talent. One of the first setbacks suffered by our English cousins was when George Dixon flattened Nunc Wallace, bantam champion of England, in eighteen rounds in London. American bettors were not very numerous on that occasion, but the few who knew Dixon's ability, profited handsomely.

The next jolt suffered by the English was when 130-pound Kid Lavigne stopped the "138 pound lightweight champion" of England in 17 rounds in London in 1896. Burge was a prohibitive favorite over the midget American, but again American money was timid. Despite this fact a few courageous Americans cleaned up right merrily.

BY far the greatest apparent opportunity for American bettors in England was presented when John C. Heenan went to that country in 1860 to fight Tom Sayers, the heavyweight champion of the Tight Little Isle. Heenan was a six footer, weighed 190 pounds, a terrific hitter with either hand and an excellent boxer and ring general.

Sayers was really a light heavyweight, standing but 5 feet 7½ inches tall, and scaling about 175 pounds. He was an excellent boxer but not a heavy hitter. In spite of these conditions, the English enthusiasts offered all kinds of money on Sayers to defeat the American. The little Briton did not have a Chinaman's chance against the American title holder, who knocked his opponent down or wrestled him to the earth in nearly every round of the 42 that the contest lasted.

However, the situation looked a bit dark for the American in the thirty-eighth round, when the crowd became unruly and began calling for the police to stop the slaughter. Then in the thirty-eighth session, George Dowling, the English referee, left the ring without saying "by your leave," or anything else.

The fighters were in the ring four more rounds without a referee, when the ring was broken into by the mob, and the slaughter stopped. Sayers had to be carried to his quarters, while Heenan, fresh as a daisy, leaped over the ropes and romped to his quarters.

Although Heenan's friends, few in number, bet on their man, they were doomed to disappointment, for two days afterward, the edict went out that the bout was a draw. As the referee had left the ring before the contest ended, he had no authority under the rules to make a belated decision. But he did so, and the English sportsmen accepted his declaration that the cruelly beaten Sayers had fought a "draw" with the great Heenan. The Englishmen continued the farcical proceeding by presenting both Sayers and Heenan with "championship" belts. The bout was the first for the world's championship, but Sayers never defended his British title thereafter.

* * *

WITHOUT doubt the most stupendous error of the betting experts in America was made when Sullivan and Corbett fought. Sullivan was held at 5 and 6 to 1 against Corbett, and at a time when the Boston Strong Boy was far past his prime. His opponent was an ideal heavyweight at the time, in the full flush of youthful vigor, and the greatest defensive boxer in the world's history.

There was no attempt to hide the merits of the two gladiators, for before starting for New Orleans Corbett went through his training stunts in Madison Square Garden. He showed wonderful strength and cleverness.

Sullivan made one appearance in public before entraining for the fighting ground. He showed himself in the Clermont Avenue Rink, Brooklyn, and while his appearance was not convincing, he was loudly acclaimed by the crowd in attendance.

In fact, Sullivan had so strong a hold on the public that many wagered on him against their sober judgment. There is not a shadow of doubt that Sullivan in his day was the most popular pugilist of history. Yet he had no more chance of beating Corbett than Sayers had of defeating Heenan, for fast life had taken its toll when he faced the Californian.

The Missing Part

(*Continued from page* 32)

Some good fighters never seem to catch on with the public. They lack color and as a result fail to crash into the big money class, regardless of their ability.

* * *

CHARLIE RETZLAFF is a sample of what color means to a fighter. He is the sort about whom the boxing writers can turn out columns of stuff and about whom the fans will argue pro and con. The Dakota farmer was an unknown quantity, so far as New York was concerned, when he moved into the big town. Jack Hurley, a manager who is an artist at steaming up public interest in a gladiator, had Retzlaff in tow.

All Charlie had to do was to place himself on exhibition once to make himself a big card in New York overnight. The next time he showed the customers were beating down the gates to get a chance to peer at him. To begin with, he has a wallop. That is the best asset of all at the box office. All the world follows a puncher.

On top of that Retzlaff burst upon New York with startling suddenness. He came, you might say, out of nowhere. Of course, that is not really the case. The big boy had been schooled by the astute Hurley for more than two years before he was turned loose in New York. Hurley timed his unveiling with uncanny skill, putting him on view at a time when the public, disgusted with Sharkey, Stribling and other veteran American heavyweights, was casting about for some newcomer with a chance to regain the championship for the United States.

* * *

JACK KEARNS did something of the same sort with Mickey Walker. Mickey had lost his charm as a middleweight, so Kearns turned him loose in the heavyweight ranks and took a long chance by tossing him in with Sharkey. At least, it looked like a long chance but Kearns, a wily fellow, knew what he was doing. He figured Sharkey would blow up if opposed to a smaller man with a big heart and an aggressive style. Kearns guessed right and so Walker catapulted himself into the front rank of the heavies by one fight.

The cases of Retzlaff and Walker bring up another question—does a fighter make a manager or does a manager make a fighter? Really, it works both ways. Many a really fine prospect has failed to make the grade because his manager either rushed him too fast or held him back too long. It requires a sort of sixth sense to know just when a boxer is ripe to crash the big time. But if the fighter is lacking in one of the vital parts the cleverest manager in the world will not be able to put him up there and keep him there. All the manager can do is to get him the chance. Then it's up to the fighter.

If it was merely a question of managerial acumen, the same pilots would have all the champions. It never has been that way. Only a handful of managers have brought out more than one title holder. It's all a gamble. A manager may labor for years with a boxer and be convinced that he has a coming champion under his wing, only to learn, when the gladiator is called on to undergo the acid test, that he lacks one of the ingredients of fistic greatness.

Yes, sir, it's a great gamble, as anyone who has dabbled in the sock market realizes.

How Far Will He Go?

(*Continued from page 4*)

with Corbett when he won the heavyweight title of America, and he was well below 175 pounds when he whipped George Gardner for the light-heavyweight championship, at a time when Fitz was 41 years of age.

In 1893, when Fitz fought Jim Hall in a match alleged to be for the middleweight championship, Fitz weighed 167 pounds and Hall scaled 163½ pounds, both being far above the limit of 154 pounds then in force.

Although Fitz seldom scaled above 165 pounds, he beat Peter Maher, a heavy-hitting 190-pounder. Fitz was required to beat Maher in order to get a match with Jim Corbett for the heavyweight title. Corbett tried to confer the title on Maher after the latter had stopped Steve O'Donnell in one round at the Empire A. C., Maspeth. When Fitz asked for a match, Corbett said: "Whip Maher first." And Fitz did it in one round at Langtry, Texas. Fitz was freakish in the matter of weight but in all other respects was a full fledged, true blue heavyweight.

* * *

NOW that the curtain has fallen on the Sharkey-Walker dispute, it becomes of interest to examine the performances of the so-called giant killers of the roped square. First and foremost strides the squat, but powerful figure of Joseph Walcott, the Barbadoes Demon. He was the real magician of the prize ring.

He it was who made 133 ringside for the ferocious battler, Kid Lavigne, in 1895, and in 1903 he faced Sandy Ferguson, a 190-pounder in a 15 round contest. Walcott lost decisions to both Lavigne and Ferguson, but the fights waged by the loser will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them.

Walcott's normal fighting weight was 140 pounds, and it was because he was weakened by making 133 pounds ringside for his battle with Lavigne that he lost the decision and side stake. Both Walcott and Lavigne were confined to bed for a week following their hectic battle, in the course of which one of Lavigne's ears was practically knocked off, the ear hanging down on his neck.

That was the only time that Walcott attempted to fight below his normal weight, but in several encounters he permitted his opponents to make any weight they chose. In 1899, he outpointed Dan Creedon, who weighed not less than 180 pounds in a 20 round bout. Walcott followed this up by stopping Creedon in the first round of a second meeting.

In 1900 Walcott stopped Joe Choynski, a clever heavyweight, in seven rounds. In 1901 Walcott defeated Jack Bonner and George Gardner, both light-heavyweights, in 15 and 20 round bouts.

In 1903, Walcott lost to Sandy Ferguson, a six foot 190-pounder, in 15 rounds, but in 1904, he boxed a ten round draw with Ferguson. Walcott also in 1904 boxed a 15 round draw with Sam Langford, a very hard hitting heavyweight. Walcott was eager to fight Jeffries and Corbett.

Nonpariel Jack Dempsey was by no means a giant killer. He was really a welterweight, and although he met some heavier men, the best man he ever beat was Johnny Reagan, and it took him 43 rounds to win.

THERE have been some very able giant killers whose example Walker can emulate. Among those who have gained fame in that line was Jack Dillon, known as "The Giant Killer." When Dillon fought Frank Moran, Jack scaled 169 to 204½ for the Pittsburgher, and the Indiana Bearcat easily whipped Moran, although at one time Jack was on the verge of a knockout.

In his bout with Tom Cowler, Jim Corbett's protege, Dillon, one of the greatest men of his weight in American ring history, knocked Cowler out in the second round. In that mill, Cowler, like Moran, had a big advantage in weight. Dillon scaled 169½ pounds to 221½ for Cowler, a difference of 50 pounds.

Again when he stopped Jim Flynn in 1916, Dillon spotted his opponent a weight advantage of 32 pounds, Jack scaling 169 to 201 for his opponent. During his fourteen years of ring activity, Dillon fought 232 bouts, scored 64 knockouts and lost only eleven battles. Considering the fact that many of Jack's contests were with heavyweights although he was a middleweight, his record is worthy of a high place in ring archives.

In general build, Mickey Walker appears much like Dillon and in style he resembles the former Giant Killer. Will Mickey be able to duplicate the feats of Walcott and Dillon? That remains to be seen.

Stanley Ketchel and Joe Choynski were other great fighters who mowed down heavyweights to whom they often spotted many pounds. Since the passing of these stars, the ring has not had a "Giant Killer." Will Walker bring back the good old days?

Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page 37*)

ment from him than they had hoped—and a better one than even I had expected to get for them in the beginning. I had to put on him all the pressure I could command.

With Weber and Frazee out, Jones and I remained to guide Willard's affairs. Following the vaudeville circuits and the circus trails, we went through the East and the Middle West, out to the Pacific Coast and up through the Northwest.

In March of 1916 we brought him back East to fight Frank Moran in a bout of ten rounds promoted by Tex Rickard at the old Madison Square Garden, Willard getting the newspaper decision, which was the only sort permitted in New York at that time. Thereafter, until he met Jack Dempsey at Toledo on July 4, 1919 and lost his title, he did not appear in another fight but his appearances were confined to exhibitions, the stage and the sawdust circus ring.

Long before he met Dempsey, however, Jones and I had parted company with him. We had him booked with a show in 1917 and it irked him to see us getting paid for our services. He began to scheme to find a way in which to get rid of us, even as he had gotten rid of Frazee and Weber and when our contracts had only two months to run, hit upon a plan which, if not exactly sound, at least had the merit of being novel:

He decided, after some peculiar reasoning of his own, that if he bought the show he wouldn't have to pay us our commissions. So he bought the show and declared us out.

We had a couple of conferences with him in which we endeavored to show him where he was wrong but nothing came of them and we finally brought suit against him. I don't know how Jones felt about it but I started suit simply because I had gotten to be as stubborn as Willard and not because I expected to collect very much. In fact, with only two months to go, I would have settled for $1,000 if Willard had offered it to me.

In the lower court the issues involved became so tangled up on presentation that the judge appeared to lose track of them and ultimately decided that we didn't have a case, so we appealed. The appeal still was pending when I ran across Willard in a hotel in Chicago. By this time he was matched with Dempsey and the fight was only a couple of weeks off.

"Hello, Jack," he said. "Will you shake hands with me?"

"Certainly," I said. "I'm not going to be silly about this business. But I do contend that you owe me some money and I am going to do all I can in an effort to get it—maybe because I'm just as stubborn as you are."

We found seats in the lounge and began to talk it over. Finally he said:

"Jack, I don't want to have trouble with you. You got me the fight with Johnson and you've always treated me right. Let's settle this business now and forget about it. Will you take $10,000 to settle?"

"Try to give it to me," I said.

He took a check book from his pocket and wrote me a check for $10,000.

"Now," he asked, "what do you think of this Dempsey?"

"Jess," I said, "with this check in my pocket I feel a sudden glow of good feeling toward you and I wish I could tell you I think you will win but I don't. As a matter of fact, I am betting on Dempsey and I am going to get away from you in a hurry before you talk me out of it."

(*To be Continued.*)

The Ballyhoo King

(*Continued from page* 6)

bit, what a different chap I'd be. Do you know I've not had a square meal in a week, so how can I be expected to fight on free lunch?"

This would appeal to Mr. Newcomer and he would slip a five or ten spot to Griffo, at the same time offering to buy him a decent suit of clothes. The Australian would get the money for the suit, and then would proceed to hunt up another easy mark who wanted to be a manager.

When Griffo appeared before his real manager after a fight for a division of the money the latter would have two piles of bills on the table, one pile made up of $1 and $2 bills and the other containing tens, twenties, and fifties.

"Which pile will you take, Griffo?" the manager would ask.

"Why, the biggest one, of course," the uneducated Australian would reply as he reached out for the $1 and $2 bills.

"All right, my boy," the manager would say as he pocketed the smaller pile, probably three times as valuable as the other. In this way many a manager made $1,000 while poor Griffo got $100 for a hard mill.

When George Dixon made his first appearance in the prize ring in Boston, Tom O'Rourke, who later became his manager, was working as a carpenter. The wealthy sporting men who were behind Dixon did not care for notoriety, so they appointed O'Rourke as Dixon's handler.

Dixon was a money getter from the start, and O'Rourke was soon cutting up the profits on a profitable basis. Together they earned a fortune. Dixon, however, did not know how to keep a dollar and died in poverty. O'Rourke lost most of his bank roll in recent years.

* * *

THE most successful managers of the present era are Sam Goldman, Joe Jacobs, Jack Hurley, Johnny Buckley, Pop Foster, Ray Alvis, Sol Gold, Frank Jacobs, Joe Smith, Luis Gutierrez and Phil Glassman.

Goldman is the former mentor of Pete Herman, who held the bantam title and now Sam handles the affairs of Tony Canzoneri, the lightweight king and former featherweight title holder.

Joe Jacobs, before acquiring the services of Schmeling took care of the wants of Frankie Genaro, Mike McTigue and Andre Routis, former featherweight champion.

Hurley is the manager of Billy Petrolle and is the man who has brought forth the most-talked-of young heavyweight in the game, Charley Retzlaff. Buckley handles Jack Sharkey and Ernie Schaaf and Foster's great drawing card is smiling face Jimmy McLarnin.

Alvis is the man who has under his wing Young Jack Thompson, the welterweight champion and Jackie Fields, who also held the welter crown. He also has Tony Herrerra, a good western attraction.

Gold and Jacobs piloted Jackie Kid Berg to fame and fortune. Joe Smith has piloted Loughran from a newsboy to the undefeated, retired light-heavyweight title and now has him in the fore front of the heavyweight contenders, and Guitierrez is the Cuban who has accomplished marvels with Kid Chocolate and other natives of Havana.

He now is aiming to bring Campolo, the Argentinian back among the heavyweight contenders, and Ignacio Ara a crack Spanish middleweight aspirant to the front.

Claquer

(*Continued from page* 14)

Johnson-Jeffries fight, might have stopped the fight in the second round. Johnson, it was claimed, delivered a foul punch, smashing Burns full in the face with a heavy right uppercut while holding him around the neck with his left. But McIntosh hesitated, possibly on account of the motion pictures, until the opportunity was gone. Burns was badly hurt and split open by the blow but, courageous as he always was, he kept on doggedly.

In the tenth, Burns, starting the battle in absolutely perfect condition, began to fight better despite his cut and bleeding face, one eyebrow being severely pierced almost from the start. He began to lead Johnson a merry chase and little Rudy, helping second the big fellow, noted with some alarm, that Johnson didn't seem to get any better. In fact, Rudy, as he told me afterwards, was plumb distracted to think his entire fortune might be blown then and there.

So the little German began to start something. From under the Johnson corner of the ring there suddenly started a great clatter of loud cries—"What a shame!" and "Stop it!" and "Oh, he'll bleed to death!" all hands in the corner cunningly disguising the real source of the disturbance.

But it wasn't long before many ringsiders nearby began to take up the yelling and inside of another round, it was general all over the vast stadium. Johnson put on steam and in a short time the referee, perturbed by the clattering fire from the crowd, and the police, stepped in and in the fourteenth stopped the fight, and the championship changed hands then and there.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Johnson had outclassed Burns throughout the contest and undoubtedly would have carried off the honors, he was showing signs of tiring and Unholz's scheme aided him considerably. Unholz started something when he set up the cry of "Stop it," for the demonstration that followed caused the police to act. Had Referee McIntosh not halted proceedings, the Chief of Police would have done so as he was climbing into the ring at the time. At that Burns had more to be thankful for than Johnson for he was receiving an unmerciful beating when Unholz decided that Johnson would blow if the bout continued much longer.

Don't think that Tommy Burns was not a good fighter. He was and deserves, every bit, the honor conferred on him by the Muldoon-Tunney Trophy Committee which placed his name on the perpetual heavy-weight trophy. If some smart manager to-day had the Tommy Burns of 1908 in hand, he would emerge a millionaire.

Fights and Fighters

(*Continued from page* 29)

Brooklyn Terror to the show's fighting kangaroo.

Terry looked at him in amazement. He sized the animal up, looked at Bostock and was about to leave, when the roar of laughter that greeted his ears caused him to face about and remark:

"You thought I was going to quit, eh! Not on your life. Bring out those gloves. Get your kangaroo ready.

The gloves were fastened, the bell was sounded and Terry went into action against the fighting kangaroo.

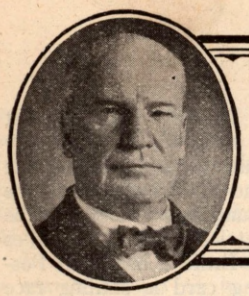
Terry was game. The kangaroo towered over him and had the advantage of 250 pounds, yet McGovern led with his left and caught the Bostock entry on the nose. Another left struck the kangaroo on the chest. Fitzrobert became angry and leaped forward, but by a miraculous sidestep, Terry got out of range of the oncharging Fitz and swung his right to the nose.

That punch proved the end of McGovern. On his next attempt the kangaroo sidestepped, then grasped Terry's body as he came forward, and reaching up with his off hind foot, gave Terry a dig in the solar plexus that caused him to grunt. He sank down with a groan and yelled at Bostock to take his champion away. They got Terry away with a grappling hook and he was all in.

When he finally came to and got his breath, he asked Bostock with what he had loaded the kangaroo's gloves.

"Gee he can sock! Say if I could duplicate that punch, there isn't a heavyweight in the world who could stand up against me," he told Joe Humphreys, his manager, as Joe persuaded him to stick in the future to his own class.

"Now you know how Corbett felt when Fitz crashed one into his solar plexus," said Bostock, by way of a parting remark.



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Joe Malletti, Cleveland, Ohio.

Q.—How can I learn some of the defensive tactics used by Young Griffo?

A.—Get a copy of "YOUNG GRIFFO" from THE RING. Price $1.00. It has many excellent illustrations by Griffo.

Emory Swann, Hartford, Conn.

Q.—Where can I obtain a book on the life of Battling Nelson. Also one on Young Griffo and Bob Fitzsimmons?

A.—In the Ring Book Shop, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City. See advertisement in this magazine.

Mabel Harrington, New Haven, Conn.

Q.—I am trying to gather a sports library, a library containing as many of the books on boxing, especially on the life of famous fighters, as have been printed. Where can I get these.

A.—The Ring Book Shop carries the finest collection. We have on hand a limited number of books on the life of Sullivan and Battling Nelson. Also some on Fitzsimmons and Young Griffo and Jack Dempsey. Nat Fleischer, THE RING Editor, has just completed his twenty-second book on a series he intends to get out starting next winter, "The Life of Famous Fighters" series. This will contain among others, the complete life and battles, incidents in the careers of the fighters, and the fight by rounds of every important battle in the career of John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Peter Maher, Gene Tunney, Terry McGovern, Jake Kilrain, Paddy Ryan, Dan Donnelly, Nonpariel Jack Dempsey, Jem Mace, Tom Sayers, Daniel Mendoza, Ned O'Baldwin, Mile McCoole, Deaf Burke, Yankee Sullivan, Tim Byrne, Jack McAuliffe, James Jeffries, Tom Allen and John C. Heenan. These will be published in limited quantity.

Thomas Ferranti, New York City.

Q.—Is Jack Sharkey Polish or Russian?

A.—He is an American of Lithuanian descent.

A Reader, El Paso, Texas

Q.—Who is considered the greatest featherweight in the past 20 years?

A.—Dixon.

Q.—Is it true that Jack Dempsey's left hook was developed by Kearns, when the latter tied Dempsey's right mauler and made him punch with his left for a long period?

A.—Yes. Dempsey says Kearns made him practice with his left.

Q.—Does marriage affect a fighter's ability, and who were the heavyweight champions who were married during their reigns as champions?

A.—No. Dempsey, Johnson, Willard, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Sullivan.

Q.—Have there been tricky fighters in the modern age that could compare with "Kid" McCoy?

A.—Yes, Leach Cross, Driscoll, but McCoy was best.

Q.—Are bandages more necessary to heavier men than to lightweights?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Who would win a Manuel Quintero-Herrera scrap?

A.—Herrera.

Q.—Where can I purchase photographs of Aurelio Herrera, Battling Nelson and Casper Leon?

A.—At THE RING office, Price $1.00 each.

John Douglas, Fredonia, N. Y.

Q.—Is Billy Stribling Polish-American? If not, of what extraction is he?

A.—Polish-American.

Q.—When will Nat Fleischer's "Fighting Irish" be on sale?

A.—Not until the fall or winter. The book will be so complete a history of Irish famous fighting men that he already has written 1400 pages and is not yet finished. The "Fighting Irish" will probably comprise two or three volumes.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.

Jackie Dawson, Miami, Oklahoma.

Q.—My age is 16, height 5 ft. 6½, chest 32, biceps 12, weight 122 pounds. What will be the figures when I am 21 years of age?

A.—Probably 5 feet 8 inches, 140 pounds.

Herbert Hoyer, 193 Avenue B, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—Can any of THE RING readers oblige me with a copy of the September, 1927 issue which you say no longer can be had at your office?

A.—I don't know but perhaps someone will see this who has a copy and is willing to sell it to you for the price you are willing to pay, 75 cents.

Harvey Nicholson, Atlanta, Ga.

Q.—Where can I get boxing instruction here?

A.—Apply to one of several good gymnasiums in Atlanta.

John Jamison, Kingston, N. Y.

Q.—What are the London Prize Ring rules?

A.—Bare knuckles, on turf, to finish. Either man down ends round.

Q.—What are the Queensberry rules?

A.—Three-minute rounds, minute rest, gloves. Man down must arise inside ten seconds.

Q.—How is it that Joe Choynski never was heavyweight champion?

A.—Never got a match with titleholder.

Martin Flaherty, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—How can the stomach be strengthened so that it can withstand a heavy bombardment of punches.

A.—Bending exercises. But no stomach, no matter how strong will stand battering. You should block or sidestep. Get "How to Train."

Q.—Why is it that new gloves are used in every big fight?

A.—Used gloves unfit.

Q.—How can the legs be developed?

A.—Running. See "How to Train."

Mannie Carlsin, Ogden, Utah.

Q.—What is the nationality of Jack Dempsey?

A.—Irish-Scotch-American. Get a copy of Nat Fleischer's book, "Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana." It is a great story of his life.

Charley De Sola, South Bend, Ind.

Q.—Was Mysterious Billy Smith ever welter champion? Where was he born?

A.—Yes, from 1898 to 1900. Eastport, Maine.

Albert Gescheidt, Dallas, Texas.

Q.—How much bandage and adhesive tape is a boxer allowed to use?

A.—Soft cloth six feet long by one and one-half inches wide and two feet surgeon's tape for each hand.

A Reader, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—Does "Training for Boxers" contain the best advice for an amateur?

A.—Yes, and professional boxer too.

Franklin Force, Albuquerque, N. M.

Q.—Can a narrow chin withstand punishment?

A.—Best protection is to learn how to keep chin away from opponent's gloves.

Charles Handler, San Francisco, Calif.

Q.—What would the decision be if a champion and his opponent were fighting and the opponent dropped and then before the ten was counted, the champ dropped also?

A.—The one who arose before ten was counted, would win. If both were counted out decision would be a draw.

Isayo Kumagae, Hartford, Conn.

Q.—What were the measurements of Terry McGovern?

A.—Height 5 feet 4 inches. Weighed 116 ringside when he won bantam title; 118 when he was crowned feather king.

Q.—Is a boxer credited by the judges if he carries the fight to his opponent?

A.—He is credited with aggressiveness. But that alone does not win. Effective punching is first, aggressiveness second, defensive skill third in making decision.

Q.—What would be the normal measurements of a featherweight developed boxer?

A.—About 5 feet 4 inches to 5 feet 6 inches and 126 pounds.

Frank Dato, San Juan, Porto Rico.

Q.—How can I gain weight and height?

A.—Gain weight by proper exercise. Height a natural growth that cannot be increased. Get "Training for Boxers."

Q.—How can I become an amateur boxer?

A.—Join the Amateur Athletic Union.

Horatio Salvador, Colon, Panama.

Q.—I am 25 years old, former football player. Am I too old to become a boxer?

A.—Not if you have learned the rudiments.

Isador Scahf, Providence, R. I.

Q.—Where can I get a book on physical culture for wrestlers? Is 26 years too old to start physical culture or is it beneficial to a man who works hard?

A.—THE RING has several books. See cover page. A man who works hard every day should not train hard thereafter. See "How to Train."

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE summer is over. The element of chance always enter into open air promotion but everything considered, boxing enjoyed a fairly prosperous season. Mickey Walker continued his quest among the heavyweights and succeeded in stopping Jack Gagnon in one round. Maxey Rosenbloom defended his light-heavyweight crown against Jimmy Slattery and won the verdict at the end of fifteen rounds. Jimmy McLarnin settled the supremacy question between Billy Petrolle and himself and it would seem that Jimmy should confine his efforts to welterweights and leaving the lighter boys alone.

Petrolle waged a great battle but the odds were greatly against him. Young Jack Thompson was beaten in an overweight match with Lou Brouillard. Battling Battalino proved himself a good "mud horse" when he whipped Freddy Miller for the featherweight title. Battalino has been beaten ofttimes in overweight matches but manages to come through every time the crucial moment arrives. Earl Mastro gained top ranking among the featherweights through his victory over Kid Francis and Midget Wolgast was beaten by Cris Pineda, a rugged Philippino, but they fought over the flyweight limit.

Mickey Walker's one round kayo over Jack Gagnon was the most important result in the heavyweight ranks last month. Ernie Schaaf kayoed Angus Snyder in five sessions. Primo Carnera turned in knockouts over Roberto Roberti three rounds, Armando Di Carlos two rounds and Knute Hanson one heat. Charley Retzlaff finished Mateo Osa in three rounds and Riccardo Bertazzola in two. Stanley Poreda stopped Pat McCarthy in two rounds. Steve Hamas disposed of Jerry Garfield and Frank Morris through the knockout route. Larry Gains scored a one round kayo over Hans Bauman. Otto Von Porat kayoed Harry Persson in one round.

K. O. Christner was beaten by Johnny Risko and Jack Redman and Harold Mays. Jack Dorval flattened George La Rocco in two sessions. Giacomo Bergomas, latest Italian importation, whipped Con O'Kelly and kayoed Jack Shaw in one round. Babe Hunt whipped Battling Bozo. Jose Santa defeated Leon Chevalier. Ernest Guhring kayoed Tommy Collins in the first round.

Dewey Kimrey won over Add Warren. Dave Knost whipped Benny Touchstone. Dynamite Jackson stopped Salvatore Ruggirello in six rounds. Natie Brown scored over Marty Fox. Unknown Winston kayoed Leo Williams in the first round. Pat Redmond disposed of Tony De Stefano in three rounds. Tony Poloni, former amateur, defeated Jimmy Hanna and kayoed Bud Doyle in two rounds.

In the light-heavyweight class, Maxey Rosenbloom retained his title at the expense of Jimmy Slattery. Billy Jones kayoed Rosy Rosales in the fourth round. Owen Phelps defeated Larry Johnson, kayoed Harry Dillon in four rounds and drew with Charley Belanger. Belanger also kayoed K. O. White in one round. Bob Olin scored over Al Gainer but was beaten by Willie Bush. Joe Knight defeated Spike Webb who won over Patsy Pollock.

Roy Wallace scored over Billy Kohut. Tom Patrick whipped Baxter Calmes. Dave Maier kayoed Ed Willis in six rounds. Abie Bain won from Johnny Pilc. Patsy Pirroni defeated Rush Heise. Charley Massare kayoed Teddy Walters in one round and Larry James in three.

Harry Smith, who assumes the head of the middleweight class is on the Pacific Coast. There he kayoed Harry Goodland in two rounds and won from Frank Rowsey. Dave Shade won from Willie Oster. Vince Dundee drew with Jack Hood in England. Ben Jeby scored over Ignacio Ara. Tiger Thomas stopped Pal Silvers in seven rounds. Young Terry won over Benny Miller. Frank Battaglia kayoed Pete La Crosse in two rounds and Jimmy Morse in one. Jimmy Belmont stopped Buck McTiernan in the tenth round.

Nick Testo won from Frankie Petrolle but was beaten by Jack Rosenberg. Jack McVey whipped Billy Edwards. Laurie Peppin whipped Young Thibault and Ray Tramblie. Tramblie scored over Haakon Hansen. Eddie Kid Whalen kayoed Nick Palmer in three rounds but was beaten by Joe La Grey. Jackie Aldare won from Vincent Sereci. My Sullivan kayoed Millio Millitti in the seventh round.

Henry Firpo defeated Johnny Burns, kayoed Benny Burns in one round and drew with Kid Slaughter. Solly Krieger whipped Larry Marinucci. Roscoe Manning kayoed Izzy Grove in nine rounds. Clyde Chastain whipped Jerry Crano and Al Stillman. Stillman scored over Chuck Burns and K. O. Kelley. Johnny Roberts kayoed Leo Genet and was beaten by Tommy Rios. Bert Colima defeated Kid Mexico.

Lou Brouillard whipped Young Jack Thompson but the welterweight title was not at stake. Jimmy McLarnin scored over Billy Petrolle. Young Corbett won from Gaston La Cadre. Johnny Indrisano whipped Canada Lee. Bucky Lawless whipped Donald Flagg but was beaten by Teddy Yarosz. Jackie Brady kayoed Marty McHalein two rounds.

Jimmy Evans scored over Andy Di Vodi. Jimmy Phillips won from Jackie Shupack. Young Harry Wills kayoed Tony Ross in one round. Battling Dozier stopped Battling Freeman in the second round. Relampago Saguero kayoed Tud Phillips in three rounds and Tod Smith in two. Harry Wallach scored over Artie De Luca. Ray McQuillan kayoed Pete Meyers in seven rounds and Mike Payan won from Frankie Petrolle. Al Rossi whipped Lew Halper and kayoed Benny Levine in five rounds.

Jack Kid Berg, rightful owner of the junior-welterweight crown, scored over Jimmy McNamara.

Roger Bernard scored over Charley Crocker in the junior-lightweight ranks. Tracey Cox defeated and kayoed Eddie Anderson in four rounds. Petey Sarron whipped Gilbert Castillo. Davey Abad whipped Lew Terry. Joey Costa won over Al Ridgway. Jose Estrada won from Johnny Farr. Sid Lampe scored over Ray Meyers and Sammy Santos won from Doc Snell.

Battling Battalino came through in defense of his featherweight title against Freddy Miller in Cincinnati. Earl Mastro showed mastery against Kid Francis and Vidal Gregario. Fidel La Barba whipped Santiago Zorilla and Pinto De Sa. Miki Gelb scored over Phil Zwick and stopped Joe Mercienti in six rounds.

Johnny Pena stopped Judy Zuniga in five rounds, whipped Vernon Cormier and lost to Lew Feldman. Baby Face Quintana drew with Battling Bulahan. Paul Wangley whipped Henry Falegano. Dominick Petrone defeated Oscar Goldman who scored over Mickey Cohen. Hymie Wiseman drew with Tommy Maroon. Eddie Reed scored over Johnny Peters. Tony Leto kayoed Billy Vinson in eight rounds.

Pete Sanstol outpointed Eugene Huat in their Montreal bout which created considerable attention in the bantamweight ranks. Newsboy Brown

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST

The following are my ratings for the month ending August 22:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	Title Vacant	World's Champion Young Jack Thompson	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Jack Sharkey	George Manley	Harry Smith	Lou Brouillard	Billy Petrolle
2—Mickey Walker	Billy Jones	Dave Shade	Jimmy McLarnin	Justo Suarez
3—Tommy Loughran	Lew Scozza	Marcel Thil	Young Corbett	Tony Herrera
4—Ernie Schaaf	Jimmy Slattery	Vince Dundee	Johnny Indrisano	Steve Haliako
5—Vittorio Campolo	Ace Hudkins	Ben Jeby	Baby Joe Gans	Joe Glick
6—Primo Carnera	Joe Banovic	Young Terry	Teddy Yarosz	Joey Goodman
7—Charley Retzlaff	Owen Phelps	Tiger Thomas	Bucky Lawless	Sammy Mandell
8—Young Stribling	Charley Belanger	Ignacio Ara	Jackie Brady	Billy Lynch
9—Tuffy Griffiths	George Nichols	Len Harvey	Billy Townsend	Ralph Lenny
10—Paulino Uzcudun	Joe Knight	Frank Battaglia	Paulie Walker	Jimmy McNamara

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	World's Champion Battling Battalino	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Billy Petrolle	Benny Bass	Earl Mastro	Al Brown	Midget Wolgast
2—Louis Kid Kaplan	Roger Bernard	Kid Francis	Pete Sanstol	Frankie Genaro
3—Wesley Ramey	Lew Massey	Freddy Miller	Newsboy Brown	Phil Tobias
4—Sammy Dorfman	Tracey Cox	Eddie Shea	Archie Bell	Speedy Dado
5—Al Singer	Petey Sarron	Tommy Paul	Vidal Gregario	Young Perez
6—Ray Miller	Davey Abad	Claude Varner	Eugene Huat	Victor Ferrand
7—Sammy Fuller	Joey Costa	Fidel La Barba	Cris Pineda	Jackie Brown
8—Andy Callahan	Lew Feldman	Bushy Graham	Willie Davies	Steve Rocco
9—Harry Dublinsky	Miki Gelb	Johnny Pena	Mose Butch	Young Pancho
10—Johnny Jadick	Charley Raymond	Phil Zwick	Ross Fields	George Ostrow

stopped Teddy Watson in seven rounds and won over Philly Griffin. Griffin whipped Sid Silas who kayoed Al Pieretti in six rounds. Emil Rossi was beaten by Eddie McKenna and drew with Justo Suarez. Manuel Quintero whipped Charley Feraci but was kayoed by Joe Cortez. Steven Wolanin won over Sammy Mandell. Joey Goodman defeated Johnny Hayes. Billy Lynch whipped Ralph Lenny.

Henry Perlick was beaten by Joe Glick, Ray Collins and Jimmy Swinson. Rufus Miles scored over Herman Perlick. Marty Goldman whipped Al Goldberg, lost to Ernie Ratner and drew with Andy Saviola. Phil Rafferty drew with Eddie Shapiro. George Salvatore scored over Pancho Villa. Joe Guerrera whipped Johnny Lamar.

Louis Kid Kaplan was the most prominent lightweight to come through with a victory. His victim was Tommy Jarrett. Sammy Dorfman whipped Johnny Jadick and Mel Aragon. Ray Miller kayoed Vincent Maracanda in six rounds and defeated Eddie Shapiro. Frank Bojorski won from Billy Wallace. Andy Callahan whipped Darcy White. Eddie Kid Wolfe won over Eddie Anderson. Tod Morgan whipped Frankie Stetson but was beaten by Bobby Pacho.

Young Firpo was beaten by Midget Fox and Joey Kaufman on a foul in five rounds. Jack Portney kayoed Oscar La Rosa in one round and whipped Johnny Hayes. Mike Sarko was beaten by Buster Brown and Al Rowe. Barney Ross whipped Jimmy Armando. Tony Falco won over Young Patsy Wallace. Mike Dundee scored over Spug Myers and Eddie Anderson.

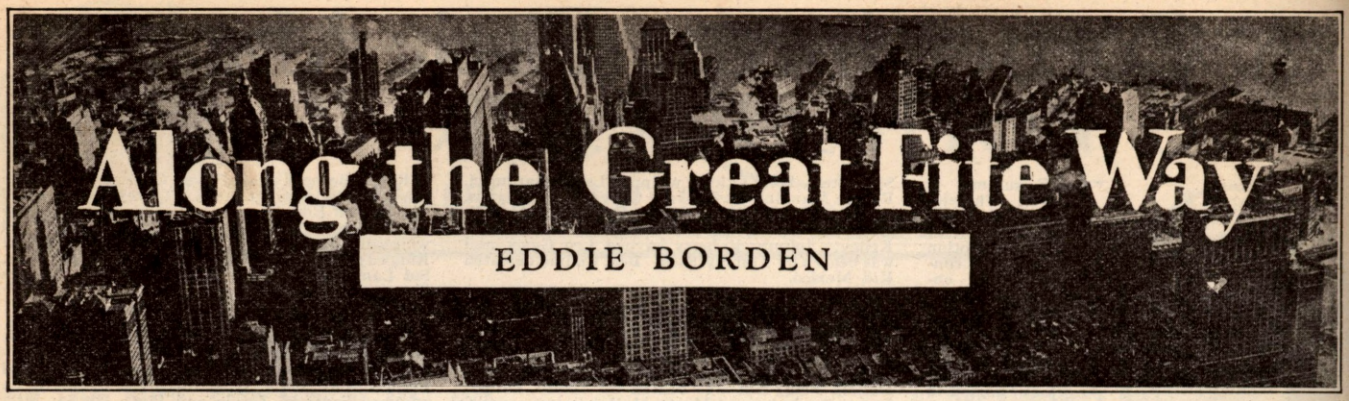
Valger whipped Frankie Ferrente. Jimmy Reed kayoed Tommy Baker in two rounds and Freddy Anderson scored over Al Linzi.

drew with Archie Bell and scored over Cris Pineda. Mose Butch whipped Jackie Rodgers. Ross Fields defeated Marty Gold. Willie Davies won over Jimmy Thomas. Lew Farber whipped Jimmy Smith. Dick Welsh won from Benny Schwartz. Peter Jackson drew with Freddy Lattanzio. Jack Terranova was beaten by Petey Hayes and Phil Stark. Stark and Hayes drew in their match.

Midget Wolgast, head of the flyweight class, defeated Johnny Brennan, Joey Eulo, Dick Welsh and was beaten by Cris Pineda. Pineda also scored over Ruby Bradley. Brennan was also beaten by Willie Cubic. Frankie Genaro kayoed Jackie Harmon in six rounds. Speedy Dado disposed of Kid Williams in the third round. Steve Rocco whipped Johnny Goodrich. Harmon whipped Bud Dempsey. Jackie Brown defeated Desire Colignon in England.

The ten best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Benny Saladino, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bantamweight—Judy La Salle, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Featherweight—Lew Pacion, Waterford, N. Y.
Junior-lightweight — Jimmy Thompson, Sioux City, Iowa.
Lightweight—Harry Baron, New York City.
Junior-welterweight—Sid Silas, New York City.
Welterweight—Tommy Minichelo, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Middleweight—
Light-heavyweight—Charley Massare, East Monongahela, Pa.
Heavyweight—Giacomo Bergomas, Italy.



Along the Great Fite Way

EDDIE BORDEN

ONE of the surest signs that the fistic depression is over, is the general interest that the fans are assuming in pugilistic circles. Last year at this time, interest was apathetic due to the appearance of a series of fouls and many other disappointing features in boxing. At present, the fans are discussing the most potential heavyweight championship prospect and when the interest is grouped around the heavy boys, corresponding interest is centered in the other divisions and the first thing one knows, boxing will be right back enjoying the reign of prosperity as of yore.

Several things have been attributed to the reviving interest but chiefly among them is the array of new talent that has materialized in the past few months. Charley Retzlaff, Ernie Schaaf and Mickey Walker comprise a trio that have certainly stirred up matters.

Retzlaff is young blood and has shown the fans something that they worship—punching power and the devastating viciousness that goes along with it—Schaaf has progressed greatly since the Loughran defeat and has flattened Jim Maloney twice and his work is altogether flawless—His improvement can be attributed to the schooling administered by Jack Sharkey—Walker's performance against Sharkey speaks for itself. Mickey intends to remain in the heavyweight running and under the sagacious handling of the inimitable Kearns is expected to be the important cog revolving around the heavyweight wheel.

Benny Leonard started a long line of discussion with his comeback plan—He has trained assiduously for the past two months at Stillman's Gymnasium, boxing from four to six rounds daily with some of the tough local youngsters and his form has created much bewilderment.

At times he shows the form that made him the marvel of years ago and on other days there seems to be an effort in every one of his moves. He has aged considerably and has slowed down in his footwork but still retains the ringcraft and cunning as of yore.

Leonard, in the form that he has so far shown, can handle the second raters of today, but the trouble will arise when he will stack up against McLarnin, Petrolle or any of the type that can punch exceptionally hard. Leonard's speed can offset the boxing skill of the ordinary boxer but assimiliating punishment was never favorable to Benny's frame of mind and it does not seem likely that his spirit has changed with his ring lapse.

Jack Kearns will probably become a powerful figure around the East before long. He has finally shown an active interest in the managerial end of the business and he has the material that makes him stand out. Mickey Walker, Benny Leonard, Jackie Fields, and a few others in the offing will make his presence felt. Kearns carries that magnetic personality that the boxing game needs and his ballyhoo talents are beyond reproach.

Billy Petrolle made a desperate fight against Jimmy McLarnin at the Polo Grounds but could not concede Jimmy seven pounds and hold his own against the harder and cleaner hitting of Jimmy. Petrolle waged a great fight and might have whipped any lightweight in the country that night, but giving weight away to the most dangerous welterweight in the country was too big a task. It has often puzzled us just why Pop Foster persists in fighting built up lightweights instead of men in his own class. There is plenty of formidable opposition around for him, such as Jackie Fields, Young Corbett, Johnny Indrisano and Lou Brouillard.

McLarnin is too good a fighter to be juggled around and have accusations cast at him that he is picking his spots. Pound for pound and inch for inch, McLarnin stands out today as one of the greatest ever. It's a tossup between McLarnin, Walker, Canzoneri and Mastro as to the best of the present-day gladiators, regardless of weight conditions.

Earl Mastro returned to New York after two years' absence and gave the ring worms something to talk about when he clashed with Kid Francis at the Queensboro Stadium. Mastro's left hand is a beautiful thing to behold. Mastro's jabbing and hooking was something to marvel at. In the closing rounds he apparently tired and Francis made a closing rally in the last three rounds but not enough to overcome Earl's early lead.

Al Weill must be credited with stirring up plenty of interest locally with the corking fights that he gave the fans at the Queensboro Stadium. He introduced such talent as Charley Retzlaff, Steve Hamas, Jack Rosenberg, Jack Kid Berg, Natie Brown, Hans Mueller, Phil Zwick, Miki Gelb. If Queensboro hadn't opened this summer boxing would have been in terrible shape and many thanks are due Simon Flaherty for his efforts in keeping the place open.

Harry Bloomfield, new in the boxing game, got off to a poor start at the Long Beach Stadium in his first two shows but gamely continued and is now well ahead on the season. He put in some corking fights at the summer resort and the steady clientele had nothing to complain about.

John Lucinatelli, former amateur star, will turn professional under the handling of George Ciago, above, and Johnny Keyes.

Sammy Dorfman came through the winner over Johnny Jadick at Myers Bowl in Braddock but suffered a deep gash over his head besides having both eyes wounded—Jadick, the loser, came out without a scratch—There is a moral attached to the story—He who lives and runs away, lives to fight another day—Dorfman has discarded his boxing style and is now a dashing, plunging, two-fisted fighter—A good match for New York is Dorfman vs. Al Singer—Two youngsters seeking the chance to meet Tony Canzoneri—Singer expects to go to the Pacific Coast for a series of bouts—Al does not enjoy public favor as he did heretofore and is going away to forget and make a new start away from home.

Billy Roche, veteran of veterans, is promoting boxing shows for the edification of the society folks at Southampton and Quogue Field Club. Billy provides them with slam-bang battles and attracts huge crowds at every show—Phil Delmont is handling Jerry Buckley, a fine lightweight prospect—Max Waxman and Vince Dundee made the trip to Europe but Dundee returned without his mentor—Max decided to go on a pilgrimage and is visiting Palestine—Eddie Gordon, from the Coast, manages to keep Battling Bulahan, Young Harry Wills busy in different spots—Bulahan is a great club fighter and Wills is a one-punch knockout.

Lew Feldman is a fairly good featherweight but would be an exceptionally good junior-lightweight if Benny Jacobs decided to let Lew come in at his natural weight—Feldman has plenty of speed and punching power which is often lost when he is forced to reduce to unnatural poundage—The Canzoneri-Berg battle was a hot fight in betting interest—A great match for New York and brought together two fine specimens—Canzoneri, a clean, sharp shooting, dynamic puncher against Berg, with an inexhaustible supply of energy and stamina at his command—A tireless puncher who does not hurt but annoys by the frequency of his taps—If courage could only be defined and compared it would make a wonderful comparison between Berg and Canzoneri.

The beauty of McLarnin's work is watching his feinting to make the other fellow lead and create an opening—Feinting is a lost art these days and it's a pleasure to watch the shadow of Leonard working in the gym and tying the boys into knots—Leonard attracted plenty of customers to Stillman's which placed the sardonic Lew into good humor for the time being—The price of admission was raised to fifty cents but that didn't stop the boys from paying it to see the one time idol of New York—.

Kid Francis left for the Coast to tackle Claude Varner immediately after the Mastro bout and Earl will most likely be signed to meet the winner—Archie Bell fought an official draw with Newsboy Brown at the Queensboro but looked like a winner in the eyes of the betting fraternity—The odds were six to one that Bell would get the decision—Another upset was when Miki Gelb was awarded the verdict over Phil Zwick—The smart ones had given the edge to Zwick and he was favored before the verdict was rendered—Johnny Pena is a miniature edition of Berg—Against Lew Feldman, he did all the chasing and forcing and took many punches to achieve his purpose but Lew won the decision through cleaner punches.

According to Billy East, manager of Salvatore Ruggirello, Jim Jeffries was a great fighter but will never make a good referee—He referred the recent bout between Ruggirello and Dynamite Jackson on the Coast and allowed Jackson to strike rabbit punches without warning and hitting on the break—Ruggirello was dropped with a punch on the back of the neck and the club doctor refused to allow him to come out for the sixth round—Jeffries disappeared from the ring as soon as he raised Jackson's hand—The club wanted to stage a return match but Jackson accepted the Hudkins match instead which prompted Ruggirello to return eastwards—As soon as the Italian left the Coast the Hudkins-Jackson match was cancelled which leads Billy to think that there was something dark in Denmark.

Eddie Guida was responsible for several headaches when he failed to go through with the Andy Saviola match at the Yankee Stadium—Marty Goldman substituted and though dropped three times in the first two rounds, came back to get a draw—Goldman is a former protege of Abe Attell and knows plenty of the old master's tricks—Billy Brown and Joe Bush have one of the busiest stables of boxers in New York and there never comes a night when they don't have one or more boys boxing—George Ellin sends word along that Jerry Johnson, his Norwegian heavyweight, has scored seventeen kayos in twenty-five starts—Manuel Quintero got a tough break in Salt Lake City when he was kayoed by an unknown—Scotty Monteith will be back at the Olympia in Detroit this fall.

Mickey Cohen came along to New York with brother Harry and after one start went right back to Cleveland—Bob Olin caused Harold Scadron plenty of grief in allowing himself to be beaten by Willie Bush in New Haven—The original match was with Al Gainer but the rain interfered with the show several times and finally Gainer got sick and Bush was substituted—The irony of the thing is that Olin had previously whipped Gainer and

Gainer holds a knockout victory over Bush—Just part of the boxing game—Harold had a tentative match with Maxey Rosenbloom in sight—Al "Doc" Gomez, who won the National amateur lightweight championship here, is a graduate of the University of California and came East to participate under the management of Lew Brix—Nat Rogers became the Father of a baby boy and one can hardly speak to him now—Frankie Bauman is still going strong under Marty Finke's care.

Joe Woodman has located another heavyweight of promise—The latest is Duane Duncan, novice heavy from Kalamazoo and he looks exceptionally well—Homer Smith, one of his former boys, comes from the same city—Sammy Milton is all enthused about Johnny Mauro, his fast rising featherweight—George Courtney has returned East and intends to enter the middleweight tourney although he had been boxing light-heavies and heavies during the past year—Dave Brown's chief pride, Harry Smith, is knocking them dead on the Coast but he still has Harry Sankey, his featherweight, to console him—

Jeff Smith, former globe-trotting middleweight, is handling a few boys in the preliminary stages—Lew Burston is still in Paris with J. D. Rogers, hard-hitting Negro middleweight—Tony Caragliano went there long enough to get acclimated and returned without engaging in a single fray—Larry Gains, Toronto heavyweight, is going great in Europe and is considered on a par with Schmeling due to a knockout scored over the champion some time ago—

Beny Jeby and Ignacio Ara engaged in a hair-raising scrap at the Queensboro with Jeby winning. Ara is one of the greatest of present-day hitters in the middleweight division and Benny had his troubles during the battle but his dynamic courage and combativeness carried home the verdict—Joe Glaser expects to manage Tracy Cox, hard-hitting Indianapolis 130 pounder—Dempsey is getting plenty of publicity with his sparring tour and maybe it's the beginning of something serious—With Leonard and Dempsy staging a comeback, may we hear from Lew Tendler and Gene Tunney.—Jerry Sacks has opened a training camp in Geneva, Ohio, for the purpose of developing new talent and would like to hear from beginners who are anxious to become professional boxers—Archie Sillman, once manager of Phil McGraw, is handling Eddie Koppy, hard-hitting Detroit lightweight, and the Minella Bros., Johnny and Chuck—Cris Pineda stepped into the limelight through his victory over Wolgast—Mandell was beaten by Steve Wolanin, an ordinary welterweight, in Utica—Juanito Olaguibel, protege of Paulino, fought a draw with Bill Higgins in his first American try.

Anyone identified with the boxing game will never have any trouble with the Tenner Bros. who are promoting boxing shows at Charlotte, N. C. Three square shooters, Al, Sol and Luke—Luke used to be a crack featherweight some years back and knows the difference between right and wrong—He is also handling the cream of North Carolina boxers, among them, Dewey Kimrey, Rufus Miles, Buster Newberry, Jimmy Swinson and Al Massey—Recalling odd incidents in his ring career, Rufus Miles tells the time he knocked Young Mickey Ford out of the ring in Charleston, S. C.— The referee counted until ten was completed and when Ford was unable to come back into the ring, he declared the fight a draw—Legalized boxing will be restored to South Carolina with the center of activities revolving around Charleston—Many thanks to Wade Ison, Charlotte *News*, and Jake Wade, of the *Observer*, for courtesies extended.

Anyone observing Pat Redmond, Giant Irish heavyweight, can hardly detect anything pugnacious about his appearance—He has the most docile and friendly disposition ever seen and was never cut out for the role of pugilist—A huge mistake was made to allow Sharkey and Carnera to clash at Ebbets Field—This is strictly a New York ball park match and would draw twice as much as Brooklyn—Jimmy Johnston will open winter operations at the St. Nicholas Rink and is expected to have entry to one of the large armories—Al Weill has discarded his well-known vest for the summer and has stopped Dan Parker's attack for the time being—Lew Raymond has returned to New York and may stage shows at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn—Johnny Cox may be the advance man for Jack Kearns on the Mickey Walker tour.

About two years when Mickey Walker was campaigning in the middleweight class and doing very nicely, Jack Kearns exploded a publicity campaign that featured Mickey Walker and Max Schmeling fighting for the heavyweight championship of the world—The idea seemed silly and far fetched at the time but as later events materialized the match right now is far from impossible to stage—If Kearns can predict a situation two years away, then we take the liberty of suggesting one also—An unknown and practically unheard of light-heavyweight weighing 170 pounds will make his mark in the heavyweight situation before two years will have elapsed—Up to the present time he has only had seven professional bouts—His name is Charley Massare and he hails from East Monogahela, Pa—Just as idle fancy which may reach the realm of reality with time. Eugene Huat and Pete Sanstol fought a stirring battle in Montreal and will most likely be re-matched.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON

By GORDON M. CONNELLY

ON Ralph H. Gruman's card, Wesley Ketchell, Portland southpaw middleweight, kayoed Pete Cerkan, Pe Ell, Wn., in five rounds. Ray "Showboat" McQuillan, 164, Portland, kayoed Hal Hoxwood, 158, Salt Lake City, in four. Ray Morgan, Portland slugger, was victim of a fluke kayo at the hands of Bud Bellanger, 148, Portland, in one.

For Promoter Gruman, Wesley Ketchell defeated Young Firpo, Burke, Idaho, in ten rounds. Eddie Volk, Portland lightweight, took the nod over Benny Pelz, Portland Hebrew, in six rounds.

On Harry Hansen's fistic menu, Georgie Dixon, Portland Negro middleweight, whipped Johnny Walker, Spokane, in six one-sided rounds. Bud Beettle, Vancouver, and Art Mayer, Portland heavy, drew in six. "Society" Red Millet clowned to a draw with Fred Gallas, Vancouver, in six.

On Promoter Harry Hansen's card, Ray McQuillan, Portland Negro, stopped Pete Meyers San Francisco, in seven. Pierre Pothier, 130¾, Klamath Falls Frenchman, defeated Benny Pelz by a foul in eight.

At Marshfield, Garfield Johnson and Jimmy Byrne drew in eleven rounds. A law was violated but it was merely a mistake by Referee Cederstrom and the timekeeper.

Jumbled Gems—Ray "Showboat" McQuillan and Eddie Volk are both advancing rapidly under the tutelage of Tex Salkeld—Congratulations to Kid Chocolate on his showing against Benny Bass, may he have a successful reign as titleholder—Bat Battalino is a real champion in willingness to defend his crown—Jack Johnson was a recent visitor to the Rose City and looked to be in great condition. He amazed boxing fans in the Northwest with his speed and cleverness—Max Schmeling is smart by not fighting any more this year. Flowers and Greb died from minor operations around their optics and Herman, Langford, Wolfe, Brown, Shugrue and Black Bill have become blind from damaging blows which often rupture the lens or detach the retina—A record attendance is expected the night of August 24 when Jack Dempsey touches gloves with Big Bill Hartwell, 215-pound Boston Negro, at the Stadium in the Manassa Mauler's tour of the Northwest—Leo Lomski was in Firpio's corner when he lost to Ketchell—Wiley Spivey, who recently sold his Albina gym to Red Roberts, is now connected with Mickey Rockson's club.

SPOKANE AND NORTHERN IDAHO

By EDDIE MAYER, Jr.

FREDDIE STEELE koed Al Gracio in the third round at Dishman. The Tacoma youngster is probably the best boxer to appear in Spokane since Tod Morgan showed his wares a year ago. Jack Johnson, former world's heavyweight title holder, boxed a three-round exhibition with Dee Richmond. The old master delighted the crowd with his comedy. Neil Kilbane won a decision over Johnny Walker in the semi-windup.

Fred Lenhart, Spokane light-heavy, took the measure of George Harlow, heavyweight champion of Canada, at the Sandpoint Marathon celebration.

Chuck Snyder, former fight promoter in the Coeur d' Alene district in Northern Idaho, has been visiting with old friends in Kellogg. Chuck spent the past few years in a Walla Walla hospital attempting to recover his health and is looking 100% better.

Johnny Casebeer of Mullan, Idaho, overcame an early lead held by Fay Kosky of Chicago to get a draw in a 6 round event at Dishman. Ace Conlon took a six round decision from Esten Hunter of Sacramento. Frankie Holland administered a boxing lesson to Young Battling Nelson of Walla Walla.

Freddie Steele, Tacoma's school boy, breezed into Spokane and took a six round decision from Don Fraser, Spokane's veteran welterweight. Fans had better keep an eye on this boy for he is a comer. Jimmy Britt and Ace Conlon kept the crowd on their toes in the semi. Britt was awarded the decision. Red Vandervert took a decision from Lee Roberts in the special bout.

Johnny Casebeer won the undisputed right to the championship of the Inland Empire in the lightweight division when he took the decision over Hank Vogt in the main event at Dishman. Vern Butler, 135, Los Angeles, lost a six round decision to Red Vandervert of Spokane in the semi-windup.

Young Firpo, of Burke, Idaho, accidently shot himself in the left forearm recently on a hunting trip near Medford, Oregon. Firpo is one of the leading light-heavies on the coast.

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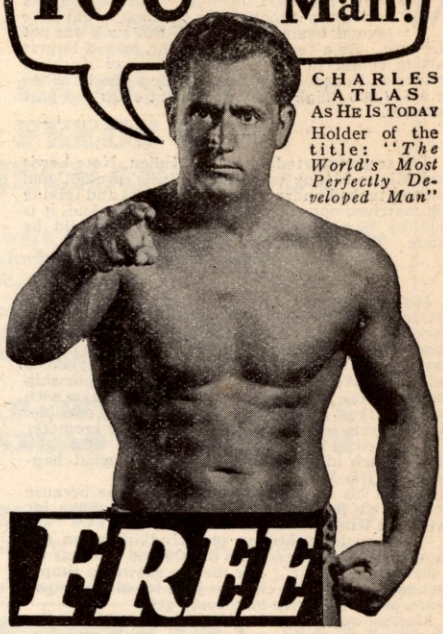

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In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

WHEN the 1931 open-air fistic season got under way it looked like Chicago would have several boxing "plums." But such was not the case. As a result this city, the second largest boxing center in the world, because of its huge indoor and outdoor stadiums, suffers the humility of a $12,000 "high gate" for a fight show the past summer.

The season started with Jim Mullen, Nate Lewis and Mique Malloy with their Illinois' promotional licenses tucked under their various belts and talking big matches, none of which were made. And, it is said by Sammy Wolff, none of which could be made. That is, for Chicago anyway.

Mullen thought he could sign some natural attractions for either of the two big league ball parks or Soldiers' Field before the outdoor semester passed into the discard. But his thoughts went haywire. Jim helped Jack Kearns ballyhoo a Schmeling-Walker heavyweight championship battle to take place here before Mickey's draw with Jack Sharkey made that improbable tilt possible. Kearns promised Mullen he would be the promoter if a Schmeling-Walker match was made. But Jack has no such idea now. You all know what happened to Jim Mullen.

He lost his No. 201 promotional license because he couldn't pay Ace Hudkins a $1,900 purse for defeating King Levinsky.

"Why couldn't Mullen pay Hudkins when the show drew a little less than $7,000 and Ace was on a percentage basis?" For me the answer is simple because I've been as close to Jim, for almost eight years, as his publicity man could get.

Mullen overpays the ringsters on his cards. That is the answer and that is Jim's undoing. Very few know that Mullen contracted to give 62½ per cent. of the Levinsky-Hudkins receipts, less the state tax of ten per cent. to Ace and King. Levinsky received his 32½ per cent. but Hudkins didn't get his 30 per cent.

Jim did the same thing to the preliminary boxers. He promised to overpay them. And because he'd lose money and give them only what they really deserved, they put him on the "fire."

Lewis tried hard to give fistic followers here some real outdoor battles but his efforts were futile. There were too many working against him and he returned from New York empty handed as far as open-air attractions were concerned. However, Nate has secured some dandy matches for the winter season at the Chicago Stadium.

Malloy helped keep up the local fight enthusiasm with his productions at White City field. Although he failed to close that Jack Sharkey-W. L. Young Stribling contest Mique holds the season record of $12,000 which he drew with Tuffy Griffiths and Paul Pantaleo.

Other promoters who were busy running shows here include Billy Cepak and Johnny Duffy. Cepak staged his productions every Friday at Emil Denemark Stadium and Duffy ran his shows every Thursday at Shewbridge field.

Ernie Fliegel, the former Minneapolis, Minn. featherweight star, won his biggest bout, the fight for his eyesight, according to the physician who attended him at Billings Memorial Hospital of Chicago. Fliegel underwent an operation for his sight some weeks ago after going blind while walking along a street here. Although many think Pete Sarmiento was the real cause of Ernie's optic trouble, the ailment dates back to his combat with Billy DeFoe.

Bob Capper, twenty-year-old son of a millionaire, is a junior-lightweight boxer with his eyes toward the professional ranks. He has engaged in several amateur contests and it is said his future in the padded mitt sport is bright.

Frank Kerwin, "Pep's" elder brother, is following in the footsteps of the younger Kerwin. With Pep promoting boxing shows in this vicinity, Frank is a fistic impresario at the Los Angeles Stadium of California. He promoted both the Cecil Payne-Joe Guerrero and Bert Colima-Benny Miller fight shows at the City of Angels.

Freddy Schwartz, trainer and masseur of men and women athletes, was a battling fool two years ago. He hung up the gloves because of the effects of low punches which bothered him considerably.

Pal Moore, the north side bulldog breeder, is far from through as a pugilist after seventeen years of ring warfare. Moore is working hard at Howard's Arcade gymnasium almost every afternoon and keeping in condition to be ready to answer promoters' and matchmakers' calls to fight on a moment's notice. Pal still weighs around 116 pounds, the weight he carried when he defeated nine boxing champions.

Sig Hart told this writer the other day the tightest spot he had ever found himself in his thirty-five years of association with the game of fisticuffia. Several years ago, when Hart managed Bob Roper, Sig signed to fight Charley Weinert at Newark, N. J., for $2,500, a lot of money in those days. The bout was a scheduled ten-rounder but in the third frame Roper landed what looked like a deliberate low left hook on Weinert, incapacitating Charley and ending the fracas. Hart heard members of the boxing commission who were sitting at the ringside say Roper would be fined his entire purse. And Sig realized that if he didn't act quickly that $2,500 purse was a goner. He immediately yelled for the promoter and with a loud voice, which belies his pint size, intimated that Weinert had quit cold and if he, the impresario, would get anybody at all, Roper would finish the other seven rounds and give the public its money's worth. The trick worked and the promoter acquired Mickey Shannon to oppose Roper. Shannon had fought the four-round opener on the card but that didn't prevent him from whipping Roper. But Hart and Roper received their money and that's all they were worried about.

Will Buy

May, 1924; July, 1927 and September, 1927 issues of The Ring. If you have a copy, I'll pay $1.00 for each copy.

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LeRoy Dugan, Memphis, Tenn. bantamweight, and Dave Popp drew 7,800 persons to view their ten-round windup of the show promoted by the Studebaker Athletic Association at Lippencott field of South Bend, Ind. Dugan won seven of the ten frames, according to Jack Ledden, sports editor of the South Bend *Tribune*. Boxers, wrestlers and dancers, amateur and professional, provided the entertainment for the large crowd.

Only one middleweight from Illinois entered the National Boxing Association's 160-pound elimination tournament to pick Mickey Walker's successor, at Milwaukee, Wis. He was Roy Williams, colored Chicagoan. Frankie Battaglia also entered the tourney but, although he is living in this state at present, he hails from Winnipeg, Man., Can. The N. B. A. head, Brig. Gen. John V. Clinnin, said, just before Promoters Tom Andrews and Billy Mitchell opened the tournament that no middleweight would be recognized as champion unless he won the title in its tourney or defeated its champ.

Archie Ward, sports editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, showed once again why he held down that precious position on one of the world's largest and greatest newspapers. He promoted a charity game that was a charity game when the Cubs and Sox met in an offday contest during the regular season of play at Comiskey park. The game was to realize probably $50,000 for Gov. Emmerson's unemployed fund because the charity was to get 100 per cent of the gross "gate," the players, the park and other incidentals were to be donated.

Some of This and a Little of That—Ernie Fliegel lost $500 when Hudkins defeated Levinsky . . . Cepak's best "gate" of the outdoor season totaled $2,500 with Larry Johnson and Owen Phelps in the ten-round windup . . . Ed Jacobson, fight manager, will be blessed eventing next month . . . He and his wife have a five-year-old girl . . . Tod Kelley is a Pole . . . Ray C. Alvis has added Phelps to his booking stable of forty-four ringmen . . . Sutro Pearl, Wichita, Kan. promotional partner of Johnny Husong, rushed into the loop and right out again . . . He has no fighters under his managerial wing now . . . Nate Lewis and Mickey (Soldier) Farr are two of the many who saw the talkie film, "Huckleberry Finn" . . . Benny (Kid) Stanley is celebrating the eighth month birthday of his piccaninny.

Jack (Silent) Tierney is singing the praises of Jack Dempsey ever since he returned here from Reno, Nev. . . . Danny Gasparo, the ringster who turned trainer, is on his second honeymoon following his return to his wife after a separation of over a year . . Gene Engel sells hot dogs when he isn't boxing . . . Jimmy Bidwill, one of Mullen's ticket sellers, was to promote a fistic show at Mills' stadium with Mike Harrison's license.

Jack (West Side) O'Keefe, pilot of Tuffy Griffiths, acquired the managerial contract of Jerry Crano from Eddie Crantzton for several hundred dollars. Crano is one of the hardest hitting middleweights seen here in some days and in twelve pro matches he lost only two and among his foes were "Wild Willie" Oster and Clyde Chastain. He held Oster to a draw but lost to the sharpshooting Chastain. Jerry was to make his bow under O'Keefe's banner against Mickey Patrick, Al Miller's East Chicago protege.

Ring Flashes—Scott Marriner, father-manager of Les, says his heavyweight son will finish his aviation schooling at San Antonio, Tex., in October and will return here immediately after. . . Les' hand is O. K. once more and he weighs about 200 pounds . . . Joe Roman, Joliet, Ill. featherweight crack, is a Mexican but has plenty of intestinal fortitude . . . Charlie Cutler, now managing the Hamlin park playgrounds, was heavyweight wrestling champion from 1913 to 1915 . . . He lost the title to Joe Stecher.

Ernie Peters, Indian bantam, was a copy boy for a local sheet before he started fighting . . . His stepfather, L. F. Hunkler thinks Ernie is through as a topnotch ringman . . . Harry Mueller refereed when Midge Luizza knocked out Buster Carman in the third round on the southwest side . . . Lou Sangor has sinus trouble . . . It cost Dave Maier $2,200 to get released from the manager before Lou . . . George Godfrey's right name is Feab S. Williams . . . Haakon Hansen hasn't lived with his wife in a year although they eat together every day.

Jackie Williams, ex-heavyweight battler, has applied for a policeman's job . . . Jack (South Chicago) O'Keefe books Young Geno of LaSalle, Ill. . . . He is Dick Sisk's mentor . . Sisk has won over thirty straight tilts since fighting professionally . . . Harry Gordon's Henry Kammen won his first pro battle at Tampa, Fla.

Fistic Chips—The Mickey Patrick-Bud Saltis main event drew $800 . . . Lou Amester, Billy Finnucane's featherweight, looks like the goods . . . Jack Peppin, Winnipeg matchmaker for the Canadian Legion, has a good prospect in Steve Trojack, a heavyweight ex-football star from Saskatoon . . . Trojack's best feat is his defeat of Angus McDonald . . . Danny Delmont's thirty-day suspension for fouling Jimmy Mollette is up and the west side junior-welter is back in training for pending bouts . . . John Hertz, Yellow cab magnate, won the amateur lightweight title at the Chicago athletic association when his foe didn't show up . . . That was way back when.

Jack Dempsey is not broke and will not fight again . . . That is the info the writer acquired from a reliable source . . . Dempsey has an $800,000 trust fund . . . Doc R. E. Myers would like to get his Spanish 140-pounder, Young Manuel Quintero started in this locality . . . Jack (Stockyards) O'Keefe, who beat Jimmy Britt twenty-two years ago, is a cousin to Joe Brown, the owner of Brown's loop gym, formerly Mullen's . . . Jimmy Gardner, the old boxing star, works out at a local gym daily . . . George Eagel was boxing instructor for a branch of the U. S. Navy during the World War.

Harry Dublinsky bought a Lincoln junior . . . The Robins A. C. is at 1764 E. 55th St., Cleveland, O. . . . John DeFontaine is a good friend of Eddie Geiger, sports ed, Evening *American* . . . Chuck Fredericks, sports department employee for a Chicago newspaper, was appointed detail man for the music festival at Soldiers' field . . . Commissioner Fred Gardner of the Illinois athletic board is O. K. subsequent to an ailment of his legs . . . He threw away his crutches and walks around as of yore.

Sammy Wolff sent $200 to New York to bet on Earl Mastro against Kid Francis. He would have sent more but Gotham gamblers wouldn't cover. Earl is the first favorite to come through with a victory in the east in some weeks.

BOXING IN MILWAUKEE AND VICINITY

By LARRY LICHTIG

MILWAUKEE is again in the limelight, having secured the World's Championship Middleweight Elimination tournament thru the foresight of Matchmaker Billy Mitchell.

Twenty middleweights are in this tourney, and the winner will be given a championship belt by the N. B. A. as the champion—a successor to Mickey Walker. Unfortunately, however, the five leading middleweights are not entered.

Everybody is talking boxing now in Milwaukee, and it looks like a big winter season with lots of work for all boxers.

Good fighters without managers, especially heavy boys wishing to box in Wisconsin, here's your chance. Get in touch with me at 722 West Lloyd St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Roger Bernard pounded out an impressive ten round victory over Charley Crocker.

Frankie Hughes continued his winning ways by giving Prince Saunders a neat lacing. Hughes is improving with every start.

Fred Saddy, pioneer boxing impresario, has been appointed director of the Ace Boxing Club.

Boys wishing to take boxing lessons can do so by writing to Larry Lichtig, c/o Ace Boxing Club, Milwaukee, Wis.

Herb Anderson made an impressive debut by knocking out Wildcat Murphy in the 3rd round.

Jimmy Dementral held his first show at Madison, drawing a good house, and giving the fans a nice card!

Wildcat O'Connor take notice. If you want to make some money and become a great fighter, get in touch with me immediately. I could not read your last letter.

MINNESOTA NEWS

By BOB BURRILL

THE famous Duluthian, Charley Retzlaff, tripped back from the East and gave the folks way back home a slant at the devastating right maulie that has been putting the scrappers from and around li'l ol' New York on ice so readily.

Chawley Boy was unleashed against the Boston behemoth, Riccardo Bertazzolo, who offered absolutely no resistance and ultimately pushed the button in the second round. Incidentally, Berty is barred in our fair state.

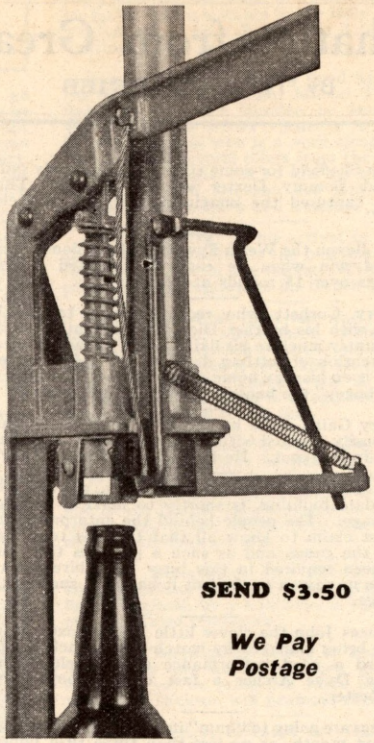
It was just too bad that Bertazzolo failed to hold up his end as the prelims were well matched and the show was carried very well. The show was the first staged by John Salvator, new St. Paul promoter.

A Retzlaff-Daniels fight would be taken with the utmost seriousness out here and there are a goodly number around the Twin Cities who would readily sink their kale and predictions on Daniels.

Bill Hawkins drops a line down our way telling us of a new find in the person of Jimmy Thomson, a scrappy 130-pounder from Sioux City, Iowa. Bill may bring his new prodigy to the Twin Cities for some of our winter shows.

SHORT SOCKS . . . Charley Retzlaff's home town is not Duluth . . . He is booked out of Leonard, North Dakota . . . and he got his footing in Fargo, N. D. . . . King Tut is doing a Dempsey. . . . He biffed Bobby LaSalle on the coast. . . . Cleverest Fistic Headline for the Month: "Riccardo No Match for Hippodrome Breeze" . . . with a nod to Charley Johnson of the *Star* . . . I wonder how another Tut-Petrolle billing would go over in the Twin Cities . . . Paul Pantaleo was presumably slated to cross maulies with Chawley Retzlaff . . . "Not a farthing less'n four (depression an' everything) grand!" yelped Poonching Paul . . . "Heh, heh," retaliated Matchmaker Salvator . . . Pantaleo dropped a tussle to Tuffy Griffiths . . . Retzlaff used to be a garage mechanic . . . Frankie Battaglia is doing himself proud . . . Joe Kells is one very tough young fellow . . . Bob Amster, Cincy lightweight, may locate here . . . Mike Mandell is 28 . . . I'd like to see Dick Daniels stir the leather with Paul Pantaleo . . . King Tut is still gunning for that champion beater, Young Corbett . . . My Sullivan and Petrolle is the rumor . . . The game of sock and sleep is nix in Duluth . . . Gil Carmichael is quite a golfer . . . Mike Collins is angling for the services of Ernie Schaaf . . . . Murry McLean, that perenial Scotty, is due for a break. . . .

Remember when: Earl Blue was a ranking light-heavyweight? . . . Del Fountaine smacked Dick Daniels in less than a round? . . . Jimmy Potts threw King Tut and Tommy Cello outta the ring?



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There are many objects in the picture to the left, such as dog, girl, rooster, boy, tent, etc. See if you can find 5 starting with the letter "C." As soon as you do this, write them on sheet of paper or a postcard together with your name and address and send it to me at once.

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JAMES ARMSTRONG, Mgr. Dept. T-624 323 South Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

VINCE DUNDEE appears to have run into an unlucky break since coming to Europe. I travelled to Paris to see his fight with Marcel Thill and although he must have boxed much below his true form, he did more than enough to win and he would probably have gotten the decision but for the crowd that appeared to guide or influence the ruling.

In his fight with Jack Hood, who took Harvey's place here, he undoubtedly won. I was Hood's chief second, and Hood, who is in my opinion the best welter in the world, just managed to give brilliant flashes of boxing on occasions, and these were received with a tornado of applause, while Dundee went in relentlessly and deserved to get the decision. A solitary voice in the wilderness was the better referee. It kept on shouting "good boy" Vince.

The supporting items on the Hood-Dundee card were up to the usual standard of Jeff Dickson's supporting tit-bits. The plum of the lot was Dom Volante's massacre of Robert Tassin (France), in 8 rounds, Hayden Williams outpointed Herbert Jacques, Alf Mancini who was outweighed, lost to Archie Sexton in a 6 rounder, and Tom Benjamin scored a points win over Eddie Robinson.

During the last week of Dundee's training, Jeff Dickson entertained a large party of critics and friends at the American's training quarters, and before the party broke up, Dundee boxed a dozen rounds in the "open" with 4 sparring partners, greatly to the delight of the watchers.

Within 24 hours of the excursion to Dundee's camp, a bombshell was dropped when it was broadcasted that Harvey would be unable to go on with the fight owing to illness, with only 4 days to go, a search was made for Jack Hood, and he was discovered holiday-making at the seaside, and when things were explained to him, he immediately agreed to take Harvey's place, and within a few hours, he had taken over Len's training quarters and was hard at work.

The Stadium Club staged a wonderful little contest between those two clever young flyweights, Dave Crowley and Harry Connelly. Both boys had a side-stake down, and the winner is to have the right to meet Jackie Brown in a title bout. Crowley received the verdict at the close of the 12 rounds.

Don McCorkindale, the South African heavyweight champion, and Charlie Smith signed articles at the 'Sporting Life' office to box 15 rounds for £100 a side.

Johnny Best, Liverpool's own promoter is doing well at that popular sea-side resort, Southport, near Liverpool. The Winter Gardens were filled on his opening night when Dom Volante K. O.'ed that clever French boxer, Georges Gascagne, in the 6th round.

At Shawfield Park Glasgow, a fight for the welterweight championship of Scotland was staged between Jim Winters and Alistair McInroy, and resulted in a victory for Winters. The form of the winner was disappointing.

Nel Tarleton, who has been itching so long for that return title bout with Cuthbert, turned up in Johnny's home town of Sheffield, to score a ridiculously easy win over Albert Barker.

Jackie Brown, our flyweight champion, was seen to great advantage when he opposed Colignon, a clever Belgian flyweight. The contest was the top-liner at an open-air show in Sheffield, and it pulled a big crowd.

Young Johnny Brown, who has recently returned from America, met with a reverse at Croydon, his conqueror being Terence Morgan. Brown was disqualified in the 7th round for the illegal use of his head after repeated cautions.

Alf Mancini and Herbert Jacques boxed a 12-round draw in the "open" at Sheffield, and Haydn Williams outpointed Phil Richards in good style over 15 rounds at Ilford.

Johnny Best staged a Northern-Area eliminating bantam bout at Wrexham Race-course, between the local lead, Jim Crawford and Pat Gorman, the Tyneside bantam. Crawford was disqualified in the fourth round for hitting his opponent after the gong had sounded.

Archie Sexton put up a meritorious performance in his bout with Sandy McKenzie in Glasgow. Sandy ran riot in the first couple of rounds, but Sexton thereafter began to find the correct range, and sailed in to knock his man out.

Bill Hood, the Plymouth boxer, has accepted an invitation to visit America.

Phineas John put up one of the best displays seen in Sheffield for some time when he easily outpointed Tommy Dexter over 12 rounds. This Welsh captured the imagination of the Sheffield "fans."

Len Beyon the Welsh flyweight champion scored a good win when he easily outpointed Gwyn Thomas over 15 rounds at Llanelly.

Harry Corbett who recently went to South Africa with his brother Dick, has evidently found the country much to his liking. He has announced his intention of settling down there. Meanwhile, Dicky is on his way home, his object being to annex that "bogey" the bantamweight title for himself.

Larry Gains, since he dethroned Phil Scott, has been busily engaged with exhibition bouts in several towns in England. He is being received heartily.

The Brunswick Stadium at Leeds, a new and up-to-date building, is shortly to make a bid for patronage. The people behind the enterprise can at least claim to know all that there is to know about the game, and as such a place as this has long been required in this busy Yorkshire town, there is no reason to prevent it having a successful "voyage."

Phineas John the clever little Welsh boxer, who is now being managed by match-maker Jack King, recorded a good performance at Sheffield when beating Dyke Archer a fast coming boy from Manchester.

Things are going to "hum" in Welsh, Wales during the next month, as no less than three title bouts are due to be staged.

Why will some promoters when they book up a big "noise," set to work to find something cheap and poor as an opponent for the star. Larry Gains, who has risen to dizzy heights since he chased Scott out of the business, was engaged and boosted up at Manchester, his opponent was alleged to be the heavyweight champion of Switzerland, one called Hans Baumann, and at the end of 2½ minutes the Swiss had been counted out. This is the kind of thing that brings the game to the gutter. You can gull the public sometimes, but NOT all time.

Kid Berg's two victims in four days immensely pleased his friends who fondly hope he will yet lift that title which he states is his object.

Joe Woods, the American heavyweight who came here with McCorkindale from South Africa, has been fixed up by a Leicester promoter for a contest.

Jock McAvoy, the Lancashire middle, stopped Jack O'Brien, the Irish middleweight champion in the 3rd round at Dublin.

Ginger Jones, the Welsh feathers champion, lost the decision to Moe Moss in a 15 round bout at Ilford.

At Edmonton—Tom Benjamin beat Jim Brooks on points after a gruelling 15-round contest. There was an unfortunate ending to what looked like being a great battle when Jimmy Thornton was disqualified in the 8th round of his bout with Johnny Clift for low punching. George Brown narrowly beat Tom Benjamin on points in a 15 rounder. Chris Gorman K. O.'ed Teddy Walthan in 8 rounds.

At Croydon—Les Ward outpointed Ted Giles over a dozen rounds. Charlie Rowbotham and Tommy Lye boxed an attractive dozen round draw. Ted Giles beat Jack Delaney on points in 12 rounds. Curley Merritt stopped Fred Rumsey in the 3rd round.

Stadium Club—Francois Machtens won over Tommy Hyams on points in a really good 15 round contest. Dave Crowley outpointed Harry Connelly in a classy 15 rounder. Les Ward beat Syd Butler on points in 12 rounds, and Billy Jones outpointed Joey Carr in 10 rounds.

At Ilford—George Rose stopped Tiger Smith in the 9th round. Archie Sexton stopped Alec Thake in the 14th round. Billy Peters stopped Pat Bransfield in the 7th round. Haydn Williams outpointed Phil Richards in a hard fought 15 rounder.

At Catford—Fred Bullions got a points' decision over Dick Stubbings at the close of 12 rounds. Billy Palmer outpointed Charlie Chew in 12 rounds. Jimmy Turner and Billy Jones boxed a 12 round draw.

At Southport—Dom Volante stopped Georges Cascagne in 6 rounds. Bert Wallace and Ernie Sherratt boxed a 12 round draw. Teddy Snowball K. O.'ed Franky Hughes in the 5th round. Dick Burke clearly outpointed Jim Crawford in an excellent 15-round contest that immensely pleased the crowded house. Stan Higson stopped Cyclone Ovey in the 8th round. Jimmy Stewart K. O.'ed Jimmy Lomax in round 3.

At Manchester—Alf Robinson K. O.'ed Jack Langford in the 5th round. Jackie Brown outpointed Vincenzo Savo (Italy), in a 15 rounder. Larry Gains K. O.'ed Hans Baumann (Switzerland), in the 1st round, and Aldo Spoldi the Italian shepherd boy, was disqualified in the 10th round of his bout with Harold Ratchford for a low punch.

At Leeds—Billy Shaw beat Sandy McLeod in 7 rounds owing to the Scotchman being disqualified for the illegal use of the head. Jim Learoyd beat Nipper Cooper on points in a 12 rounder. Nipper Moore outpointed Jack Coney in another 12 rounder. Bob Lamb beat Arly Hollingsworth on points in a dozen rounds.

At Preston—Jack Casey stopped Sonny Doke in round 4. Joe Greenwood defeated Jack Skelly on points. Tom Upton outpointed Jack Richardson. Jim Carr narrowly beat Tom Tucker on points in 12 rounds. Lew Sullivan stopped Tommy Barber in round 7.

At Leicester—Pop Newman outpointed Johnny Seamarks in a 10 rounder. Phil Barnes K. O.'ed Bill Partridge in 1 minute. Hans Schonrath (Germany) stopped Reggie Meen in round 6.

At Sheffield—Herbert Jacques outpointed Fred Green in 12 rounds. Little Miner K. O.'ed Bud Walley in the 4th round. Harry Crossley the Britsh Ciruiser weight champion stopped Frank Fowler in round 3. Tommy John beat George Lawson on points in a 12 rounder.

At Southampton—A benefit was given to Lew Mosby, the former boxer who has unfortunately been stricken with blindness, and it is a pleasure to be able to say that the benefit was a huge success in every way. Sam Steward, an ex-lightweight champion of Great Britain, outpointed Fred Bullions. Billy Jones compelled Kid Connor to retire in round 7 owing to a damaged optic. The hit of the bill was Joe Beckitt who gave a 3 round exhibition with Tommy White, one of the organizers of the benefit.

SCOTTISH BOXING RESULTS

At Glasgow—Phil Malloy scored a surprise points win over Harry McQuade in 10 rounds. Jim Lusk outpointed Willie Quinn in another 10 rounder. Willie Vint defeated Billy McGann in a side-stake match, on points over 12 rounds. Jim Boyle K. O.'ed Bobby Lees in the 2nd round. Teddy Berg (the Kid's brother), outpointed Alf Barrett in 8 rounds.

At Aberdeen—Joe Frame narrowly scored over Kid Smith. Johnny Lafferty K. O.'ed Ralph Townsley in the 1st round. Joe Frame stopped Johnny Lafferty in round 7.

IRISH BOXING RESULTS

At Dublin—George Kelly (Dublin) outpointed Phil Malloy (Glasgow) on points over 10 rounds. Packy McFarland (Dublin), boxed a 15 round draw with the veteran Kid Socks. Jock McAvoy stopped Jack O'Brien in round 3. Bobby Traynor outpointed Snowball Walsh in a 10 rounder.

WELSH BOXING RESULTS

At Caerphilly—Glen Moody outpointed Phil Green in 15 rounds. Billy Vyner beat A. Powell on points.

At Tonypandy—Trevor Gregory outpointed Donald Jones in a 12 rounder. Trevor Williams stopped Con Leary in the 2nd round.

At Llanelly—Len Beynon the Welch flyweight champion, beat Gwyn Thomas over 15 rounds on points. Charlie Hazel outpointed Bryn Jones in 10 rounds, and Wally Hitchings K. O.'ed Midge Duggan.

At Merthyr—Ashton Jones beat Al Clark on points. Cliff Llewellyn and Dave Dando boxed a 10 round draw. Billy Allick the young London heavyweight easily outpointed Dick Power the heavyweight champion of Wales. Herbie Nourse K. O.'ed Billy Gee in the 4th round.

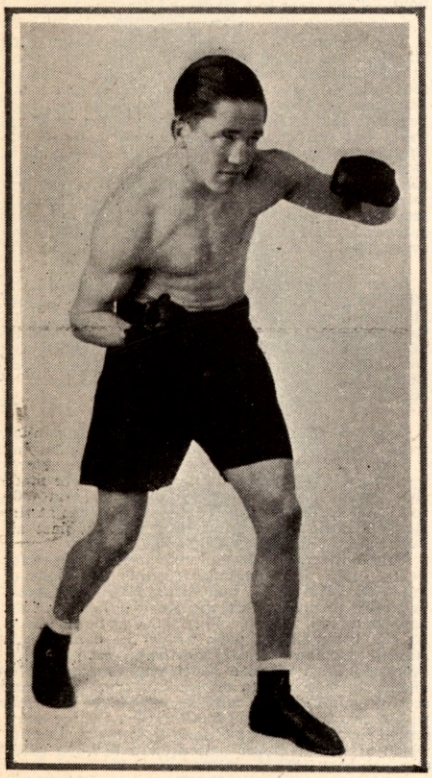
At Bargoed—Johnny Edmonds outpointed Cliff Llewellyn in 12 rounds. Kid Evans stopped Verdun Dicks in the 3rd round. Gwyn Thomas K. O.'ed Billy Griffiths.

GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

VINCE DUNDEE did not make much of an impression with the Paris boxing fans, when he met Marcel Thil, the French middleweight champion in a twelve-round bout. The Frenchman received the decision which was a sound verdict. Dundee was outfought in at least eight of the twelve sessions by the bald-headed sturdy Frenchman. The bout, fought in the famous Davis Cup Stade Roland-Garros, attracted a capacity crowd. It was the first open-air boxing contest ever held at night in Paris. However, in his bout against Jack Hood in England, Vince won over the English battler by a big margin, still the referee Ted (Kid) Lewis, called the contest a draw. The English sporting press without any exception named Dundee as having the better of the engagement.

Thil was out of the boxing game for a long time because of a fractured right hand. The member is now sound and in his bout against Dundee, he never appeared to better advantage. It was owing to the fractured hand that he had to resign as the European champion middleweight. The title is now held by Poldi Steinbach, of Vienna, who recently defeated the former holder, Mario Bosisio of Italy. Thil and Steinbach may meet for the European title during next fall. I have never seen the Vienna battler in action, but he must be good to defeat the former European champion as thoroughly and workmanlike as he did.



Johnny Fitzpatrick, rugged New York West Sider

Max Waxman, manager of Vince Dundee, made lots of friends in Paris. He took everything as they came like a real sportsman should. He admitted that Dundee was fairly beaten by Marcel Thil. After the fight against Hood, although he was aware of the fact that Dundee had won, he said, "Why kick, it will not alter the decision."

Jack Curley, who by the way speaks French fluently, spent several weeks with his wife and son in Paris. Jack is well known in Europe. He has oceans of friends. While in Paris, Jack made arrangements whereby Jeff Dickson will stage tennis and wrestling in Paris, London, Berlin, Amsterdam, Brussels, Barcelona and possibly some other cities, in conjunction with Curley.

Jimmy McLemore, of Indianapolis, a promoter of boxing and wrestling in the middle states, passed a short time in Paris after having traveled through many of the European countries with Mrs. McLemore. In Greece, Jimmy put over a couple of boxing entertainments which paid expenses there. He said one doesn't need much money in Greece. A shave costs only two cents and food is exceptionally cheap.

Morris Rose, who some years ago was a promoter of boxing and wrestling, is another of the old guard who has been enjoying the old town along with his better half. For many years Morris was secretary to Big Tim Sullivan.

Max Waxman, manager of Vince Dundee, after the Dundee-Hood fight in London, went to visit his father who is a Rabbi in the Holy Land. "They wanted me to be a Rabbi, but I fell in with the fighting bunch instead," Waxy told us.

It is going to take a very good fighter to defeat the French middleweight Marcel Thil. After his fight against Vince Dundee, he went off with his wife for a few weeks vacation in the south of France. Marcel who is a very clean living young man has had several offers from the United States to appear in bouts, but he will not leave France for some time, Jeff Dickson has him sealed up for several bouts in Paris and London.

Max Schmeling, on his arrival in Germany said that Young Stribling is the best man that he ever fought, and one of the fairest. The champion received a big reception on his return home.

Another old-time fight fan was recently in the gay city, John McCormick, from New York. We had a long confab over the old days when the boys used to go at it with the bare "uns," or the skin tight gloves. The old boy is under the impression that the game is altogether too soft, "too lady-like" he said to suit him.

Jack Root is back in Paris after spending ten days in Prague where he went to visit some relatives and have a chat with the champion welterweight of Czechoslovakia, Franta Nekolny, who is one of the fastest boxers ever seen in a European ring. Jack would like to take him to the United States. He may get him.

Moise Bouquillon, the French heavyweight, keeps knocking them over. He defeated Jim Taylor of England, by a knockout in the second round of a scheduled ten-threes.

Boxing keeps going strong in Barcelona, Spain. The bouts are attracting good gates. The big stuff will not be presented there until the winter when Jeff Dickson will promote there.

Enrico Venturi defeated the Italian champion, Orlandi, lightweight, on points over a route of ten rounds. The bout was held in Rome.

The French champion flyweight Young Perez, is one fine little boxer. He and Frankie Genaro should make a great contest when they meet in Paris.

Gyde, the French flyweight who has issued a challenge to meet Perez for the French championship, met with defeat in a ten-round bout with the Italian flyweight, Cavagnoli.

There is quite a good-sized flock of young French flyweights battling around now, but Young Perez appears to be the class.

Jeff Dickson will open up his fall season at the Salle Wagram arena early in September.

IN COLON AND PANAMA CITY, PANAMA

By ANTHONY CHARLES

YOUNG HARRY WILLS, ex-welterweight champion of the Isthmus, staged a brilliant comeback by easily defeating Al Ortega, of Cuba, in ten rounds.

Young Mowatt won on a foul in the third heat when Pedro Lemos landed a blow below the belt. Up to this time Mowatt was leading on points by a large margin.

Cholo "Kid" Ruiz easily defeated Kid "Tonin" Troncoso in four rounds.

Young Benny Bass and Battling Shorty battled four rounds to a draw.

Bobby Sanchez defeated K. O. Herrera in four rounds.

Baby Quintana, flyweight champion of the Isthmus, stopped Al Zorrilla in the fifth round.

Kid Juancito, the Colon flash, knocked out Jimmy Stewart, of Panama, in the second round. Both are flyweights.

K. O. Alberda took the decision over Baby Garcia in four rounds.

Young Peralta won by a technical K. O. over Santa Ana Rotarian, and Young Alfaro and Young Barber battled four rounds to a draw.

At the National Gym, Kid Alfonso, 160, knocked out Kid Dionisio, 156, in the first round of a scheduled ten rounder. K. O. Pinzon defeated Cholo Kid Ruiz in a fast six rounder. Kid Foster beat Joe Gonzalez. Billy Pestana and Speedy Mendoza battled to a draw.

At the Ideal Auditorium, Colon, Kid Herrera, featherweight champion of the Isthmus, successfully defended his title by stopping Kid Slammer in the fourth. Kid Juancito outpointed Kid Vaquero. Len Leonard defeated Kid David. Tonin Troncoso defeated Battling Pedro.

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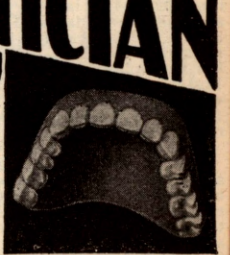

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News and Gossip from Boston

By DOC ALMY

THE one big event, but particularly one of the principals in it, that Boston is talking about, is the victory scored by Ernie Schaaf, Jack Sharkey's ex-sailor boy protege, over Angus Snyder of Dodge City, Kan., at the Boston Garden recently. It lasted but four rounds and part of the fifth, Schaaf stopping his man, a result not unexpected. For about two rounds Snyder, who back in 1925, as an amateur, whipped both Joe Monte and Vittorio Campolo in the Pan-American tourney staged in Boston, made the going interesting. He is a big fellow, was formerly a blacksmith up in the Canadian big woods, but wilted fast under Ernie's tremendous hooks and drives. Angus' courage carried him through the third and fourth stanzas, but in the first minute of the fifth he was downed three times. Then the referee stopped the affair.

The knockout was the third scored by Schaaf in three recent starts in Boston, and, as we have said before in THE RING, thanks to Jack Sharkey's mentorship, his big boy is looking more and more like the chap who may eventually lower Max Schmeling's sails. Ernie is certainly fighting like a champion. He has become vicious and aggressive, also can punch and take one. He is a decidedly different proposition today than he has been for years. Seemingly, he has at last found himself. Instead of trying to be a fancy boxer, something he never is likely to be, under Sharkey's tutelage he has become a fighter. He can box but he is at his best when he is forcing—shooting 'em straight and true from the shoulder, or snapping in short wicked hooks to head or body.

On the same card there appeared another Sharkey pupil in Jack McCarthy, a Roxbury light heavy. He was pitted against Mike Susinsky of Brockton, a strong, game, tough chap but, for all his assets, McCarthy gave him such a mussing in the second canto that the referee interfered. Jack won by a kayo.

The Roxbury boy—he is but a big kid—looked like a fighter and fought like one. About two years or so ago Al Delmont, the former N. E. bantam and feather star, discovered McCarthy in the amateur and took him under his wing. As often happens, finally they parted and McCarthy enlisted in the Johnny Buckley-Jack Sharkey stable.

Jack Thompson, the world's welter champion, or, more correctly speaking, the holder of the championship title, showed his wares in Boston within the month. It was his initial appearance here and the same was not tremendously impressive. Thompson meet Lou Brouillard, N. E. welter champion, at the Boston Garden and at the end of 10 rounds, Brouillard was declared the victor. The local boy took all but the eighth round. Had he been more experienced, he might have won by a kayo. Brouillard weighed 148½, and Thompson 149.

The desire to see more of Brouillard has stirred Matchmaker Billy Ames of the Boston Garden to offer Thompson a guarantee of $35,000 to come here again and defend his title against the up-State youngster. Progress toward making such a match has been slow. It is unlikely that Thompson will take the chance. He hopes to get one big fight with Corbett III, McLarnin or other topmost welter—a $50,000 or more guarantee for himself and take his chances of winning or retiring from the ring.

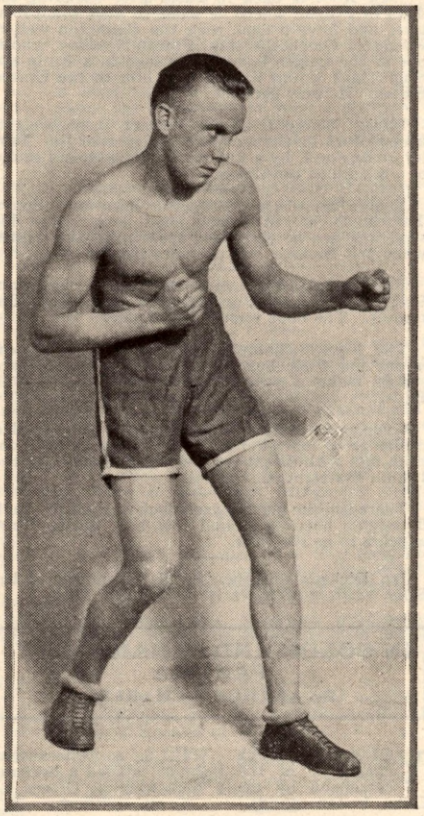
Big Boy Rawson, the South Boston heavyweight, heard of from time to time in the column, encountered an old foe in Terry Mitchell, Somerville, in the semi-final to the Brouillard-Thompson affair. After a redhot mill, Rawson forced his man to stop in the seventh round, the towel being thrown.

There is a chance that at a fairly early date Johnny Indrisano of East Boston, often referred to in Boston prints as the "uncrowned king of the welters," may get a "shot" at the crown held by Brouillard. While Al Mello held the title, a bout could not be arranged but Brouillard has indicated that he will take on Indrisano any time, thus giving the latter the chance he has been seeking for years. Lou insists, however, that the route shall be 15 rounds and the weight 147 pounds at 3 o'clock, also that Indrisano shall post $2000 to make that poundage. Curiously, though Indrisano has been pleading for years for a titular bout in Boston, at this writing he is balking over both the weight and the distance. He wants 12 rounds and 150 pounds, which latter would mean nothing as regards the title.

Readers of THE RING may not understand about a 15-round fight in Boston where 10 stanzas has been the accepted main bout route for years. The explanation is this: Thanks to a bill put through the Legislature, early in September, all championships in the Bay State will be over 12 or 15 rounds. The exact distance—12 or 15—will be at the discretion of the Boxing Commission. It has the privilege of deciding the route. It is understood as being in favor of 15 rounds. The public here also is of that mind. So, beginning about the middle of September, all fights in Massachusetts where a championship is involved will be either 12 or 15 rounds.

The Boston Garden, though its losses in connection with boxing have been heavy—an affair of five numerals and said to be even larger—plans to keep right on going. In addition to Thompson and Brouillard, also Brouillard and Indrisano, Matchmaker Ames is working on bouts between Canzoneri and Sammy Fuller and also has offered Mickey Walker a guarantee of $40,000 to show here against Jim Maloney.

Jack Sheehan, the veteran referee, who has been directly and indirectly connected with boxing for fully 45 years, is again desperately ill and his chances of recovery are none too bright. He was first stricken about six weeks ago and for a time was a patient at the Boston City Hospital. He rallied, got back to his ring work as referee, and, in his efforts to get back onto his feet in a financial way, overdid the thing. He is now a very sick man at his home 236 Bellingham Ave., Beachmont, Mass.



Paddy Jaaske, a comer from Calumet, Mich.

The who's who of the N. E. featherweight title was brought to a more or less definite head at Manchester, N. H., on August 7, when Johnny Harko of that city was awarded the decision over Johnny Delano of East Boston. Both had defeated practically all the other feathers willing to meet them and their match was a logical. The contest was held under the supervision of the N. H. Athletic Commission.

The win scored by Pancho Villa of New Bedford over Sammy Fuller of Boston early in July, did not look so good on July 24, when Villa lost in a feature bout to George Salvadore, known as the "Pride of Martha's Vineyard," in a bout staged at Oak Bluffs, Mass. As for Fuller, on July 20, he came back with a one-round win over Babe Herman of Los Angeles, Cal., in a contest held at the Marks Stadium, Tiverton, R. I. In the semi-final to this latter event Eddie Holmes of Providence, a consistent lightweight performer, defeated Johnny Dias of Fall River in six rounds.

While playing around concerning a bout with Lou Brouillard for the N. E. welter title, Johnny Indrisano of East Boston, has not been idle. He journeyed up to Portland, Me., on August 4, and there won the newspaper verdict over Canada Lee, the New York colored welter, in a redhot 12 rounder.

A bid for the N. E. flyweight championship has been put in by Georgie Ostrow of Revere, one of the few in this section of any moment who can make the weight and fight at it, also who is a card. This boy, now under the guidance of Nate Siegel, former N. E. welter king, and George Carter, is a promising lad.

Johnny Harko, the Manchester, N. H., feather champion, who has a fight on about every week, consequently figures much in the sport pages, added to his list of victories at Salem, where he defeated Pete Herman of Roxbury, in a feature bout.

Johnny O'Brien and A. Clementi, who have been very successful in their joint management of Tony Shucco, the N. E. "cruiser" champion, have taken under their New England management Sam Filipo, 147 pounds, New York, Walter Rockville, 158, Medford, and Wally Aaron, 135, Charlestown, promising amateurs who will shortly turn "pro."

Darcy White, a rather promising colored junior welter of New Bedford, bit off more than he could chew in his home city, when he lost to Andy Callahan of Lawrence, N. E. lightweight champion.

Two Lewiston, Me., fighters, Paul Junior, former Maine lightweight champion, now under the management of Johnny Buckley of Boston, and Joe Canamare, a welter, scored quick victories at Portland, Me., August 18, Junior knocked out Bristol Brown of Bristol, R. I., in three rounds, while Canamare stopped Eddie Williams of Worcester, Mass., in two rounds. Bobby Jones of Portland and Eddie Mandell of Revere, Mass., collected the club bonus for putting up the best bout. They went to a six-round draw.

The Argonne A. A., after a tough season with the elements, tossed the sponge on outdoor boxing in mid-summer, and Eddie Mack, the promoter, hied himself away to the horse tracks and other activities at Montreal, Can. While there, Top-Sergeant Eddie tried to put over a show at Kings Park, but was thwarted by the demands of the ringsters whom he desired to use. Thus, boxing in Boston has been on anything but a cheerful basis for weeks, due largely to the demands of the fraternity for every possible dollar in sight for their services. Seemingly, the rank and file of the boxing game is doing its very best to kill the sport. In any event, they have got it very ragged in Boston.

Mack has secured the Boston Arena for the 1931–'32 season, and plans to re-open there soon. He hopes to stage shows every Monday night. With the co-operation of those in the fight game, Eddie may make a go of it. The ringsters, however, have got to learn to let live, as well as live themselves. Boxing cannot succeed or last if it is to be all a one-way process.

While the boxing game has been nothing much to get excited over, the wrestlers have been reaping a bountiful harvest. Boxing has let its rival profession get the jump and the matmen have made the most of it. Mat tourneys drawing from 4000 to 10,000 are being staged every two weeks at the Boston Garden—the sport is going full blast all over this state and New England.

Paul Bowser, the promoter of wrestling here for years, broke all attendance records the night of July 30. His main bout was Henri DeGlane, generally recognized as the world's heavyweight mat champion, and our old friend Gus Sonnenberg. At the Braves Field park where the contest was staged, the show drew 32,000, the largest gathering ever assembled about a N. E. ring or mat in the history of this section of the country. The gate receipts amounted to more than $60,000—all this within two weeks of the DeGlane-Ed George bout, staged for the Crosscup-Pishon Post of the Legion, which attracted 22,000 and drew a $50,000 gate. Can you beat it!

One of the chief obstacles which matchmakers encounter in seeking to bring ringsters here from outside the state is what is known as the "Boston decision." New York boxers in particular cite this as one of the objections to their showing here. Years ago, fully 20, there was such a thing as a "Boston decision"—that is, a series of very poor decisions though such were not handed in particular to outsiders. They were rather evenly distributed. Reckoned among the chief of these decisions, though the contention was most decidedly wrong and remains so to this day, was the loss by Mike O'Dowd of his world's welter title to Johnny Wilson. It was shouted far and wide at the time that O'Dowd was robbed. Such was not the case, however. He was clearly beaten by Wilson and their subsequent fight in New York demonstrated the fact. Under commission rule, while occasionally we have a decision which some think might be improved on, as a whole the awards are absolutely correct. They are honest and fearless—the better man getting his just deserts. The term "Boston decision" is a thing of the past—a myth and an obsolete term. Outside ringsters and their managers should forget it—it means nothing.

The night of August 6, saw Tony Shucco of Boston, now the recognized N. E. light heavy champion, successfully defend his title against Harry Allen of Brockton in a red hot 10 rounder fought at Avon, Mass., a suburb of the latter city. It was an outdoors affair and attracted close to 5000 fans—a record for the place. Shucco won 9 out of the 10 rounds.

HOLYOKE, MASS., NEWS
By GEORGIE "KID" ROSS

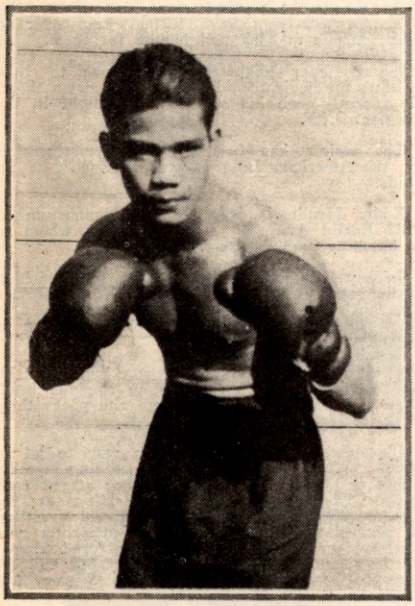
AT the West Springfield, American Legion Arena, Bucky Lawless, Auburn, N. Y., welterweight, beat Bobby Brown of Lowell, Mass., in a hard fought battle of ten rounds. In the other ten, Vernon Cormier of Worcester, Mass., won over Pete DeGrasse of New York.

Al Brouillard of Worcester, brother of Lou, scored a five-round technical knockout over Joe Barre, of New Bedford, Mass. A cut eye was responsible.

Jackie Dupont of Holyoke won a decision over Jimmy Knight of Philly, in a four rounder. Knight had scored a technical k.o. over Dupont two weeks ago.

Jimmy Stathis of Westfield, Mass., won a decision over Armond St. John of Holyoke.

Promoter Homer Rainault gave the fans a change again shifting to heavyweights in his Legion card. Harold Mays of Bayonne, N. J., won a close decision over Meyer K. O. Christner of Akron, O., in the main bout of ten rounds. Unknown Winston of Waterbury, Conn., k.o.'ed Chet Shandel of Akron, O., in the first round. Shandel was knocked clean through the ropes and was counted out while out of the ring. The best fight on the card was between Roland Lecuyer of Holyoke and Frankie Martin of Pittsfield, Mass. Martin gaining the decision.



Cris Pineda, New York bantamweight

Unknown Winston of Waterbury, Conn., came back to West Springfield and knocked out Leo "One Punch" Williams, who took the count in a little over the first minute of the scrap.

Johnny Pena of New York avenged the defeat of his stablemate Pete DeGrasse by winning over Vernon Cormier of Worcester, Mass.

Roland Lecuyer, pride of Holyoke, took a well earned decision over Johnny Fitzpatrick of New York in a bout full of action.

North Adams, Mass., is putting on some good cards. Frankie Genaro "kayoed" Routier Parra in four rounds. Rene Peloquin of Springfield beat Young Bard of Adams in eight. Lou Bouschetti of North Adams won over Kid Hershey Bar of Jersey City in six. Rudy Sancere of Suncook, N. H., beat Young Villa of North Adams in another six and and Basil Caflin of Bennington, Vt., won over Young Steniski of Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

Lou "Kid" Kaplan won over Tommy Jarrett of Philly in ten rounds. Jarrett took the count of nine in the first round. In the semi, Frankie Martin of Pittsfield, Mass., beat Jackie Dillon of Waterbury, Conn., in an eight-rounder and Battling Archie of New Haven, Conn., kayoed Milton Sample of Adams in the first. Alex Plazza of Springfield, Mass., won over Miltsh Tarso in another six. Young Dundee of North Adams took a decision over Bill Whack Mattison of Bennington in four.

Newsboy Brown of Los Angeles won a ten-round decision over Chris Pineda of Manilla, flyweight champion of the Orient. Frankie Martin of Pittsfield, Mass., won over Romeo Dubois of New Haven, Conn. Jackie Harmon of Waterbury, Conn. was too much for Bug Dempsey of New York. Miltch Tarso knocked out Billy Johnson of Deerfield in the fifth. Young Dundee of North Adams, beat Chuck Toomey of Bennington.

Young Gronada of Hartford, Conn. knocked out Frankie Garcia of Jersey City, N. J. in the first round of a ten-round bout, Lou Pacion of Manilla stopped Tony Monin of Tampa, Fla., in the fourth of another ten.

Billy Champney of Worcester, Mass., knocked out Frankie Barez of Cuba in the first. Johnny Devens of Fitchburg, Mass., beat Miltsh Tarso of North Adams, Mass., in a six-rounder, while Basil Caslin of Bennington, Vt., won over Young Accetta of Hoosick Falls, Mass., in the four-round curtain raiser.

Lake Spofford Club of Keene, N. H., staged some good bouts during the summer.

MAINE BOXING
By FRANKIE BREARD

KID McCOY, Winslow, won the state welterweight title at Waterville, when he decisively whipped Bobby Jones of Portland.

The Pepperell A. C. of Bedderford is again running weekly shows with Tom Travers as matchmaker.

The rapidly improving Cyclone Sawyer, of Bath, continued his winning streak by knocking out Pat Cormier, of Old Town, in the third at Lincoln. In the semi-final, Bud Haskell, Old Town, put Frankie Stanchfield, Milo, to sleep in five cantos.

George Paulin, Bridgeport, Conn., shaded Flash Dutil, of Lewiston, at Bath. Jack Ledger, Brunswick, won the semi-final against Jimmy Walsh, of Dover, N. H.

Art Giroux, Portland, lost a 15-round decision to Pete Sanstol, Norwegian flyweight, at Montreal.

Big Jack Colson, of Hampden, Maine's heavyweight wrestling champion, successfully defended his crown by whipping Happy Day, of Machias.

A small crowd saw Kago Blouin, Lewiston, whip Rocky Gravel, at Waterville. Young Dempsey K. O.'ed Blondy Gayton, of Lewiston.

Ish Patterson, former state lightweight champion, was seriously injured while riding the ponies at a local track.

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND
By A. SOLOVEITZIK

WESTERLY held the boxing spotlight in southern Rhode Island and eastern Connecticut for the past month. While the other boxing shows were at a standstill, fans in this vicinity were treated to three fine cards of boxing.

Big Boy Burlap, Westerly's outstanding heavyweight engaged in two fights. He knocked out Jack Dudley of Worcester in six rounds, but in turn was beaten by Jack Roper of New London in an eight-round battle.

Local fans were treated to a sensational slugfest in a meeting between Artie O'Day of Springneld, and Joe Cook of New London. The two strapping middleweights put up a hectic battle in their first meeting, with O'Day taking the decision. In a return meeting O'Day won on a technical knockout, when Cook fell through the ropes and was unable to get back before the count of ten. This bout ended in the second round.

Lou Petrone of Worcester and Eddie Holmes of Providence, two of the leading lightweights in New England engaged in a bout which was declared "no contest" after two rounds of milling by Referee Charlie Pilkington.

Earl Kid Lavigne of Worcester easily beat Hughie King of Providence in a six-round bout. On the same card Jimmy Quinn of Norwich outboxed Harry Osit of Springfield in four.

Sal Comforte chalked up two wins during the month. He stopped Young Clark of Springfield in four, and beat Shagger Santos of Stonington in a four-rounder. Santos in turn defeated Willie Jackson, Westerly bantam, in a four-round battle.

George Gibson of Bradford made his pro debut by knocking out Young Mack of Westerly in four rounds. In his next start he was stopped by Joe Devens of Stonington in three frames. Not satisfied that Devens was his master, Gibson again took him on, and was dropped for the count in less than a round.

Hookie Jackson of Westerly climbed up off the floor to knock out Alex Palazzi of Springfield. Palazzi dropped Jackson for a 9-count with the first punch of the fight, but Hookie came back fighting and dropped the Bay Stater three times, before the referee stopped hostilities.

Young Rochette of Westerly was mildly surprised when he lost to Al Lacy of Norwich in a four-round bout held here.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

IN July 23 at Redland Field, Cincinnati, Battalino, world's feather-weight champion, turned back Freddie Miller, Queen City contender in a defense of his title. Battalino looked like a real champ.

It was another case of a one punch, the first the champion shot at Freddie, that staggered him in the opening second of the first round. From there on, it was just a "ghost" of Miller, who back pedaled continuously. By the eighth round, Battalino had piled up enough points for any decision, but not content, he sent the Cinci pride to the canvas for a nine count. It was a terrific right hook to the solar plexus and it looked like curtains for Miller, but the latter, game to the core, picked himself off the floor and fought like a wounded wildcat. Again in the tenth and final round, when Miller chose to slug with the champ, a right found his midsection and he crashed over the middle rope. The crowd was sure he was out, but once more he pulled himself together, taking a four count.

The Parkway Athletic Club, with Herman and Max Katz, promoted the title match, the first ever in Greater Cincinnati. An all time record was set when $36,090.42 was checked at the turnstiles, of which the champion received his 37½% or $12,989.60. The attendance was 11,969 with tops at $5.84. The previous record gate for Cincinnati was the Graham-Miller bout, indoored in January, 1930, at $14,139.

Bobbie Ammon, local flyweight, made a big hit on the show when he defeated Pete Milano in four rounds. Joe Finklea, colored Dayton welter, outpointed Battling Griffin, of Panama, in four; Ray Reisinger shaded Sonny Darcy in 4; Howard Mitchell won in six rounds over Joe Lynn, of Indiana, and Jimmy Neal was "robbed" out right in his six round bout with Eddie Reilly, of New York. Neal won in a walk, but what can we do, when all of the judges wore specs. Every bout on the championship card was good and all four local referees, Earl Butler, Willie Purcell, Young Camille and Lou Bauman worked the card.

While the Parkway club was staging the title scrap, Jimmy Cutler, matchmaker of the Milford, Ohio Drum Corps club offered his fans a territorial championship, which was labeled as for the Southern Ohio heavyweight championship. Ted Graham, Southpaw, New Richmond, O. negro, knocked out Jackie Raymond, Cincinnati Cuban in the second round, after the lighter Raymond had boxed rings about big Ted in the opening session. Graham weighed 182 and Raymond 171 lbs. Joe Maringer, of Cincinnati, was the referee.

In the preliminaries, Harry Kriendler, Cincinnati welter won the six round decision over Young Tiger Flowers, Memphis; Lee Cox beat King Cole in 4; Jackie Davis, New York, surprised in winning from Mickey Glass in 4; Sid Bailey beat Kid Zike in 3; Woody Smith defeated Red Speaks in 3; Kid Jordan outpointed Red Federle in 3 and Stevie Smith shaded Cowboy Guery in 3.

J. W. Butler, matchmaker of the newly organized Sino Athletic Club, staged his initial boxing show at the Springdale, O. Inn Arena, with Johnny Mack, Cincinnati heavyweight and Sailor Jack Burke, Louisville, Ky., clashing in the feature. Mack won the judges' decision after one of the roughest battles seen around here in moons. During the course of the sextet of rounds, both boys at least took a half dozen trips to the canvas.

Bad Boy Bobby Ammon outsmarted George O'Liddy in a flyweight bout of six sessions; Jack Stanley made a big hit in trimming Pete Leno in 4; Frankie Detloff defeated Red Speaks in 4; Johnny Bush and Tiger Lyons, drew in 3; Ray Taylor won from Kid Sparks in 3 and Clem Meiners shaded Woody Smith in the opening bout of three stanzas.

Columbus, O.—Georgie Annarino, Cincinnati, O., successfully defended his Ohio state bantamweight championship against Johnny Edwards, Columbus, O., by winning on a technical knockout in eight rounds. This boosted Annarino's stock sky high as Edwards has been picked repeatedly by several of the leading sport sheets as the best bantam prospect in the world. Harold Bohl, Cincinnati, outpointed Joe O'Malley, Columbus, in the six round semi-windup.

For the hundreds of letters this scribe receives monthly about the active promoters in Southern Ohio, here they are: Owen "Jimmie" Cutler, Drum Corps Club, Milford; J. W. Butler, Springdale Inn, Springdale; Jimmy Sullivan, Cino A. C., Chevoit; Herman Katz, Parkway Club, Cincinnati; Gus Schwarz, F. O. E. Club, Walnut St., Cincinnati; Colonel Hugo Rudolph, 147th Infantry, Havlin Hotel, Cincinnati; Max Yinger, Dayton; Bill Saffin, Star Lake Park, Mt. Orab, O., and Al Haft, Maple St., Columbus, O. Trust these to fill the bill reader.

While the wrestling clan has taken Middletown, O. by storm, at least one good fighter is being developed in the Steel City in Cliff Cassidy a real comer in the welter class. Danny Davis, veteran Cinci trainer and pilot is looking after Cassidy's needs, and is predicting a bright future for the Irishman.

Fighters with good record who would like to hook up with good management in and around Southern Ohio, should get in touch with the writer at 2810 Sidney Ave., Cincinnati, O. Also for any news in this section, please enclose a self stamped envelope for a reply. You know because if I go broke buying those red and green stamps, I will have to raise a benefit stamp fund among my few or little readers, if I have any.

A little of this and more of that about the punchers and their pilots around Fountain Square . . . looks like old times when Milford scheduled the Raymond-Blackburn fifteen rounder for August 17 . . . although G. C. Williams has retired from active management of scrappers, etc., we still don't believe him. . . . Sol Strauss, of the Enquirer, is spending his vacation in Chi . . . a real good prospect is Jack Stanley, the former Idaho welter, who has exploded all the boys of and near his weight around Cinci . . . and lets not forget Bobbie Ammon, going better than ever before in his life; atta boy Bob! . . .

Fred Batsche still vows that George Chaney was the hardest hitter he ever seen in his years and I believe Fred is around the fifty mark . . . three Dempsey's wrapped up in one says Batche . . . hey, hey, that's going some now on that one Fred . . . what would Jack say about this . . . well, oh hum, we all have our opinions . . . but yet that old school of Jeffries, Dempsey, Ketchell, and some others still cannot in any way be denied . . . the wrestling brigade got back in the stampede around Redland Field, and that still is a good guess that Johnny Stote will be left out in the cold when Reynolds makes his next blow . . . What a real match that one would be. . . . Stote has as many admirers in Cinci as the champ has . . . speaking of the grapplers, there's none better on scribbling the dope on them than Benny Dahlman at the Post. . . . Ben knows his A's and Q's on any sport, but he sure shines on matmen . . . pardon to the nags Ben . . . the 147th Infantry plans to reopen in September . . . proposed Miller-Bernard mill went on the rocks when Mike McNulty signed for Roger at Eau Claire, Wis. for same date the 20th . . . we often wonder why . . . some fighters scrap for gratis when they could make a small fortune . . . the case of Johnny McPherson, winning the featherweight championship at the infantry camp at Camp Perry. . . . Mac could be at the top now, if he had of used his head a few months ago . . . why Eddie Johnson stops off at the Zoo every day. . . . Eddie says he is not visiting relatives . . . we hope not Edward.

Remember way back when Johnny Drew fought K. O. Mars and Billy Ryan had it out with Frankie Welsh . . . when Vince Hambright puttered up Pleasant street after a long trip on the "road" and Batsche made a real contender out of the Filipino . . . and Freddie Miller was a coming prospect in the 126 lb. class at Fort Thomas? . . . see you next month.

GRAPPLING GABS IN CINCINNATI

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

Don Nimmo, Scotty Howard's socking blond welterweight bit off too big a chunk of meat when he tackled Frankie Palmo, Cincinnati Italian at the Milford, Ohio arena on August 3, with the result being a knockout for Palmo in the second round. Nimmo is a great little fighter, but Howard had better steer clear of punchers, variety of Palmo. It don't pay. Harry Kriendler won a very unpopular decision over Young Tiger Flowers in a six; Sailor Grathwohl outpointed Kid Zike in 4; Jimmy Cox beat Mike Pronty in 4; Pete Leno and Sid Bailey, drew in 4; Frankie Elmore and Tennessee Slim, drew in 3; Rip Van Winkle defeated Battling Rhiele in 3 and Kid Jordan beat Ray Taylor in 3.

The ten best around Southern Ohio are: Heavyweight—Ted Graham, New Richmond; Light-heavyweight—Joe Anderson, Cincinnati; Middleweight—Joe Walters, Springfield; Welterweight—Vince Hambright, Cincinnati; Jr. Welterweight—Jack Stanley, Cincinnati; Lightweight—Max Koshover, Cincinnati; Jr. Lightweight—Buddie Kelley, Columbus; Featherweight—Freddie Miller, Cincinnati; Bantamweight—George Annarino, Cincinnati; Flyweight—Bobbie Ammon, Cincinnati.

Charlie Amann, the globe trotting Cincinnati manager, has again hit the road. Charlie breezed out of his home office on Aug. 10, headed for Los Angeles, Calif., by way of Peoria, Ill., and Salt Lake City, Utah.

It is rumored that a new fight club in Glendale will open this fall.

Some naturals which would put some money in the respective club's box are Milford, O.—Stumpie Boyer, Florida vs. Jimmy Harriss, Cincinnati; Springdale, O.—Johnny Mack, Cincinnati vs. Frankie Kowalski, Syracuse, N. Y.; Parkway Club—Frankie Kowalski, Syracuse, N. Y. vs. Joe Sekyra, Dayton; Freddie Miller, Cincinnati vs. Tracey Cox, Indianapolis; Dayton, O.—Frankie Hughes, Chicago vs. Mike Dundee, Rock Island; Coleman Johns, Dayton vs. Bob Rappaport, Cincinnati.

Information in this territory can be had by addressing the writer.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

AFTER wrangling since January 29th, 1929, over the respective merits of who was the better man, Johnny Risko, or Kayo Christner—I brought this pair of local heavyweights together at the Harvard Bowl, formerly known as Taylor Bowl—featuring my opening show of 46 rounds of boxing, and they put up one of the greatest slugfests seen here in many years between heavyweights. Both men stood toe-to-toe the entire 12 rounds—whacking away and at the end, referee Matt Brock gave the duke to Risko. Christner surprised his admirers by the fine battle he waged every inch of the way. We had a good crowd, the fans surely enjoyed the fight, and went home satisfied.

The balance of the card was a humdinger—Gene Stanton scored a technical kayo over Tiny Powell; Chet Shandell knocked out Bull Rogers in the second; Patsy Perroni beat Cato Calubabula, Steve Blake was given the decision over Jack Pallat and Joe Drummond knocked out Jimmy Miller in the first round—Joe Ballint and Eddie Gill opened the show with a four round draw.

Tommy Freeman and Gorilla Jones have been entered in the middleweight tournament, so has Paul Pirrone.

Joe Lewis sold Pirrone's contract to Gene and Glen, the two big radio stars—for $5,000.00—The new managers have turned Paul over to Eddie Meade to book and handle for them.

Johnny Farr might as well move to New Orleans for he is the idol of fandom down there. He recently won his sixth straight fight in the Crescent City.

The writer has been appointed matchmaker for the American League Base Ball park at St. Louis.

Eddie Meade is back in his gymnasium at 5902 Euclid Ave. He has 42 fighters whom he is handling and booking.

Johnny Kilbane and Jimmy Dunn are teaching boxing and handling fighters at 722 Superior Ave., at the Joe Tuma gym, where all out of town fighters are welcome to work out while in the city.

The Sotax stable boxers are working regularly. Joe Schlund and Jimmy Vaughn are the headliners. Vaughn is a big favorite and packs them in at local clubs.

Cleveland is now showing the way to all of Ohio. We have four clubs running weekly shows and two wrestling shows are staged each week. Charley Marotta is operating at the Elysium Ring—boxing on Mondays and wrestling on Thursdays—Walter Taylor's Equestrium goes Tuesday for wrestling and Friday for boxing—Joe Lewis is going at the Gray's armory and the Harvard Bowl has been staging shows every two weeks on Wednesday nights.

Chino Alvarez of Cincinnati made good in his first start here, defeating Buhlihan, but lost to Len Severo in a close fight on his second trip. Another rookie decision—which was rightfully booed.

Joe Marciente of New York beat Don Gonzales at the Equestrium, but didn't get it.

Patsy Perroni is now making Cleveland his home. He is under the management of Eddie Meade.

Suey Welch is keeping his fighters busy. Chet Shandell, Suey's giant, who is after Carnera, has scored three straight kayoes this month.

Looks like Jimmy Dunn has another future champion in little Ross Fields, of Weirton, West Va. This youngster has won 18 straight fights and gave Willie Davis a sizzling fight at Wheeling. In his last time out, he gave the veteran Philly flyweight, Mary Gold, a sound shellacing at the Equestrium.

Tom McMahon, from Spring Valley, is teaching boxing around Cleveland. He has some good prospects.

Eddie Bauer and Harold Krill, local welterweights, are two good fighters. They are both regular Battling Nelsons.

Joey Goodman turned in another good fight and a victory over Johnny Hayes, of Phila., managed by Lew Glassman—at Norfolk, Va.

Mickey Doris, of Johnstown, Pa., under the management of Jimmy Dunn, is anxious to get started here.

Johnny Kilbane, Matt Brock and Tommy McGrew are getting most of the work here as referees.

Johnny Risko has gone for a fishing trip up in Canada.

DETROIT AND VICINITY
By RAY POWERS

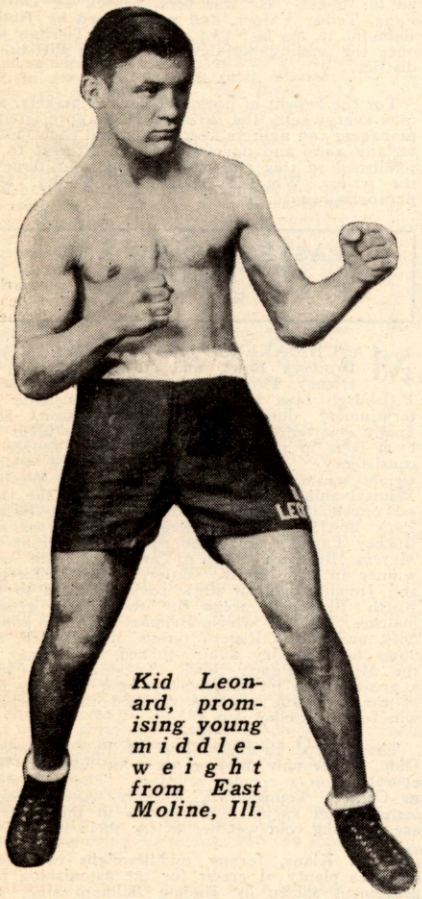
SCOTTY MONTEITH, erstwhile matchmaker for the Olympia, who recently staged his first shot at independent promotion when he staged Mastro-Gregario battle at Navin Field and put it down in the books with blue ink, has been cruising about the country in quest of another good drawing card for his second attempt but at this writing, nothing has been found.

Three other open-air arenas within the official limits of the city have been going full blast every week and furnishing plenty of entertainment to capacity crowds.

The yawning spaces of the old Velodrome out on the Eastside have been the scene of many good battles recently. Carlos Mazzola, Johnny Minella and Alex Hadrian, Detroit's featherweight contribution are headlining most of the bills.

Jimmy Alvarado, the bronzed lad from the sunny climes of California is the best drawing card out at the Outdoor arena near Bedford.

Neighboring Dearborn A. C. holds the distinction for capacity crowds. Enthusiastic fans are offered 12 four-round bouts of fighting coupled with a well matched wrestling fray as an opener. Russel Loughlin and Roy Van Maele are promoting the acts, the latter also staging the shows at the Velodrome in Detroit. Many Detroit and Dearborn youngsters make their debut in the arena and never fail to offer the best in the game. Included among some of the favorites who have been making a good showing lately are: Merle Richards, Tony O'Cello, Pinky Pingston, Young Conway, Sparky Greenlee, Cecil Blowers, Emmet Scott and Frankie Pallo.



Kid Leonard, promising young middleweight from East Moline, Ill.

K. O. Jack O'Dowd, Detroit heavyweight, has been annexing more honors to his name via the kayo route. His recent seige in the resin grounds of the Buckeye state have brought him six more tokens. His sensational victory over Guso Meyers in the first minute of the opening round won him the plaudits of the crowd.

Georgie Trent, Detroit, after remaining idle for two months is back in circulation and shows promise of returning to his old slashing style.

Teddy De Francis, youthful Eastsider who made his professional debut three months ago has lost only two scraps in 24, winning 18 of them by knockouts within the fourth stanza.

The Hazel Park arena stages its weekly programs and specializes in the little fellows.

Adam Weismuller, formerly a grappler from Columbus, Ohio, who was put on the lame list when he suffered resin infection is staging good wrestling cards bi-weekly at Danceland hall and at Hamtramck Stadium. On Monday nights mat fans are given a good exhibition of the latest in grunts and groans at Danceland, while the week-end diversion is centered at Hamtramck.

Speedy Schaefer, Ben Stefanski, Michigan title holder and Joe Parelli, another favorite, are seen most frequently.

Heavyweights in the grunt and tug game have not made their appearance here since the flattening Londos-Clinkstock affair at the Olympia in May.

MICHIGAN MITTS
By BILL PERRY

CLOSE to seven thousand fans turned out to see Earl Mastro win a decision over Vidal Gregario of Spain in a ten-round bout at Navin Field. It was one of the fastest bouts seen in Detroit in quite some time. Scotty Monteith promoted the show.

Ruben Edmonds scored a clean-cut victory over Benny Duke in the ten rounds at Muskegon. Orrie Mosher surprised the fans by winning over Pee Wee Jarrell in six rounds. Joe Gudelsky promoted the show from a sick bed. It was well attended.

Lena Levy, manager of King Levinsky, is managing Al Engle, hard hitting middleweight from Twin Lake.

According to information from Dwight Barker of the State Boxing Commission, Wesly Ramey has surrendered his State Lightweight Championship title.

Freddy Heinz of Saginaw is now fighting as a middleweight. He put up a great fight against state champion, Bob O'Signac. Freddy is a crowd pleaser.

Commissioner Gudelsky is the proud father of a baby girl. Congratulations, Dave.

A large crowd turned out for the show at Ludington. Joe Lohman, the veteran war horse, and Tony Cancella went ten rounds with Tony getting the decision.

In the eight-round semi-windup, Harry English, colored middleweight, won the decision over Albert Engle.

King Levinsky, the former fish peddler of Chicago, who is spending the summer in Michigan, appeared in a four-round exhibition. No doubt his appearance helped to bring many through the turnstile.

Jackie Horner won over Walter Majeske in ten rounds at Flint. Mel Tipton defeated George Fallis in six rounds.

You can get in touch with the writer at 1527 Sixth Street, Muskegon, Michigan.

ERIE AND VICINITY
By LEW KROHN

THE Owl Athletic Club opened recently and will be headquarters for out-of-town boxers. This club is located at 628 State Street and will be official weighing-in place for both clubs. In the near future a ring will be installed, and with all other gymnasium facilities now in, this will be a great boon to the boxing game in Erie.

Frankie Bojorski, Erie's great southpaw lightweight, made himself a lot of new admirers when he decisively defeated Billy Wallace, incidentally winning the title of Pennsylvania State Lightweight Champion.

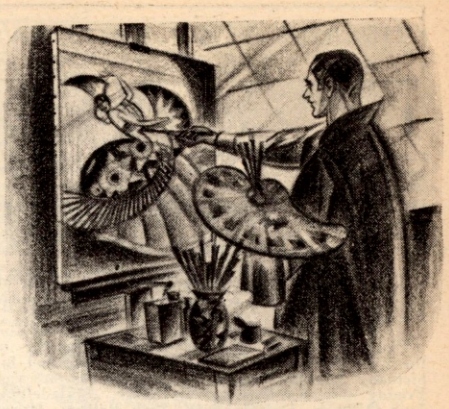
The Fagg brothers made their debut in Erie in a double wind-up. Johnny Fagg knocked out Mike Lucas in the 5th round, but Don Fagg was up against a tough proposition in Frankie Goesby. The writer doubts if there are more than six middleweights in the country that can beat Goesby. He has had 34 fights, winning 23 by knockouts, and has yet to lose a bout.

I. T. Battles, colored middleweight, after winning four fights, bit off just a bit too much when he encountered Red Jaderberg. Red won every round.

Paul Moroski, 175-pound G. E. star, appeared again after an absence of a year. Moroski knocked out Augie Carlson of Jamestown in the 2nd but Paul showed that he could take it too as Carlson is quite a slugger. Steve Simon, 189-pound boy from the same stable, is another boy that will bear watching. Steve has won about six fights in a row.

Louis Severo of Meadville joined Jimmy Avon's stable at Cleveland.

Promoter Jack Barry was referee and Lew Krohn, promoter for The Keystone Club was master of ceremonies, at the party thrown to the kiddies on August 4, at which Frankie Bajorski faced Matty Aldach.



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THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

TOMMY LOUGHRAN was accused of side-stepping Jack Gross before their third meeting materialized. Through Joe Smith, his manager, Loughran said he is looking for bigger game and would welcome a shot at Carnera, Sharkey or Schmeling. Loughran gained the ten round decision over Gross two years ago and last winter outboxed him again, although the Salem baker boy put up a much better fight than in the previous meeting.

Tim Callahan, a flashy featherweight fighter in Phillie thirty years ago, has a political job in the Quaker City.

"Diamond Lew" Bailey, former promoter of the Old Broadway A. C., recently celebrated his birthday but he forgets which birthday it was. Freddy Welsh, Battling Levinsky, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Jack Johnson, Jack Britton, Harry Lewis and Joe Gans are a few of the top-notchers of bygone days who appeared at the Broadway while Bailey was in charge. For the last seven years "Diamond Lew" has been employed in the Bureau of Weights and Measures at City Hall.

A wrestling license has been granted Albert Loeb Katz to promote in the Municipal Stadium. The license was issued while Frank Wiener was still chairman of the Commission. Some one protested it, claiming Wiener was not technically in office when the papers were signed but the Attorney General's office has O. K.'d Katz's papers. Gus Sonnenberg and grapplers of the same "stable" will be featured.

Joe Brooks, a Boston lightweight, is in training at Phillie and figures on getting in action before long.

Harry Mitchell, a veteran featherweight boxer, trained Tony Morgano of South Phillie for his ten spot with Georgie Goldberg in Atlantic City.

Ray Fabiano of Philadelphia has been granted a wrestling license in Delaware. This is the first license for grappling since the creation of the Delaware State Athletic Commission. He was granted permission to hold shows at Shellpot Park.

Young Ketchell, Chester 147 pounder, scored a technical knockout over Spike Kenny of Clifton Heights in the second round of the semi-final to the Anderson-Kichline tiff. Referee Lew Bailey stopped the bout with Kenny virtually out on his feet after being floored for the count of nine.

Vincent Forgione, with an edge of nine and a half pounds on Marty Collins, gave his South Philadelphia rival a pasting in eight rounds at Leiperville. In another bout Billy Purnell defeated Billy Ritchie, this affair also going the eight round limit.

Before a crowd of almost 10,000 wrestling fans, Ray Steele, sturdy Californian, defeated Dick Shikat in one hour, eighteen minutes and twenty-seven seconds at the Phillies Ball Park. Shikat was the aggressor most of the way and almost strangled Ray with headlocks but could not weather the body slams of the Glendale, Cal., grappler.

Morris Gross has joined the boxing stable handled by Max Hoff. He is a lightweight and boxing from the Arcadia.

Matty Singer, who captained the South Philadelphia High School boxing team last season, is making good in the amateur ranks.

Barney Leibowitz, of West Philadelphia, known to ring followers as Battling Levinsky, has applied for a license to referee bouts in Pennsylvania, his home state. For twenty-three years Barney was a figure in boxing. He began his career in 1907 and fought more than 500 battles before his retirement last fall. He had as high as fifty-four bouts in one year while in his prime.

Jack Palmer of Philadelphia knocked out Jack White of Scranton in the second round of a bout at Mt. Ephraim, N. J., near Camden. In the feature tiff Ted Lewis of New York flattened Eddie Lewis of Pittsburgh also in the second round.

No sooner was Young Firpo, the Pennsgrove, N. J., battler, back in the good graces with the boxing salons than he accidentally fouled Joey Kaufman of New York in the windup at Wilmington recently. Firpo claimed he was out of the ring so long he grew a "bit rusty."

Billy Angelo is mourning the loss of his father who was recently buried from the family home in Leiperville.

Joey Hayes made a distinct hit in beating Eddie Leonard at Wildwood and was re-booked for a clash with Joe Hilsee.

Joe Banaski, Chicago light-heavyweight wrestler who claims the championship, gained the only fall in a ninety minute time-limit bout with Joe Montana of Italy in the outdoor arena at Camden. After sixty-four minutes and three seconds of grappling, Banaski applied a leg hold to pin Montana to the mat. Neither could gain a fall in the remaining time.

Young Ketchel, sturdy Chester battler, was beaten in ten rounds by Sylvan Bass of Baltimore at Harrington, Del. This was the feature bout of Lower Delaware's first legalized boxing program. Pete De Frank of Wilmington was given "the nod" over Mickey Gorman of Essington, Pa., in six rounds; Hen Crilley of Chester beat Benny Lominski of Dover, Del., and Battling Dixon of Harrington knocked out Sammy Sylvester of Dover.

Jimmy Tremith, a former well-known Phillie welterweight, is now an ironworker and lives in East Falls.

A number of Philadelphians traveled to Shellpot Park, in Wilmington, to see Prima Carnera collide with an "unknown" by the name of Armando De Carlos. The latter was announced as "The new sensation from South America" but was counted out in the second round. He never had a chance.

Harry Serody, former Overbrook High athlete, won on a foul over Johnny Maher of Wilmington in one round. Maher was disqualified when he went down without being hit in his efforts to escape Serody's raking punches.

Young Firpo of Pennsgrove has been sought as one of the headliners in the annual Milk Fund show to be held at Atlantic City. Herman Perlick of New York may be his opponent.

In spare time, Herb Brandow, lightweight boxer, is also a professional dancer. He has been doing a turn behind the footlights. Herb's brothers, Lew and Jerry, are also professional dancers. Lew tried his hand at boxing for a while.

Dick Welsh of Phillie gained the decision over Lew Farber of New York at Virginia Beach in a return bout. Chris Dundee of Philadelphia is matchmaker of the Virginia seashore club.

Jack Leonard, a Philadelphia lightweight of twenty-five years ago, has a political job in the Quaker City.

After a successful career in the amateur ranks, Lou Collins of the Neighborhood Club, is preparing to turn pro, under the wing of Jack West. Collins has won seventeen out of twenty-four bouts as a simon pure.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

THE grudge affair between Buck McTiernan and Jimmy Belmont, former amateur rivals, was climaxed with a kayo triumph in Belmont's favor. It was the first engagement between the pair as pros, and huge interest, especially from Braddock and Swissvale supporters resulted in drawing one of the largest crowds of the season to the Meyers Bowl. McTiernan led until the fourth round when Belmont sent the Swissvale pride sprawling to the canvas. At the count of nine McTiernan arose too groggy to continue. Belmont was awarded the fray on a technical knockout. They were immediately rematched.

Belmont and his tutor-manager, Frank Klaus, both of Braddock, celebrated their victory over McTiernan by going on a fishing trip.

The presence of Johnny Ray in McTiernan's camp helped to swell the gate receipts.

Willie Davies, popular Charleroi bantam, redeemed himself for a questionable defeat at the hands of little Jimmy Thomas. In a return bout at Millvale, Davies copped the verdict. Young Rudy, Charleroi, defeated Ray Lyle, Ohio welter, in the eight-round semi-final. Andy Andrucci outfought U. S. Carpentier; and Young Bordell whipped Al Farone in sixers. They are lightweights.

Teddy Yarosz, Monaca welter, established his first claim to national prominence when he defeated Bucky Lawless before a large crowd at Meyers Bowl, in North Braddock. Teddy Yarosz has never lost a bout in the pro ranks. The victory over Bucky Lawless was his forty-sixth in a row. A pretty sweet record!

Billy Jones took another step further to Maxey Rosenbloom's crown. At Millvale, Jones scored a technical kayo over Rosy Rosales of Cleveland, in the fourth round.

Donald Fagg, Indiana coal miner, proved no burden for Bucky Lawless at Millvale.

Sammy Dorfman of New York, won his second bout at Meyers Bowl in as many starts. Dorfman defeated Eddie Brannon and was rewarded with an engagement with Johnny Jadick of Philadelphia, recent conqueror of Tony Herrera at the Bowl. Sammy sprung a surprise in beating Jadick. Billy Rose outpunched Young Rudy in the eight-round semi-final.

Mose Butch, Pittsburgh featherweight star, sure upset the dope when he decisively defeated Jackie Rodgers, considered the best featherweight in this section. Butch won nine out of ten rounds from his more experienced foe. The largest crowd that ever witnessed a show at the Millvale Bowl turned out for the event.

At Parkersburgh, West Virginia, Willie Davies outpointed Jimmy Smith in ten rounds.

Jackie Rodgers was the over-whelming favorite to stop Mose Butch when they met for the first time at Hickey Park Bowl. Jackie kayoed Chico Cisneros and scored a clean-cut victory over Johnny Erickson, of New York, in his last two previous bouts.

Jimmy Belmont again proved his superiority over Bucky McTiernan. The Braddock mauler scored a technical kayo in the tenth. After going down twice for counts the referee stopped the slaughter. More than 5,000 fans paid $8,300 to witness the return bout.

Indian Tiger West is coming along. The Indian defeated Buddy McArthur and technically stopped Harry Harris in the seventh. McArthur was floored three times for counts of nine.

Eddie Rosen, Donora welter, is anxious to box Teddy Yarosz or Freddy Edwards.

George Panka, Homestead heavy, has a bout pending at Cleveland against Johnny Risko.

Buck McTiernan is on the down-grade of his career at the age of twenty-two when most boxers are just beginning to establish themselves. Since his knockout by Ignacio Ara, McTiernan has lost all his bouts. He was been beaten by Donald Fagg, Teddy Yarosz, and was kayoed by Jimmy Belmont in his last two starts. McTiernan was once the leading middleweight in the Pittsburgh district.

For the benefit of promoters, matchmakers, and fans everywhere, the favor will be appreciated if managers and fighters keep me posted each month on any news and developments of interest to be published in this magazine. Send your dope to the writer, Wm. Piker, Donora, Penna. Mail photographs also.

EASTERN OHIO AND PITTSBURGH
By RAY FOUTTS

MATCHMAKERS Jules Beck, of Meyers Brothers Bowl, and "Bill" Dummer, of Hickey Park Bowl, who have furnished Pittsburgh fans with some high class fistic entertainment during the outdoor season, have finally smartened up to the fact that it takes the local boys to pack them in with any degree of consistency. Teddy Yarosz, undefeated welterweight sensation, and Buck McTiernan, Western Pennsylvania's best middleweight, drew the largest crowd that ever attended a fight at Hickey Park Bowl, and a few weeks later Yarosz and Buckey Lawless broke the seasons record at the Meyers Brothers Bowl. Yarosz was an easy winner in both fights. Later, Buck McTiernan and Jimmie Belmont drew packed houses to the North Braddock arena in their two grudge matches, both of which Belmont won by knockouts, and Jackie Rogers versus Mose Butch, another local rivalry affair, turned them away at the Millvale Punch Bowl. It surely has been a great season for the short enders, as every one of the foregoing matches resulted in a decisive win for the under dog.

The Foutts' Brothers Bowl at East Liverpool, Ohio, is the only outdoor arena in Eastern Ohio operating on a regular schedule. The promoters in Canton, Youngstown, Alliance, Akron, Steubenville and various other cities in this district are awaiting cold weather to try their luck.

Frank Klaus, former middleweight champion, deserves plenty of credit for the astonishing improvement shown by Jimmie Belmont since going under his management, and, as a result of Belmont's two knockouts of his arch rival, Buck McTiernan, he is being touted for a shot at Teddy Yarosz, kingpin of the welters in this part of the country. Yarosz already holds one decision over Belmont.

DISTRICT GOSSIP—Jules Beck will again be matchmaker at Motor Square Garden during the coming season . . . Buck McTiernan has lost his last seven fights, and been knocked out in three of them, and is still a good card in Pittsburgh . . . Jack Zivic, former Pittsburgh Bearcat, has moved to Pelham Manor, N. Y., where he owns a fine home . . . Battling Gizzy, Pittsburgh's windmill lightweight, is still on the ailing list . . . Ross Fields, Jimmie Dunn's coming bantam, looked great holding Willie Davies to a draw at the Foutts' Brothers Bowl . . . Marty Gornick is about the best prospect among the prelim fighters in the Pittsburgh district.

Promoters and managers wishing information concening this district should address the writer at the Foutts Brothers Gym, East Liverpool, Ohio.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

MICKEY WALKER showed his stuff in the Bison Stadium here under the auspices of the Queensberry club and stopped Jack Gagnon of Boston in less than two minutes of the first round. Gagnon never had a chance against the pile-driving punches of Mickey.

Charlie Murray's show was a good one, dispite the quick ending of the main bout. In the semi-final Joe Doktor, promising young heavyweight, stopped Joe Alberts of Scranton in two rounds. Pete George disposed of Frankie Kearns, Utica veteran, in two rounds. George shapes up like a great fistic prospect.

Ray Keller got the decision over Bill Fogarty of Rochester in a heavyweight bout and Joe Spagnola boxed a draw with Joe La Tona. In the curtain raisers, Young Vasquez, a Mexican won by kayo from Norman Geyer in the second and Joe Lyons of Lancaster, erstwhile amateur star, stopped Chip Freeman, Salamanca, in less than two rounds. Lyons, making his professional debut, looms as a fine prospect.

Next on the Buffalo fistic calendar in the Tommy Paul-Freddie Miller featherweight embroglia. The boys have met twice before, Miller winning both times.

Parson Tom McGinty's friends here will be glad to learn that the old veteran is now making matches for the Harvard Bowl, Cleveland. This arena was formerly known as the Taylor Bowl.

The best prospects to be uncovered on the Walker-Gagnon card are Pete George, light-heavyweight; Joe Doktor, heavyweight and Joe Lyons, middleweight.

Jimmy Slattery's defeat at the hands of Maxie Rosenbloom in their title tilt at Jimmie Johnston's Ebbets' Field arena did not surprise Slattery's best friends and boosters here. The First Ward Irishman has been inactive practically all year and even if he were in condition, he could not step 15 rounds at full speed. Slattery was one of the best boxers this writer has ever viewed in ring combat. Gifted with natural speed, boxing poise and a good punch Jimmy started out like a world beater, winning all his fights. The Dave Shade setback was a fearful shock to the Slattery boosters. In fact, Jimmy never showed the same punch after he was stopped by the weaving, bobbing Shade. He turned in some good fights occasionally but failed to show the snappy hitting of his early ring days.

Tiger Jack Payne, Australian negro, will make Buffalo his headquarters this season. Knockout Brown, another light-heavyweight in the stable of the late Leo P. Flynn wants to come here for the season.

Sam Robertson's friends say he will launch the old Velodrome club again. The present promoters are finding the going most difficult but perhaps a little competition will steam up matters.

New faces must be shown to bring back interest. The fight game is not dead; it's only asleep. Give Buffalo a couple of punchers, boys who can bowl 'em over and the old timers will come flocking back as in the boom days of Jimmy Duffy, Rocky Kansas, K. O. Brennan and later the best drawing card of them all—Jimmy Slattery who can still come back if he will give up his play-boy tactics and get down to hard training.

Bert Finch has an offer to take his fine light-heavyweight, Lou Scozza, to the Pacific Coast for a series of five fights. Scozza has won practically all his ring engagements during the past three years and is right on the threshold of the championship. With victories to his credit over Champion Maxie Rosenbloom the Buffalo Italian certainly has a right to defy Maxie.

If Manager Finch accepts the proffered contract for Scozza's services in the Far West, he will take his big heavyweight, Joe Doktor with him. The latter is a most promising big fellow, who can sock with his right.

Johnny McCoy, although boxing for a number of years, is still a corking good fighter, able to beat nearly all the 118 pounders. John is now in good shape, ready for work. He can be addressed in care of the writer whose address is printed elsewhere in this column.

Tommy Moore, the energetic Jamestown manager and promoter, writes me that he will have a strong stable of fighters for the coming season. Tommy is a hustler, always on the job.

The writer is forming a high class stable of boxers and can use a few good boys, who are real fighters. Lightweights and heavyweights are especially in demand as I am booking boys for bouts in England, France and Australia. Address Hugh Shannon, 793 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Some short stuff—Vince Plunkett is allowing Steve Halaiko to take it a bit easy this summer. . . . Bert Finch thinks Joe Doktor will be a great heavyweight. . . . Jack Singer has a few new boxers from out of town. . . . Jack is squawking because none of the middleweights will fight his southpaw, George Nichols. . . . George packs a wicked punch. . . . Joe Miller is promoting wrestling at Crystal Beach. . . . Ray Keller, Red Carr's heavyweight, is returning to the ring for the fall and winter season. . . . Keller formerly attended University of Buffalo. . . . Harry McCoy says all the welters are dodging his black ace, Sam Bruce.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

MIDGET Wolgast, flyweight champion, barely nosed out Johnny Brennan, Trenton's little spark plug, in a ten round feature at Jersey City's open Air Arena. The rugged Trentonian got off to an early lead in a torrid four rounds, during which he shook the champion up twice with jarring rights to the jaw. The next four rounds went to the champion by reason of a good left jab, which was in Brennan's face continuous. In the final two rounds, Brennan put on a fierce rally that forced the titleholder to the limit to earn the duke. Wolgast's title was not at stake. He weighed 114, Brennan 117.

At this time every year, there are rumors that new promoters will take over the Arena when the club opens. Cliff Smith is still at the post, but this year the rumors that the South End Republican Club will stage bouts, looks promising.

Last season there were but three shows that made money for the promoters, the Terry-Baker bout staged by Cliff Smith was the only one that he came out ahead, the other two were benefit shows.

Smith had plenty of trouble getting the matches he sought. It seems that Trenton boxers will fight out of town for a third of what they demand here in Trenton, disregarding Smith who made these the headliners they are.

As to the benefit promoters, I for one don't believe they deserve the cream of the matches after they are practically made by Smith.

The benefit shows are run by amateurs. After the boxers' purse and overhead are deducted, there isn't much left for the beneficiary.

I want it understood that I am not interested in any promotive ventures, I am only an interested bystander.

Four bouts in which Trenton boxers participated at Long Branch, took place last month. George Levy, Trenton, stopped Johnny Mende of New York in three heats; Frankie Fratto, Trenton, beat Al Sawyer of New York in a six round bout; Fratto scored four knockdowns; Steve Hart, Trenton, won over Joey Mack, of Long Branch, in six rounds. Jimmy Rivers, Trenton, lost to Jimmy Donato of Red Bank, in an eight rounder.

SOUTH JERSEY AND DELAWARE NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

THE Delaware State Athletic Commission which was recently authorized by Legislature consists of the following: William Coyne, Chairman, J. George Stewart and Clement B. Hallam, the congenial and courteous William H. Brennan, is their hustling secretary.

Joe Kennedy, experienced and well liked promoter and matchmaker holds the reins of matchmaker for the Forty and Eight Legion A. A., at open air shows at Shellpot Park, Wilmington. The writer predicts a successful indoor season for the Legion.

The Shellpot Arena was packed to the doors when Primo Carnera knocked out Armando Di Carlos in the second round. Morris Gross defeated Spike Hemlock in the semi. Harry Serody knocked out Johnny Maher in the second round. Serody is a new member of Glassman's stable and looks like a future star.

Midget Fox caused the greatest upset in many a day by defeating Young Firpo in eight rounds at the Shellpot Park, Wilmington. Fox looks like he just found himself. He recently defeated Rosey Stoy. Jimmy Mack stopped Johnny McShea. Joe Foglitta and Johnny Cleary drew.

Johnny Lucas defeated Lew Raymond at Harrington. He floored Raymond in the final round. It was Lucas' tenth straight victory. He is handled by Anthony Georgetti.

The new Quaker City Gymnasium in Philly, located at N. 13th street, is an up to date and modern gym. Leon Krauss and Harry Peters are the owners. Many out of town boxers stop there when in Philly.

After Tony Falco's victory over Harry Blitman he came to Atlantic City and defeated Yg. Patsy Wallace in 10 rounds at the Convention Hall.

Jimmy Coster handled Nate Brown in New York against Marty Fox. Coster is handling his training.

Ernie Caesar, Philly lightweight, came to Atlantic City and scored against the southpaw Phil Raymond at the Convention Hall.

Mickey Blair of Camden signed a contract with Phil Glassman. Mickey is a big card in South Jersey.

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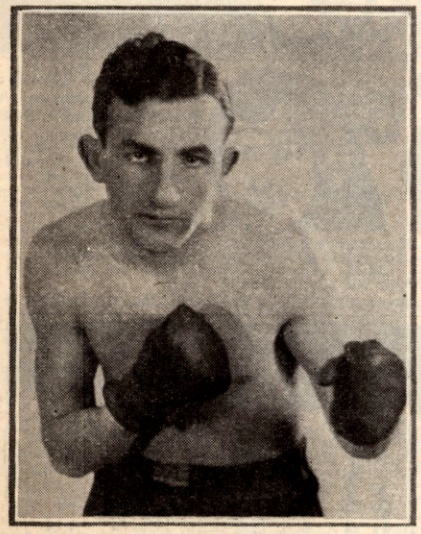
EASTERN CANADA AND MONTREAL TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

BOXING is making good again in Montreal. The king of all sports simply cannot be kept down. The local fight public are getting something of what they have been wanting since Al Foreman, the British Empire Lightweight King, used to sock his way to added popularity and prestige a couple of years ago. Promoter Armand Vincent, with his willingness to listen to suggestions, his hustling methods, colorful ballyhoo and general thoroughness in stirring up interest, is putting over some fine shows at the Forum. He scored signal successes with his last three shows featuring Pete Sanstol, the classy little Norwegian bantam contender, against Archie Bell, Arthur Giroux, and Eugene Huat, respectively.

Eugene Huat caused something of a sensation here. Pete Sanstol is one of the most popular boys ever known here and the writer cannot remember when he was ever awarded the decision when it wasn't popular with the fans. Well, recently the fans turned their skins and howled blue murder when Sanstol was awarded a close decision over Huat after ten bristling rounds. *All three judges* voted in favor of "Pouncin' Pete."

The fight itself was a ding-donger all the way. Huat was forcing most of the time and was very effective in the clinches. Sanstol was fighting more or less defensively, stabbing the Parisian star with a stinging left and followed up with many a sharp, though light, right cross. His speedy footwork and shifty head bobbing caused the Frenchman to miss from time to time but when the slugging Huat landed the Norwegian was shaken up aplenty.



Harry Liebowitz, corking flyweight prospect from Montreal

The judges gave the decision to Sanstol on a round-by-round basis but there is another angle in that Huat scored more heavily in the rounds he won than did Sanstol. The only knockdown of the fight occurred in the eighth round when Huat clipped Sanstol with a short right to the jaw coming out of a clinch. Pete fell onto his knees then clambered right up before a count could be started.

Benny Brostoff, New York featherweight, looked good in the eight-round semi-windup when he hauled off and gave Robert Paulhus, the Sorel Socker, a sound licking. The only thing Paulhus had to redeem himself was his courage when he continued after being on the threshold of a kayo after two knockdowns in the fifth. Harry Liebowitz local flyweight flash, got into a bad match in his eight rounder with a mediocre British lad from Bermuda, Taff Bowers. Bowers had an awkward style and Harry only got going in the fourth when a couple of short rights dropped Bowers for the count.

Young Peter Jackson, a classy negro bantam from New York, paired up with Freddy Lattanzio, of Brooklyn, in eight rounds of snappy battling. Lattenzio was a surprise and looks like a good prospect. The fight ended in a draw.

Al Foreman, the British lightweight champ with the two-handed knockout potion, is back in normal health after his recent sickness.

The writer regrets to chronicle the passing of one of the most popular figures in local sporting circles. Referring to Jimmy Britt, the clever left jab artist who held the Canadian Flyweight title at the age of 17 and a hail-fellow-well-met. Jimmy was driving his fiancee home to Quebec City when he crashed into a ditch ten miles from their destination. Britt was killed instantly while the bride-to-be, escaped with a few scratches.

Jimmy McKimmie, popular local fight manager, informs the writer that he intends to journey over to Europe for a period of three months or so.

Lawson Bampton, your eminent correspondent, is taking this opportunity to waste some valuable space in giving fore-warning that he will be down in New York by the time this comes off the press. He will cover the Canzoneri-Berg fight for the Montreal *Standard*.

Sig. Hoiseth, alias Battling Tracey of New York and formerly of Montreal, is doing well amongst the middleweights in New York state. He has scored four straight wins including Joe Oliver, the Brooklyn ring artist, Mugs Kerr, Florida sensation, Nick Palmer and Dennis Golden, the Irish slugger. The latter two were victimized at Fort Hamilton, N. Y. The "Battler" is apparently like wine—getting better with the years.

Bobby Leitham and Art Giroux will soon be battling for the latter's Canadian bantam title at the Mount Royal Arena. Both were beaten by Pete Sanstol but will put up a dandy battle as any ex-amateur rivals would.

CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP

By JACK JARVIS

EXTREMELY hot weather prevented the Toronto clubs from running indoor and outdoor attractions in the Ontario metropolis, but the Queensbury kept interest in the game by conducting a popular-priced entertainment and featured Charlie Bellanger, the Canadian light-heavyweight champion in a warm-up bout in preparation for a return Rosenbloom battle early in September. The sturdy Canuck did not receive much opposition from his opponent, K. O. White from Chicago, who made a very miserable showing and the referee mercifully stopped the carnage in the second spasm.

The battle of the evening was the return bout between George Sidders, hard-punching Montrealer and Ronnie Headley, clever Ottawa boy. These boys met some two months ago and Sidders flattened the pride of the Headley family in the third. Headley came back in the return bout and won on points after being almost out in the fourth. They will probably meet over ten rounds in a rubber bout at Ottawa.

Jackie Johnstone continues to show improvement. He looked impressive when he scored a four-round knockout over Young Darcy of California. Steve Rocco, battle-scarred flyweight, grabbed off the honors in a six-rounder against Johnny Goodrich of Toledo, and in the opener, Ossie Bodkin, lusty punching young featherweight, won a narrow verdict over Bobby Laurence in six.

Billy McKenzie, former rugged and tough Winnipeg lightweight of 15 years ago, paid us a visit from Detroit, where he is Physical Instructor to the Detroit police. Billy is an "immense" fellow these days, weighing close to two hundred pounds. He will be remembered by old-time fans as fighting savage battles with Johnny O'Leary, Mick King, Ed Finguard, and the good boys of that era.

Toronto is to have an up-to-date Sports Palace in the Maple Leaf Gardens, a fine structure built on the lines of Madison Square. This magnificent place will be completed early in November when hockey, boxing, wrestling, and box lacrosse, the latest sports craze, will be featured.

Chicago seems to be a happy hunting ground for Canadian fighters. Frank Battaglia, Winnipeg contender, scored another knockout victory, this time over Johnny Morse from California at the White City Arena. Another lad from the land of the rodeo, Laurie Peppin, larruped Ray Tramblie in ten.

Larry Gaines, the British Empire champion, apparently has decided to stay in Europe. His last victim was the Belgian champion who was knocked out in the first in Manchester, England.

Among the deluge of mail written to this scribe last month, came letters from promising and swarthy heavyweights down to diminutive flyweights. One young heavyweight sends in an amateur record that stands out like a red vest at a funeral, including a list of the men he knocked out with his right hand and a smaller list that tasted the bitterness of defeat from his left. Two hundred and ten pounds, six feet two, 22 years old, this young Berserk wants to swing swats with anyone that has aspirations for heavyweight honors. How about it, boys?

Jack Robinson, a heavyweight under the guidance of Charles Willard of Milwaukee, looks like a good prospect. He is the former champion of Illinois state and winner of twelve battles since turning to the moneyed ranks.

A young fellow cruising around 112 pounds writes to say that he will "smash to a pulp" any man of his weight in the world, and signs himself, "yours for 'knockout drops.'"

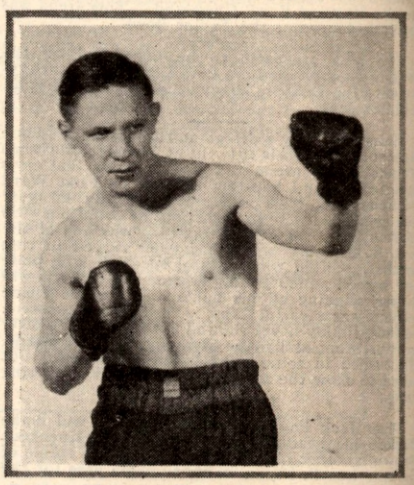
Here comes a likely looking lightweight Bobby Amster, 24 years old with an inspiring record, clean-cut looking boy, and a fellow that should help to elevate the game. Bobby may get some action before these lines are run off the press.

Frank Battaglia keeps his record well sprinkled with K. O.'s in Chicago. Still another victim of his heavy laden fists, was Pete La Cross. Pete bit the dust on three occasions in the first round, and was levelled for the "fatal toll" in the next.

FAMOUS SONGS OF THE FIGHT FRATERNITY, Benny Stockley. . . . Down by the old "Bull and Bush" . . . Dave Stormont. . . . "Let's have another before we go" . . . George Harris, and Jack Kogut, after a trip through the reservations, "The Indian Love Call" assisted by Frankie Hart and Chief War Eagle. "It's a long trail, etc., etc." . . . Jack Corcoran. . . . Mornin' Glories. . . . George Godfrey to George Gemas. . . . Now you are in my arms. . . . Maxie Rosenbloom . . . Put me amongst the girls. . . . Aunt Polly says . . . It's not the cough that carries you off, it's the coffin, they carry you off in. . . . Kayo White (to Charlie Bellanger) I wonder if you'll miss me sometimes. . . . Phil Scott, after losing his title to Larry Gains . . . "Blackbird." . . .

Steve Trojack, Jack Peppin entry from Winnipeg, won the western Canadian heavyweight title by whipping Angus McDonald at Saskatoon. As McDonald was one of the stars of Scotty Monteith's "Beef Trust" carnivals, so it looks like Steve has got some class.

A great match for Winnipeg, and, one that would probably draw a record crowd for all time there, would be a battle for the Canadian middleweight title, long been vacant, between Laurie Peppin and Frank Battaglia.



Eddie Koppy, Detroit's hard hitting lightweight

MOOSEJAW, CANADA

By F. J. DOMVILLE

SASKATOON, SASK.—At the Arena last night when Steve Yrojack took a clear cut decision from Angus McDonald, of Prince George. The Winnipeg Boy had it all over the big fellow from British Columbia right from the start, and at the closing gong, his advantage looked even more marked.

In looking over the scrap book of Barney Doran, Moosejaw's old time fighter, the writer of these notes found out he had boxed some very good men. Among them: Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in England, when O'Brien was world's light-heavyweight champion. Doran acted as sparring partner to Joe Walcott and Gus Ruhlin, when they were in England, and toured Ireland with Tom Sharkey and acted as Sharkey's sparring partner in exhibition bouts. He is a close personal friend of James J. Corbett, and has many letters from Corbett as well as signed photos; was the first one to bring THE RING to Calgary, Alberta, in 1921, and is a great booster for THE RING. The old boy is now snow white.

Through an error in a local paper, Kid Jones was reported to have beaten Kid Lees, of Yorkton, ex-welterweight champion, of Western Canada, but the bout did not take place, as Jones declined to meet Lees.

Two local boys are leaving in August for Toronto, where they will be looked after by Jack Jarvis, writer for THE RING. They are Young Bob Canuk, a lightweight, and Kid Clarke, a lightheavy.

At Abbey.—Kid Cramer beat Kid Lees, of Yorkton, in an eight round go.

A. E. Bye, one time professional runner, of Canada, who ran against Schrubb and Longboat, and many other noted long distance runners, is working in a barber shop here; is a keen reader of THE RING, and has a fine collection of sports books from the Ring Book Store. The current copy of THE RING is always to be found on file in the barber shop.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS
By SAM HART

R. US. CRITCHER is Australia's new welterweight champion. Through his defeat of Wally Hancock, former champion, in 15 rounds.

Billy Grime won from Roy Burns in a 15 round bout.

Frank Green was disqualified in the fifth round of his bout with Ted Pickrang.

Young Gildo won on a foul from Billy Tyson in the seventh round.

George Cook outpointed Jack O'Malley in a hard fought 15 round bout.

Young Gildo won on points from the Chinese boxer, Kid Rooney, in a fiercely fought 12 round bout.

Billy Aiken lost to Bert Goodwin. Kid George won from Harry Hammond, and Charley Poland got the nod over Ces Lannion.

After putting up a game fight, Gordon James was K. O.'ed by the promising Reg Wilcox in the seventh.

Bert McCarthy, former featherweight champion who recently staged a comeback, is in a hospital in a serious condition, as a result of his bout with Alby Roberts, who K. O.'ed him. It was during a bout with McCarthy, that the great Filipino Dencio lost his life under tragic circumstances several years ago.

Tommy Fielding, formerly from Victoria, B. C., now in Hawaii

Tiger Al Singleton won a 12 round bout over Jackie Burns. Singleton will be fighting for the bantam title soon. He is a very pleasing boy.

Lee Brander, promising lightweight, won a 15 round decision from Young Halliday.

Ern Connors and Loco Robinson boxed a great 10 round draw.

Vic (Sonny Boy) White, former flyweight champion, knocked out Benny Ward in the third. White has not lost a fight since his comeback.

George Roberts had two bouts on the same night. He K. O.'ed Ces Price in the fourth and Jim Grace in the second.

Jim Richards put Jim French to sleep in the third.

Bobby Watson was disqualified in the third round of his bout with Roy Rogers.
Ken Turvey won from Bill Bremeyer.

Al Singleton won on points from Herb. Bishop.

Tommy Doble fought a draw with Billy Cooper.

Ken McLure koed Kid Maithland in the 9th.

Billy Leers and Jerry Hostler fought a great 12 round draw.

Allen Edgecock won from Leo Bell and Frank Floyd koed Bill Bremeyer in the third.

Tommy Gibbs stowed Micky Lewis away in the seventh.

Billy Seres put Charlie Brown away in the seventh.

John Burke won from Keith Tangye. Burke is a great prospect.

Frank McGregor koed Ken McLure; Reg Wilcox got the nod over Tommy Carr. Wilcox is a fine little battler.

Lee Brander turned in a fine win when he koed clever Jacky Fitzgerald in three heats.

Young Halliday is boxing in fine form. He recently stopped Kay in one round.

Young Bill Tyson, clever featherweight, was disqualified for life by the Lachhardt Stadium after his bout with Young Gildo. Tyson struck Gildo after the decision was given against him.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA'S latest rumor has it that Luis "Pincho" Gutierrez is interested in the construction of a large boxing stadium, which will be ready for inauguration for Cuba's coming winter season which commences in October.

Fillo Echevarria, Spanish flyweight sensation, returned to the wars and scored a four round kayo over Bobby Bud of Key West, Florida. The gate receipts record was broken at La Commercial Arena.

Joe Arguelles, after a long layoff, came back to win handily over Baby Marmon in six fast rounds. Marmon gave Joe a stiff battle, and both boys received the plaudits of the huge crowd.

Castor Fernandez, the Asturian lightweight who fights like Luis Kid Kaplan, lost on a foul to Kid Ontano, of Cerro. Joe Pascual drew in four with Kid Alvarez, and Jacinto Valdes lost a close one to Juan Gonzalez.

William Martinez the toe-headed flyweight put the K. O. sign on Damian Rabasa in two rounds. Felipe Corvo won over Valentin Pedroso in six rounds. Both boys are southpaws. Joe Gandon scored a four round knockout over Jim Flynn.

Antonio Santana, Cubas hard punching southpaw, won easily over Mario Valdes in the six round main go at La Commercial. Benny Malpica knocked out Black Campolo in three rounds and Joaquin Jorge outpointed Kid Charolito in six. Johnny Govantes drew in six hectic rounds with Joaquin Torregrosa.

Tommy Barredo, clever little bantam, put up a whirlwind battle and scored over Little Morro Valdes. Barredo is managed by Adolfo Font. Battedo also drew with Gilbert Rojas at Caibarien in ten rounds.

Vicente Yince, a good feather, drew with Joaquin Torregrosa in six rounds. Olayo Nebot beat Raul Quintana in six rounds and Raul Ochendia bested Young Manuel in a hot four rounder.

Manuel Boquete, one of Cuba's new bantams, scored a two round knockout over Frank Vera. Boquete is a southpaw and appears to have the makings of a real fighter. Bagy La Paz beat Joe Gandon in a return bout, and proved his superiority throughout. La Paz is a fine lightweight prospect. Jacinto Stone knocked out Juan Armenteros in four rounds; Jimmy Penalver knocked out Kid Armandito in two; Ramon Molina kayoed Ignacis Blanco in the first; Carlos Rios lost to Johnny Govantes in six, and Francisco de la Cruz beat Frank Rodriguez in four.

Pedro Proenza, one of Cuba's best middleweights, is preparing for a busy winter. What a puncher he is!

Kid Chocolate was honored with a banquet, and the new world's Junior Lightweight champion expressed his delight in bringing back to Cuba the first world's title.

Guillermo Pina, secretary of the Cuban Boxing Commission, is doing everything within his power to improve boxing in this country.

Joe Massaguer, sporting editor of "El Mundo," is recuperating from a siege that kept him in the hospital.

Johnny Cruz, sterling featherweight, is now showing his wares in Spain.

Adolfo Font must be mentioned in this column. He is doing great work for local boxing. He is sporting editor for "Heraldo de Cuba."

Antonio Hevia beat Julio Rivera in six rounds; Olayo Nebot his stable mate, beat Joaquin Jorge in a six round thriller; Baby Marmon beat Jose Pouse in four; Jacinto Valdes kayoed Hilario Martinez in one round; Jose Gonzalez kayoed Joracio Delgado in two rounds; Jose Garcia drew with Manuel Noriega.

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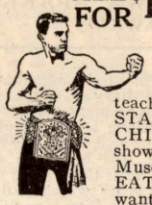

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

TOM BRISLANE will promote boxing shows in Sioux City again! Get busy you managers with good boys, there will be plenty of work for top-notchers here now. Brislane features nothing but the best in his main events, so it looks like Sioux City will be a good "port" for big time stuff. Brislane has been connected with the boxing game in Sioux City for the past ten years, which no doubt accounts for the loyality of Sioux City fans toward him.

Joe Kelly, former Sioux City matchmaker and promoter, who put Sioux City's Riverview Park on its present boxing footing, made a special trip up to Sioux City to see ye olde ring scribe, so the doings of his boxing club at Mason City would be broadcast to the world through this column. In looking over the pile of newspaper clippings presented by Mr. Kelly as proof of his success, we have this much to say, and it was not asked for or paid for. "What Iowa needs is a few more like Mr. Kelly," with more men of the Kelly make-up, Iowa would soon have a boxing commission."

Jimmy "Kid" Thomson, sensational Sioux City junior lightweight, who is picked by Eddie Borden in this month's RING as one of the ten best prospects, continues his winning streak. He scored two knock-outs, and won an impressive victory over Speedy Clayton, lightweight champion of South Dakota, at Charter Oak, Iowa.

Carl Wells, Omaha junior lightweight, barely earned a draw, with Albert Manriquez, of Altantic, Ia., in six rounds at Riverview Park. Bobby O'Dowd, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., lost a close decision to Freddy Penn, Omaha, bantam. "Speedy" George Schaffer, Chicago Negro middleweight, punched Kid Carr, Onawa, Iowa, full of holes in six. Ray Schneck, Waterloo, Ia., middle, drew with Irish McKenna, Flandreau, So. Dak., in six. In the four-rounders, Tuffy Dial, Anthon, Ia., won from Bob Venker, of Page, Nebr., and Young Delair, of Sioux City, drew with Johnnie Wakeman, of Flandreau, So. Dak.

A sweltering crowd of some 5,000 Sioux City fistic fans, packed Riverview Park Arena, to see Britt Gorman, Minneapolis, Minn. flyweight, edge out a six round decision over Pep Jennings, of Des Moines, Iowa. The feature up-set of the evening took place, when Ray Mann, local welter, matched wares with Irish McKenna, Flandreau, So. Dak. middleweight, in a billed sixer. The long winning streak of the local boy was halted in the fourth round, when McKenna put Mann down for the full count. Don Hampton, Mason City, Ia. lightweight, cracked his knuckle in his bout with Billy Love, Omaha Negro, and had to quit in the fourth. Matt Smith, Elk Point, So. Dak. lightweight, shaded Johnny Gregg, of Yankton, So. Dak, and Joe Clover, Omaha, Negro feather, won from Kid Howard, of Sioux City in four.

Notes mailed in from Garden Grove, Iowa, by Tommy Riner, contain the following results of shows staged in his section:

Billy "Kid" Luse continues his winning streak when he won the decision over Al Reed, from Los Angeles, Calif., in six rounds at Leon, Iowa.

"Kid" Luse won a decision over Clark Anderson, Negro boy, from Cubic, Canada. In another boxing show featuring Billy "Kid" Luse and his old rival Battling Barefoot Oiller, ended in a six-round draw. In a return bout held at Weldon, Iowa, Luse outpointed the Oiller in six rounds.

Eddie Fuller, of Des Moines, and Eddie Ritter, of Indianola, Ia., fought six rounds to a draw at Chariton, Ia. Tom Thumb, of Des Moines, won a decision over Cliff Staples, of Alerton, Ia., in six.

Your notes are appreciated Mr. Riner. Thank you.

A two-page letter from Howard Graack, former Sioux City boxing and gymnasium manager, who is now located in Minneapolis, contains plenty of stuff of news value. Graack is now connected with Billy Southerland in the management of a large stable of boxers. The Graack-Southerland Stable can be reached at 300 E. 15th Street, Temple Court Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Looking over the balance of the boxing shows staged at Riverview Park Arena, the following results were checked out—

Johnny Martin, Larchwood, Ia., defeated Speedy Schaffer, Negro middleweight, of Chicago, in six. Carl Wells, Omaha, Jr. lightweight, beat Tony Riggoletta, of New Orleans, in six rounds. Baby Tiger Flowers, Omaha Negro feather, knocked out faded Johnny Burds, of Sioux City, in the fourth round of their sixer. Tommy Corbett, Omaha Jr. lightweight, won over Francis Gatewood, of Decatur, in six. Mickey O'Donnell, Sioux City lightweight, out-boxed Art Johnson, of Moville, Ia., in four. Tuffy Dial lost to Arlo Van Buskirk in four.

A capacity crowd filled every spot in Riverview Park Arena to see Freddy Penn, Omaha Negro bantam, cuff Jimmy Salvatore, of Fort Dodge, for six rounds. In another sixer, Carl Wells, Omaha, just earned a draw with Tony Roberts, Denver, lightweight. Kid Carr, Onawa, knocked out Eddie Anderson, Fort Dodge, middleweight, in the fourth. Harold Rogers won a four-round decision over Dean Hagerton, of Anthon, Iowa. Tuffy Dial, Anthon, Ia., knocked out Ole Rogers, of Smithland, in the second. Matt Smith and Young Pahl, drew in four.

Last Minute Sparks—Sam Slotsky, former Sioux City boxing manager and matchmaker, may return to Sioux City. . . . Fred Griffith, father of "Tuffy", has a gang of prospects under his charge. . . . Speedy Schaffer is his best bet. . . . Wonder why Newsboy Rich has not seen action at Riverview Park Arena any more?? . . . Here is four good bouts that some promoter will grab up around here before long: Jack McCann vs. Jake Warren; Jimmy Thomson vs. Carl Wells; Lefty Martler vs. Chuck Patterson, and Irish McKenna vs. Homer Sheridan. . . . Ray "Slim" Graack, the kid brother of the well known Howard Graack, is working as publicity manager for a well known Sioux City boxing enterprise. . . . Jack McCann, heavyweight puncher, who has been on the side lines for the past six weeks, returns to action with two bouts booked. . . . Duke Barry, well known boxing manager, of Davenport, Iowa, has taken over the management of "Tiger" Johnny Cline. . . . A fighter here fought ten rounds for sixty bucks, but if he only knew what the other boy received! . . . then there would be a fight. . . . Babe Barnes, veteran Sioux City puncher, has returned home from the South. . . . Carl Wells, Omaha, Jr. lightweight, once had a punch, he still puts the boys on the floor, but they get up. . . . The writer can be reached at 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

COLUMBUS, Kans.—Wildcat Monte knocked out Frankie Smirl in eighth round of a scheduled 10 round bout. Harold Murphy defeated Louis Roughouse Houser in 10 rounds.

St. Paul, Kans.—American Legion staged its first boxing card with an amateur show that had a great turnout. Ray Grillot is matchmaker. George Cox of Chanute refereed all bouts.

Springfield, Mo.—Legion Post of this city staged the big Ozark A. A. U. Amateur boxing tournament with Sutro Pearl of Wichita directing. The entire show was a success. Winners: light heavyweight, Bud Schildknecht, Chanute, Kans.; middleweight, Basil Aldridge, Purdy, Mo.; welterweight, Billy Hemphill, Chanute, Kans.; lightweight, Ray Keech, Springfield.; bantamweight, Bob Anderson, Springfield; flyweight, Bud Brierly, Springfield, Mo.

Sedan, Kans.—Legion of this city staged its second one night amateur show with a fine bracket of fights and a good turnout. The Sedan Post will continue staging amateur shows regularly.

St. Louis, Mo.—Dave Knost knocked out Big Boy Peterson in 3. Allen Matthews knocked out "Kid" Bell, 1 round. Bob Elliott knocked out Charley Blanchard 1. Chick Raines beat Les Conklin in 6. Tom Pivac knocked out Jerry Dugan, 1 round.

Neodesha, Kans.—Ira Krueger, boxing and wrestling promoter will stage his first wrestling show this month and then follow up with regular amateur shows bi-monthly. Krueger is now constructing one of the best gym and arenas in southeastern Kansas.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Ernest Hollopeter was given a 10-round decision over Bob Hamilton. The fans failed to appreciate the verdict of Referee Sid Young. Ralph Carpenter knocked out Ralph Joyner in 3. Jimmy Craig beat Sherman Hockett in 6. Jack Kiser knocked out Dutch Griffith in 2. Hank Linduff and Dud Wade boxed 4 rounds to a draw.

Osawatomie, Kans.—Legion Post staged a one-night amateur show and showed to a large and appreciative audience. Amateur shows will be staged here often. Lillard Johnson is matchmaker.

St. Louis, Mo.—Al Stillman outpointed Chuck Burns in 10. K.O. Kelly lost to Allen Matthews in 10. Little Dave Barry beat Pete White 6. Benny Burns knocked out Tony Colletto in 1. Kid Cox knocked out George Williams in 2 rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Ray Kiser defeated Louie Avery in 10 hard-fought rounds. Leo Selby beat Sherman Hockett in 6. Ray Turnbow beat Johnny Wallace in 6. Goldie Stewart won a close margin over Bernie Irvine in 6. Chink Piatt knocked out Billy Hyde in 2 rounds.

Topeka, Kans.—Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the State Athletic Commission, issues the statement that the boxing game seems to be on the verge of taking on renewed life in the state. Many inquiries are coming in from various parts of the state pertaining to securing license. These are from towns that have never conducted boxing previously. Mr. Gilleece says there will be much activity in both pro and amateur boxing this fall and winter.

Sam Avey of the Magic City Athletic Club, 1547 South Gilleette St., Tulsa, Okla., promoter of wrestling, has now ventured into the boxing game. He has leased the big Coliseum and will promote both sports this fall and winter. Roy Rhodes will continue at the West Tulsa open air Arena for at least two more months.

Wichita, Topeka, Manhattan, Herington and Hutchinson all contemplate staging either professional or amateur bouts on Labor Day.

Loose and Drifting—Jack Slattery is itching to get a crack at the Kansas City Heart of America team with his stable of hard-punching amateur battlers. Ray Munding and Gene Ellis have combined and will stage regular fight shows at Muskogee, Okla. It is rumored that Ft. Scott and Pittsburg, Kansas, will open soon after a lull of several months. Junction City is expected to start with an amateur show soon.

Walter Dunham, middleweight, is showing his wares on the west coast. Johnny Wagner, Billy Fisher and Luther Ashford, middleweights, are in good trim and looking for a chance to show their fistic ability.

Promoters wishing to use any of the three named middleweights and good boys of other weights get in touch with the writer of this column at 125 N. Grant St., Chanute, Kansas. Clubs wishing the services of George Cox, referee, can reach him at 814 West Main, Tel. 714 Chanute. Johnny Husong says he will stage a big show on Labor Day at Wichita.

ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY
By BOB RILEY

BOXING is coming back with a bang in this vicinity. Normal gates are back and the interest in the sport has increased considerably. This has been brought about through the formation of a syndicate of local business men who have leased the Coliseum here and plan to stage many big indoor contests.

The local Coliseum has a seating capacity of 10,000 and the new lessees feel that with proper management they can make the affair a huge success. There is plenty of good talent to be had in St. Louis and vicinity and it is the object of the syndicate to cater to the best and to seek the wholehearted support of the local fans.

To get the proper results, Bob Riley, the writer of this column, who has had considerable experience in fistic affairs, has been appointed the booking agent. I am going after the big shots in the game and will also pay particular attention to the home talent, the native sons, with an aim towards building up proper local patronage. The foremost fighters in the country will be billed for the bimonthly shows.

Due to the untiring efforts of the boxing commission, promoters and managers, the game is getting back into its stride. St. Louis has always been a good fight city and there is no reason why it cannot continue to be so. All that is needed is good fight shows and these are assured for the winter season.

Commissioner Seneca Taylor of the Missouri Athletic Commission has returned from a two months' vacation during which he caught many fish in Michigan. He remarked, upon his return, that he was well pleased with the manner in which the game was conducted during his absence.

Fighters and managers seeking engagements in St. Louis should get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis, Mo.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRIBUTES
By CLIFF SCHIEBERL

HERE is some good news for the Mississippi Valley section; Jack Dempsey will be in Davenport and don the mitts with some worth while opponent on his contemplated tour. Red Hennegan, who promotes here, will use him.

Dubuque—Mike Dundee, Rock Island, Ill. and Cowboy Eddie Anderson, Casper Wo. battled ten hard rounds. Dundee had Anderson on the canvas twice. Henry Felagano and Earnie North, drew. Jake Casey beat Wallie Walker and Bobbie Saunders trimmed Vale Felegano.

Johnny Fryrear the big Boxing impresario of Cedar Rapids, comes to Davenport anytime there is anything doing.

Waterloo—Snubs Ganaway, a Davenport negro, trimmed Geo. Cory of Coon Rapids for the Heavy title in 8 heats. Ed Rivers, Mt. Auborn, shaded Red Webster, Cedar Falls. Bobby Brien, Cedar Falls, beat Brick Murphy, Waterloo. Pinkie George promoted these shows.

Last minute flashes—Mike Dundee of Rock Island went to Dayton and beat Spug Meyers in 10 frames. Jimmy Wendt beat Thomas Frederick. My Sullivan is mighty well liked in Davenport. Buck Sargent of East Moline who handles Kid Leonard, a good middleweight, thinks that Leonard will be next Champ. Jack McCarthy, the fighting lumberjack from Canada is planning an invasion of the States this winter. McCarthy stands 6 feet 8½ in stocking feet. Some man, a little bigger than Carnera, Jack weighs 245 lbs. He is managed by Dave Smith, an American.

All followers of the boxing game should get the book on how to second a boxer. There are some wonderful pointers in there.

WILKES-BARRE
By HUGH H. CARR

PETE LATZO, Scranton light heavyweight lost a hard fought ten-round bout to Sam Weiss of Bethlehem in the windup staged at Laurel, Md. In the other half Paul Berlenbach, former light-heavyweight champ, went out in the first round in a bout with Herman Weiner, Baltimore. Berlenbach was disqualified for going down without being hit.

In one of the preliminaries to the Sharkey-Walker go, Frankie Cawley, Pittston heavy, lost a slugging match to Arthur DeKuh, New York.

Pete Suskey, promising Scranton welterweight, is spending a few weeks in New York in hopes of getting a big-time manager.

Wildcat O'Connor, Carbondale lightweight has received several tempting offers to perform in the Mid-west and his first start will probably be at Milwaukee.

CONNECTICUT NOTES
By STEVE KELLY

BACK in the fold after an absence of two months. Feels great to be back, and I must apologize to my readers, for remaining away, but sickness prevented me from being with you.

Rudy Marshall, Stamford middleweight, traveled to Milwaukee to participate in the elimination contests to find a successor to Mickey Walker, who vacated his crown.

Lou Brouillard, Danielson welterweight, who recently stopped Paul Pirrone and whipped Young Jack Thompson, world's champion, is the greatest fighting machine in New England to-day.

Kayo Morgan, New England bantam champion, lost to Hughie Devine in a close contest.

Mike Esposito won from Yo Yo Mage, of Norwalk, in eight rounds. Willie Angelo won a very close decision from Steve Black.

Silent Barrett, Stamford's deaf mute boxer, lost to Georgie Russo, and won from Battling Nelson 3 times, beat Al Brown and kayoed Al Brown, won on technical kayo from Lefty Hauser.

Steve Black, Stamford welter trimmed the two knockout artists, Jimmy Driscoll, who won all his fights by kayos, and Jetty Royal, of Jacksonville, who also won all his fights by kayo.

Joe K.O. D'Andrea and Phil Baker met three times, D'Andrea winning two out of three.

Frankie O'Brien, Hartford middleweight takes part in the Milwaukee eliminations.

Mickey Flahive, of Hartford, lost to Eddie Healy, of New York.

Mike Esposito, former Conn. bantam champ, has fought only four fights in over a year.

Billy Prince, Bridgeport promoter, is running weekly shows.

Promoter Joe Chimbole, of Stamford, was tendered a Silver Anniversary Jubilee in the form of a 46-round boxing show to celebrate twenty-five years in the game.

Billy Pinto, Springdale amateur middle, who won nineteen bouts in a row, is to turn pro, under the direction of the writer. Watch this Pinto boy.

Sammy Manley, former amateur star, has returned to the wars as a professional welterweight.

The Stamford Sporting Club will run amateur boxing during the indoor season.

Matchmaker Dave Rose has been confined to his home, a very sick man.

The writer is looking for pictures of fighters throughout Connecticut. Send along two of each fighter, so that I may send the best one in for publication. Shoot in your news so that I receive it before the 15th of each month.

Among the Stamford fighters who are going good are: Steve Black, welter; Silent Barret, lightweight; Irish Tommy Donahue, welter; Joe D'Andrea, feather; Sammy Manley, welter; Billy Pinto, middle; Willie Angelo, middle; Solly Angelo, light-heavy; Johnny Balko, middle, and Al Manley, bantam.

Charlie Cavanaugh, formerly Sailor White, U. S. Navy lightweight champion, lives next door to the writer and wishes to be remembered to his former shipmates.

Johnny Balko will be remembered by his shipmates as Fritz Hendricks, U. S. Navy middleweight champion, and Gene Zedick, U. S. Navy light-heavy champ is a Stamford boy.

In case you have forgotten, the writer can be reached by addressing Steve Kelly, 42 Cedar St., Stamford, Conn., and don't forget the postage for return mail.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By TED GRESS

JOHNNY CHIODO, Johnstown's clever featherweight, took seven out of ten rounds from Rosey Stoy, Lancaster slugger, in the latter's home town, only to get a draw for his efforts.

Chiodo four weeks previous actually had received the decision over Stoy and his margin the second scrap was easily as wide, but apparently the officials thought it time the home lad got a break. Chiodo has been coming along fast and looks like topnotch timber.

Leo Houck, Lancaster promoter, gave his patrons a chance to see in action his former pupil at Penn State, Steve Hamas. The fans saw very little for Jerry Garfield, the collegian's opponent, faded out of the picture in less than a round.

Pat Igo, junior-welterweight champion of the coal region, gave Charley O'Neil, Exchange, a sound licking in ten rounds, scoring four knockdowns. The fight, staged at Shamokin, attracted a record crowd. The prelims ended as follows: Sailor Matty, Shenandoah, was held to a draw by Tiger Al Bowman, Mt. Carmel, six; Frankie Hauser, Mt. Carmel, defeated Joe Sacco, Shamokin, four, and Giffie Kenvin, Mahanoy City, lost the decision to Lefty Alvana, Shamokin, although he won two of the four rounds.

Sam Weiss, Nazareth, punched Jimmy Herman, Hazleton, at will for ten rounds, but the officials ruled it a draw. In the semi-windup, Mike Kushwara flattened Jack Kid Wolfe in the first round. Wolfe announced his retirement after the fight. Jack was a good boy when at his best, having served as sparring partner for Tommy Loughran. A clean cut lad, he was a credit to the game.

Art Feeser, Lebanon junior-welterweight, is finding it hard to get work. The good boys don't want to take him as he punches too hard, and the lesser lights also are steering clear of him.

Frank Hollister set the date for his first indoor show at Pottsville for the latter part of September.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS
By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

THANKS to the successful efforts of "Dynamite" Lou Brouillard, New England welterweight champion, the writer's predictions about the possibility of this lad becoming an uncrowned champion, have not gone astray.

By decisively defeating Young Jack Thompson, world's welterweight champion, Lou earned for himself a niche in the corner of fame.

The feature event of the month was the world's championship wrestling bout for the benefit of the Louis Pasteur Hospital and which was staged at the New England fairgrounds, Worcester, by Jack McGrath. More than 10,000 spectators saw Champion Henri DeGlane retain his title after three hard falls with Jim Browning of Missouri. On the undercard Joe Shimkus threw Joe Krouse with a three quarter wrist lock and hammer lock in ten minutes thirteen seconds. Archie Golembeskie pinned Sailor Arnold in eighteen minutes four seconds with a flying tackle. Freddie Myers drew with Pat McGill in twenty minutes. Joe Malcewicz and Count Zarynoff wrestled evenly for thirty minutes.

At Webster, Harvey Peete, hard-punching Worcester featherweight, stopped Freddie Neale in five heats. Frankie Costello, promising Clinton flyweight, won from Kid Forcier in six. Aldo Nocchi, clowning welterweight, outpunched Jimmy Smith of Brockton, in another six. Georgie LaBate was handed a "pasting" by Rene Fontaine, Northbridge bantam, in six. The opening six found Russell Martin evening matters with Tony Benito of Worcester.

At Worcester, Ray Twin Lopez of Watertown, suffered a cut eye in the second round of his scheduled ten-round main bout with Billy Gonyea of Cherry Valley, and suffered a technical knockout. They are middleweights. The semi-final found Billy Champany losing to Vic Lotti in the sixth because of a cut eye. They are lightweights. Harvey Peete banged out his second win over Baby Tiger of Boston, in a six. In the second six Dick Twin Lopez lost a decision to Vic Bernard of Millbury. Lopez was handicapped by a cut eye.

A genuine surprise was delivered to Worcester fight fans when Joe Wolcott, "The Barbadoes Demon," gave an exhibition with the "Boston Tar Baby," Sam Langford. Jim Toland gave a "spiel" between rounds which briefly covered the amount in purses that these "boys" received for their important bouts.

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30x6.00-18"	.	3.20	1.40
31x6.00-19"	.	3.20	1.40

32x6.00-20"	.	$3.20	$1.40
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ALABAMA BOXING NEWS
By SAM CAPRI

AT Clanton, Ala., Jimmy Musso, the Bessemer Southpaw, and Whitey Sailors, a Birmingham rugged welter, took severe punishment with honors even at the close of the ten rounds at the Legion show.

Jay J. Thomas, the Birmingham boxing promoter, is back on his job after an absence of two months.

Sam Siegel, Birmingham wrestling promoter, has had great success with his semi-monthly shows.

Amateur shows are getting better each week here. The State tournament will come off soon, now, and the Gorgas Post No. 115, in Birmingham, will sponsor it.

Tommy Tompkins, a former Birmingham trainer and handler, is now promoting at Jackson, Tenn.

Jack Sullivan, a local boy who hasn't fought here in a long time, now, is going great in New Orleans. He won three fights there. In his most recent one, he beat Paul Quartararo, a clever junior lightweight.

Jackie Ausborne, Bessemer wildcat, is touring the country with his manager, Mr. Foster.

Pete Sarron and a young stablemate, Jimmy Box, made a trip to Miami, Fla., and won bouts there. Petey trounced Gilberto Castillo, of Cuba, and Jimmy took Young Gilbert into camp. They are featherweights.

At Sylacauga: Jack Taylor, Birmingham middleweight, drew in ten rounds with Kid Wolgast, local scrapper.

The popular veteran, Spike Webb, who is making his home in Birmingham, returned here from a victory over Joe Knight in a Miami ring. Spike claims the Southern welter and middleweight championship and by beating Knight, he is also entitled to the light heavyweight championship.

The Ensley Athletic Club still has its doors open to the gym and welcomes any visiting fighter who wants to train there.

The largest crowd that ever was drawn indoors, for a boxing match, saw Babe Hunt, 191 pounds, trounce Battling Bozo, 174 pounds, in ten rounds, at the auditorium. The Striblings were on the card, too, which undoubtedly helped draw the huge crowd. W. L. Stribling refereed the semi-final between Young Tunney and Tommy Wolgast, of Huntsville. The bout was stopped in the fifth, when Wolgast suffered a deep cut over one of his eyes. Baby Stribling, the welterweight fighter, won in his six-round bout with Battling Dorsey, of the Navy.

IN AND AROUND MEMPHIS
By AL HAYES

SOUTHERN A. C. of Memphis had only one show in the past month. Jack King, of Little Rock, beating Curtis Mullens, of Biloxie, Miss. Wesley Senns K. O'ed Jimmy Wildey in the second. Jack Holder and Baba Barron, two middles, opened the show with a slugging match.

The American Legion came to bat with a good show featuring Eddie Kid Wolfe, of Memphis, and Cowboy Eddie Anderson. Wolfe winning decisively in 8 rounds. Jimmy McGraw and Curtis Mullens fought an 8 round draw. They are welters. Sammy Kyzer K. O'ed Benny Sanderson, Eddie Hambilton won from J. C. Mullens.

The Legion A. C. put on its second show with Bob Faust as matchmaker, featuring Jack King, of Little Rock, and Jack McCarthy, of Chicago. King getting a draw with the veteran. Tommy Martin, of Birmingham, Ala., drew with Wesley Senns, of Little Rock. Scare Face Watkins, of Jackson, Tenn., drew with Little Tuck, of Little Rock.

Jimmy Spivey, of Florida, gave Jimmy McGraw a neat lacing in eight rounds. Bobby Mathews won from K. O. Terry, of Canton, Ohio; Sammy Kyzer beat Piggie Williams in 6 rounds.

On August 6, Leggett and Orr returned to play to a packed house, and fought a fast and furious draw. On the same card Tommy Martin, beat Young Leonard in 8 rounds. Scare Face Watkins fought a draw with Babe O'Brine in eight.

August 13, Sammy Kyzer drew with K. O. Terry in eight. Tommy Martin K. O'ed Frankie Saia in three. Bobby Mathews won from Roy Manley, of Blytheville, Ark. in eight. Jackson is building a new Armory and will continue to give shows throughout the winter—this is a good spot.

Jimmy Watts, of Atlanta, stopped Buddy Baker in six rounds of a 10-round bout, and Red Foster, of Muskego, Okla., won from Jack MacCarthy, of Chicago.

BITS FROM GEORGIA
By J. F. BELL

THE Chatham Athletic Club staged a match between Joe Knight, Southern light heavyweight champion and Carl Knowles, leading contender.

Joe Knight won a 10-round decision from Spike Webb. This boy Knight is hard to beat.

Carl Knowles, the boy who knocks them out with either hand, continues to fatten his K. O. record.

Patsy Pollock, of Chicago, looks good to this writer. He is one of the most damaging fighters I ever saw.

Lukie Tenner was in town with Rufus Miles. There is a boy that can fight and is a great fellow.

Jimmy Reed is going great and continues to have a hard time finding good opponents.

Albert Leon, of Tampa, is a real little fighter. One can't help but like that kid.

Lee Broushue is about to get back in action after being laid up.

Rocky Torcia, former Clemson college boxer, is starting after some of the pro's.

Bulldog Downs and Charlie Kid Sharpe are always raring to go.

Pat Flaherity, local welter, is ready to meet the best boys in the South.

Kid Williams is back in condition again. He likes to fight it out with his opponents.

WEST VIRGINIA JABS
By "HUD" HUDSON

JOHNNIE EDWARDS, local flyweight, journeyed to Columbus recently, only to drop one to Georgie Ammarino. Johnnie has apparently landed on the toboggan, but here's hoping that he soon snaps out of it.

Huntington. . . . Leo Genet wilted under the rapid drive of Johnnie Roberts, local light-heavy, and took the towel exit in the second spasm.

Parkersburg. . . . Lonnie Bowden decisioned Russ Rowsey, (10), and Howard (Mark) Smith won over Charlie White, Ohio boy, (8).

Wee Willie Davies, Pennsy flyweight, won over Jimmy (Trade) Smith at the Parkersburg arena. Frankie Ryan drew with Jack Kearns, Charleston.

Morgantown. . . . Is assured of bouts of a high class this winter. A group of local business and professional men have a $10,000 stake in the fight game for the local fans. Pst! Senator Hatfield leads the incorporators of the newly-formed combine.

Mullens . . . . Aubrey, Kid Martin, the Beckley battler, tied another scalp to his belt when he KO'd Billy Williams here, (7). Watch this lightweight boy Martin. The mix drew the largest crowd Mullens has known at a fight.

Blaine Miller, Parkersburg, has pleased the ringworms in his section of the Mountain State by his efforts to keep the fistic ball rolling.

Last month's RING was a walloper for interest—the Schmeling vs. Stribling affair was expertly presented to the fans for consideration. One thing that impressed this scribe was the admission by maestro Nat Fleischer himself that Schmeling "came through" better than expected. Takes a real guy to admit misconceptions, N. F. It was a good example to fitewriters.

Listen to this. . . . The two Smiths, Trade and Mark, (Howard and Jimmy to you) are going to give the little fellows plenty of trouble this Winter. . . . Larry Pepper has another boy under his wing. . . . Pipe the two Weevee boxers' pictures in last month's RING. . . . Mac McLean sure believes in reading the right thing for right news. . . . Speed Ballard, Kid Wise and a few more boys getting ready for the local armory bouts this Fall and Winter. . . . Governor Conley is to attend a bout here this month. . . . And Senator Hatfield has tied himself to the game definitely by heading a boxing group in his district. . . . Seven doctors in a row at a recent Arena bout. . . . To T. R. we give our thanks for help extended. . . . Sam Cohn, Beckley stays in the dark concerning boys from his town. . . . But Sam helps them plenty. . . .Talk of Dempsey donning togs again recalls that at one time he was unable to post a twenty-dollar forfeit for a fight in this town. . . . And NOW!!! . . . Let's hear from Clarksburg. . . . H. C. Hankins is the new matchmaker for the Charleston DAV Post. . . . Paul "Kid" Belcher is going in for aviation in a great big way. . . . Harry Forbes now has two projects. . . . One of 'em is a farm. . . . The other a gym. . . . There's the gong. . . . See you later. . . . Maybe!

IN FLORIDA
By JOHN J. MILLER

BOXING in Florida is picking up. Several good fights were staged in Tampa and vicinity the past month.

Saguero, the Lightning of Camaguey, handed Rufus Miles a classical lacing for ten rounds. Jackie Herman k'o'ed Billy Roque in three frames.

Tug Phillips came down from Chicago and lost in a return go to Saguero in three rounds. The show was held at Benjamin Field.

Nick Claud, Porto Rica, surprising every one, held Tony Dominguez to a ten round draw. Jackie Herman k'o'ed Claud's stablemate, Kid Lizardi, in three rounds.

In a heavyweight card, Johnny O'Dell k'o'ed Mike Firpo of Tampa in one. Carlos Proctor the Florida football star, in his professional debut, disposed of Del Casson in just four punches.

"Pop" Taylor, famous Florida boxing and sports promoter, died suddenly a few weeks ago in Miami. He was a resident of Chicago for many years. The Taylor fortunes suffered reverses in the Miami boom of 1925-26, along with thousands of others, and he sought new fields of endeavor.

Two years ago, Mr. Taylor, long an ardent boxing fan, took over the reins as matchmaker at the Coral Gables Legion club in the Coliseum, following the resignation of Chic Miller in midseason. He finished the season with a creditable record.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

TOOTSIE BASHARA met a tartar in Ernest MARSHALL of Philadelphia recently at Norfolk. Tootsie got the nod but many of Tootsie's own fans were of the opinion that the visitor had the edge.

Billy Ritchie, Philadelphia lightweight, scored a knockout over Kid Cosden at Ocean City and won a decision over Andy Kelly at Pokomoke City, Md. Ritchie is one of the most popular boys working on the Eastern Shore.

Eric Larsen, New York light-heavy boxed a draw with Jake Denning at Newport News, Va.

Joe Chaney, Baltimore lightweight is back in training for a comeback.

Buster Brown scored a ten round win over Mike Sarko at the Mid City Arena, Laurel, Md. Billy Edwards dropped the nod to Jack McVey in the semi-final.

Boxing will be resumed in Cumberland and Hagerstown, Md., with the indoor season shortly here. Frederick will also run bi-monthly shows this winter.

Roy Pollock, Kansas City, Mo., middleweight broke the winning streak of Leslie Powell at Ocean City, Md., recently. Pollock flattened the Marine champion in three heats. Pollock also broke the winning streak of Henry Irving, Washington middleweight in a bout at Fort Washington, Md.

Country McKenna, Baltimore featherweight bested Al Martin also of Baltimore in eight rounds at Pokomoke City, Md. Martin also won and lost to Sailor Everham, Navy Champion at Norfolk, Va.

Four clubs are operating in the vicinity of Norfolk, Va. and naturally all of them are having a tough time. On Monday night Chris Dundee operates at the Norfolk Baseball Park and at the present time he is drawing the best crowds although the venture is far from a howling success. On Wednesday night, the Arena at Virginia beach operates. Friday nights Arthur Emmerson stages his weekly show at the Oasis Club in Portsmouth, Va., while across the River the American Legion runs in Newport News, Va. All four clubs are within a radius of twenty miles and depend on many of the same fans for their support.

Bob Godwin is making his summer quarters at Norfolk, Va., and is just about the most popular fighter down there.

Benny Schwartz, Baltimore bantam, turned in two wins over Billy Landis at Norfolk, Va., and then dropped a decision to Dick Welsh there.

Jackie Portney, Baltimore lightweight was the busiest boxer in these parts during the month. At Norfolk, Va., Jackie knocked out Jimmy Burns, and Ray Bowen and defeated Johnny Hayes. At Atlantic City Jackie won over Ehrnie Ceaser and knocked out Oscar Larosa.

Sam Weiss, Philadelphia light-heavy bested Pete Latzo in ten heats at the Mid City Arena at Laruel, Md.

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